PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

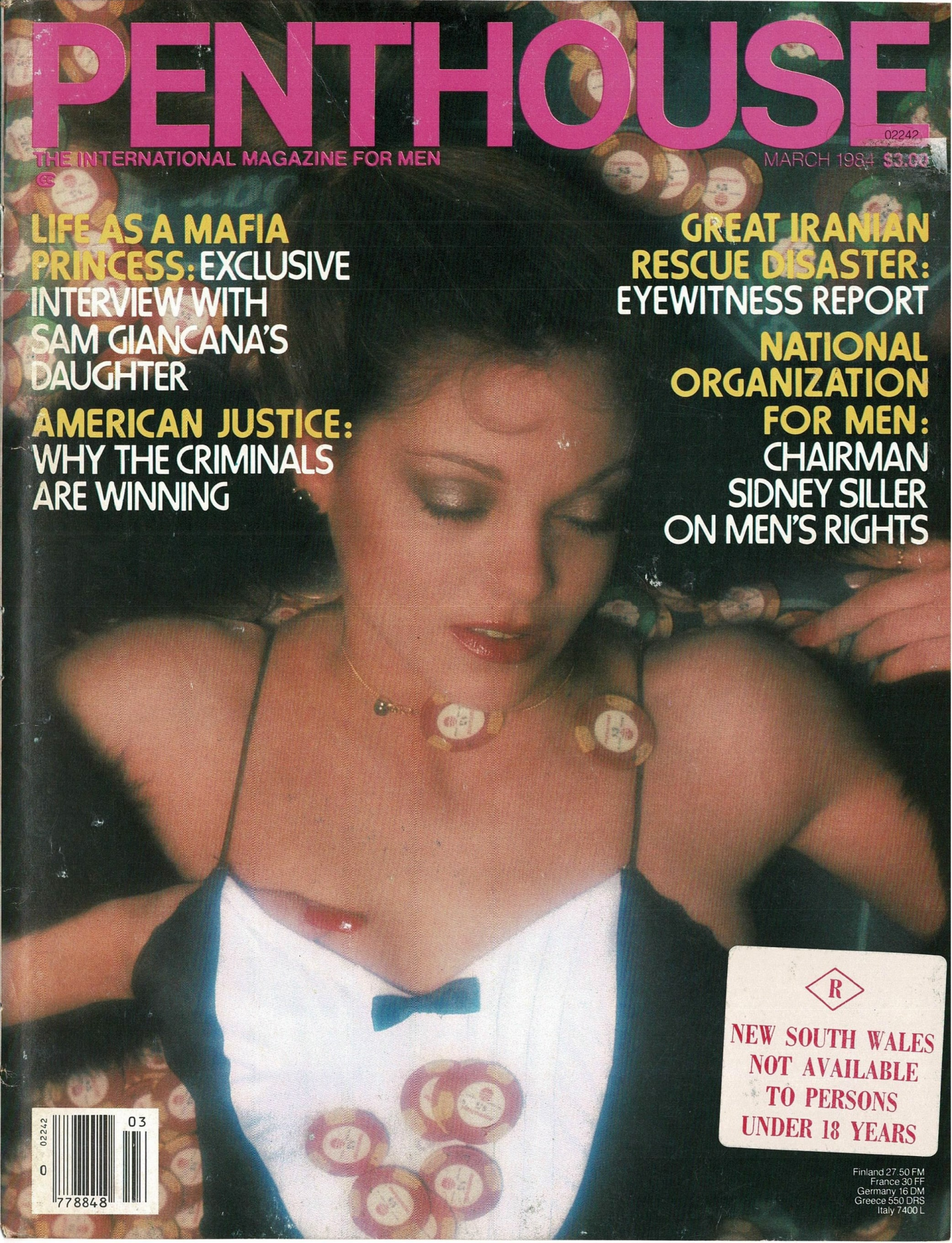
MARCH 1984 $3.00

LIFE AS A MAFIA PRINCESS: EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH SAM GIANCANA'S DAUGHTER

AMERICAN JUSTICE: WHY THE CRIMINALS ARE WINNING

GREAT IRANIAN RESCUE DISASTER: EYEWITNESS REPORT

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR MEN: CHAIRMAN SIDNEY SILLER ON MEN'S RIGHTS



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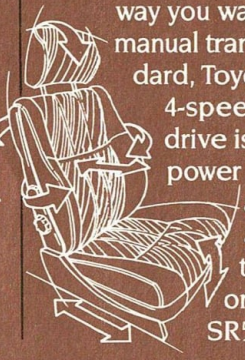

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This month's cover features Teri Jory who was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. Teri also appears on page 56.

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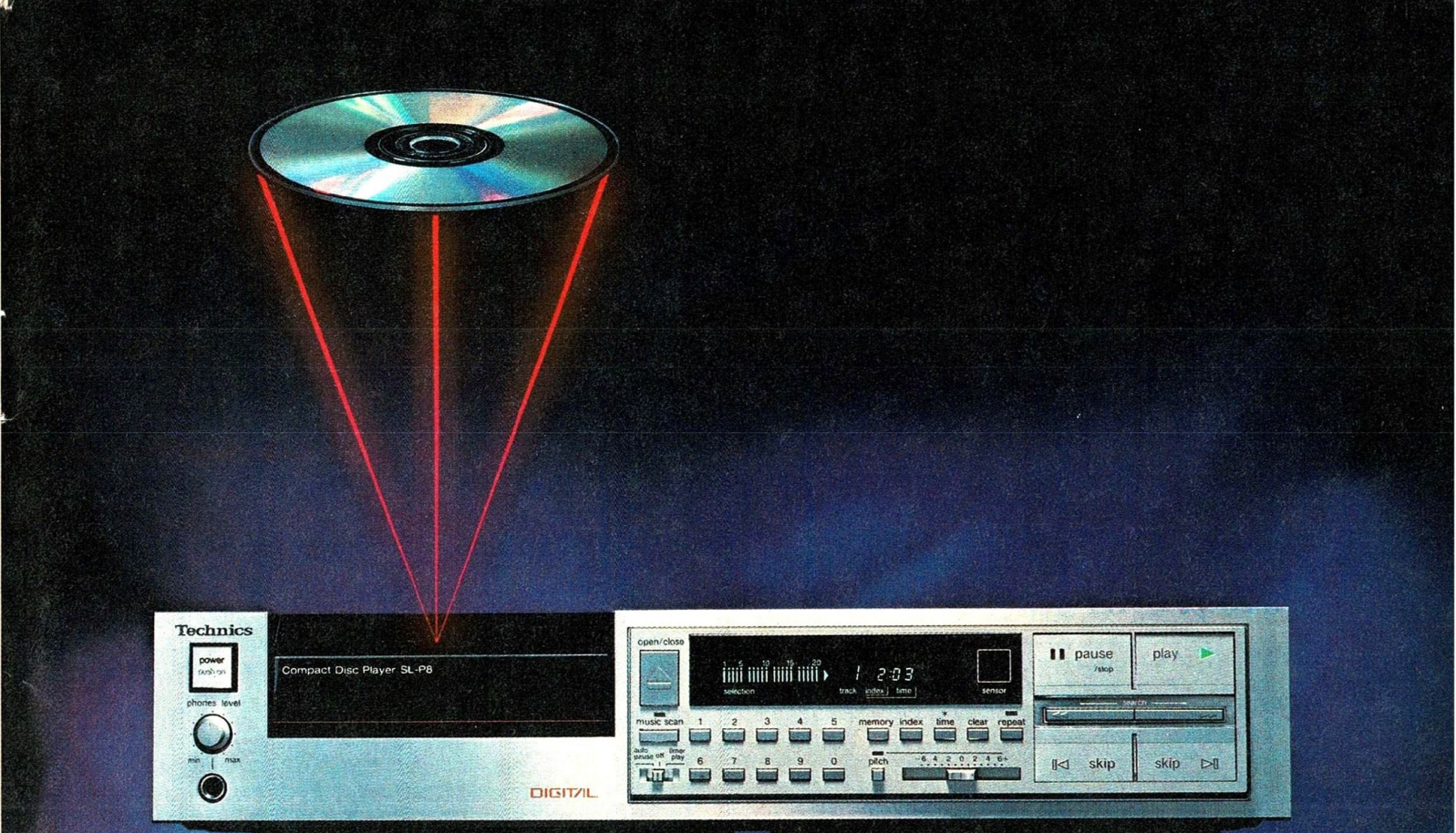

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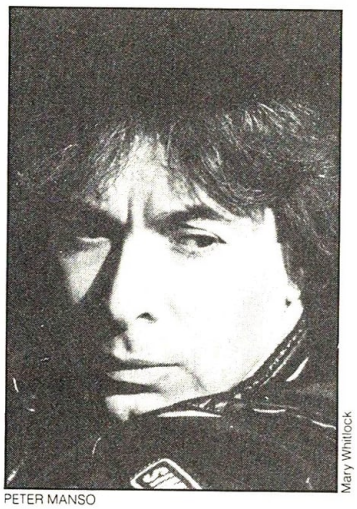
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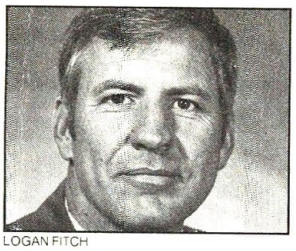
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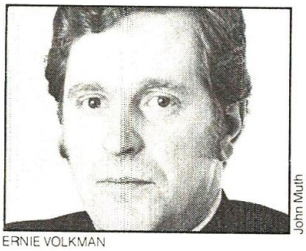
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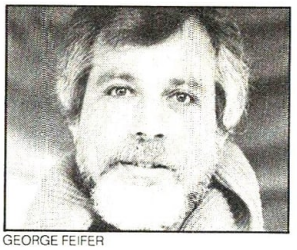
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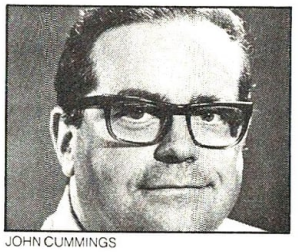
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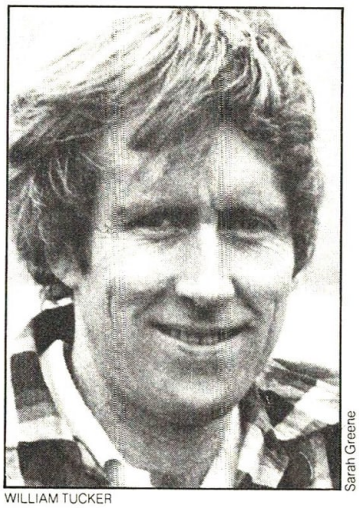

WILLIAM TUCKER

Sarah Greene

HOUSECALL

"My father died a brutal death," **Antoinette Giancana** told us. "The Mafia could have killed him, but I really believe the CIA did the job. He was loved and respected by a lot of people, and also hated by some. . . . He was an unusual man." We would be remiss to disagree! Her father, Sam Giancana, was Chicago's most powerful Mafia boss since Al Capone–a mobster who had mayors, judges, police chiefs, and U.S. congressmen in his pocket and whose multimillion-dollar criminal empire stretched around the world. His reputation for ruthless efficiency was so great that the CIA recruited him to organize the assassination of Fidel Castro (a plot whose failure was no doubt due to the agency's incompetence, not the Mafia's). And many years later, just before he was to testify before the U.S. Senate about his role in the Castro plot, Giancana was brutally murdered at home in a classic gangland execution. Now, in an extraordinary *Penthouse* interview (page 114), Antoinette Giancana discusses growing up Mafia-style with a father whose compulsion to control the rackets was matched only by his maniacal insistence that his own family, like Caesar's wife, be beyond reproach–a code of conduct totally at odds with his own behavior. **Peter Manso**, who talked with "Toni" for this exclusive interview, says that her story was "anything but the expected. She tells all, names the names, and destroys forever the fiction that mobsters are pussycats at heart." During Manso's several days with her in Chicago, Toni, often weeping openly, told him of Giancana's uncontrollable rages against her, how she attended a seemingly endless number of "friends' " funerals, about her father's infatuation with Frank Sinatra (a relationship the singer denies), and how Giancana's much-vaunted and longtime affair with singer Phyllis McGuire, defying the unwritten Mafia rule to keep a low profile, might even have hastened his death. Toni's love-hate feelings about her father and her desire to understand both their lives, as well as her need to cleanse both their souls, prompted her to go public–breaking yet another Mafia rule, *omertà*, the ritual code of silence.

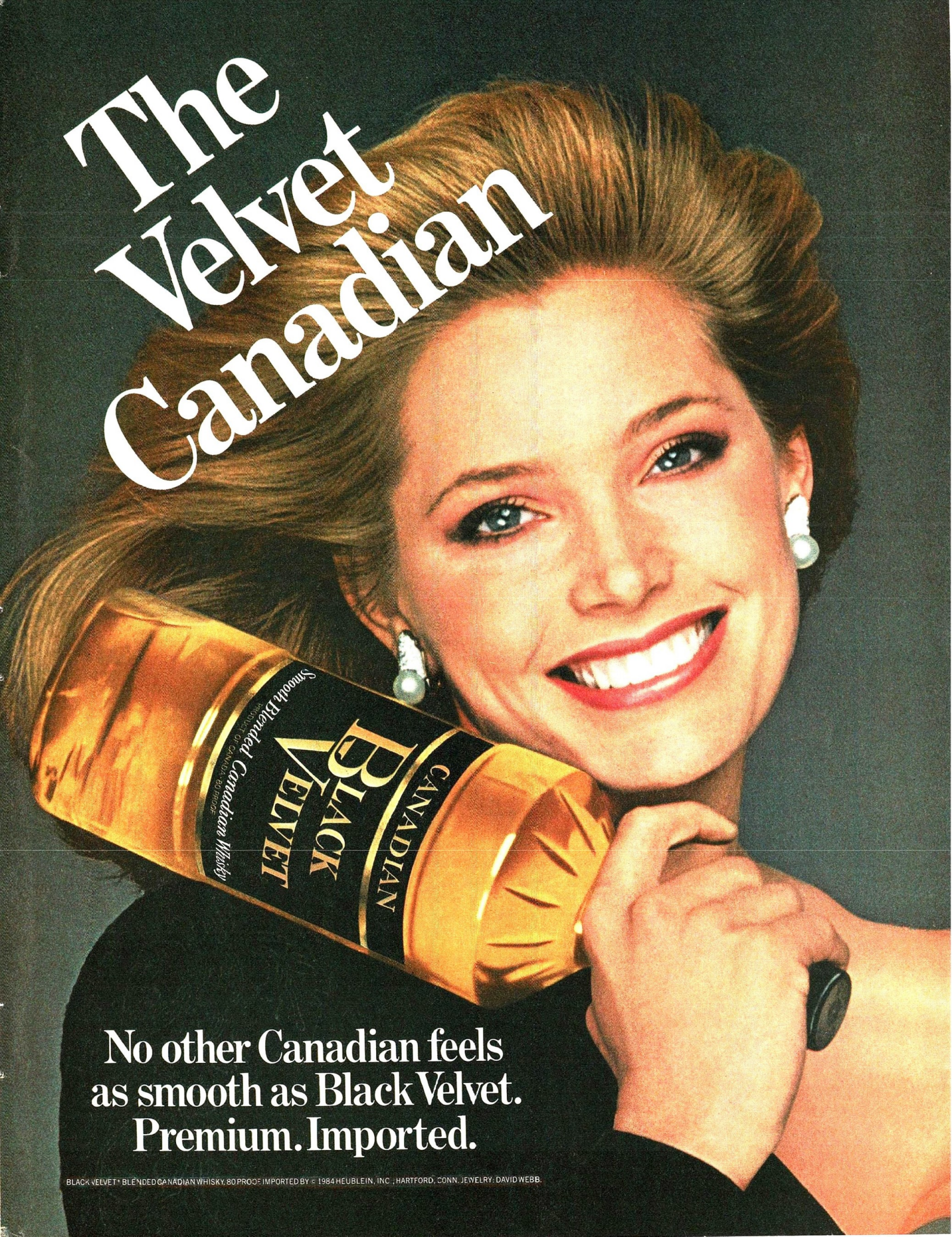
Our judiciary system, one might reasonably expect, should have no higher priority than protecting all of us from the likes of Sam Giancana and company. "Not so!" writes **William Tucker** in "American Justice Is a Crime" (page 52), a shocking but long-overdue assessment. "A great deal of the huge upsurge in violent crime can be laid at the doorstep of the U.S. courts," he discovered. "Few Americans are aware of it, but the courts have been conducting a vast social experiment over the past 20 years. Its effect has been to transform the criminal courts from 'crime-prevention' institutions to defendant-oriented 'due-process' systems. . . . If you believe the courts are more concerned with the criminal's rights than the victim's, you are absolutely correct." And in a companion article, "Loose Cannons of the Court" (page 54), **Ernest Volkman** and **John Cummings** peer under the august black robes of our judges and find "the sad fact is that the vast majority are either lazy, incompetent, or otherwise unemployable political hacks whose interest in justice extends only as far as the minimal effort required to pick up a paycheck. . . . Plainly, the American people have lost faith in the criminal-justice system–and no wonder."

The tragic disaster of Jimmy Carter's Iranian Rescue Mission almost four years ago caused many Americans to lose faith not only in our military capability, but also in our government as a whole. The deaths of eight Americans in the desert near Tehran, and the failure of the most powerful nation on earth to rescue its citizens from the grasp of a small band of grubby Third World fanatics, cost Carter the presidency and dealt an incalculable blow to our self-respect as well as our international prestige. In "Death At Desert One" (page 66), Major **Logan Fitch**, the man who actually drew up the battle plans for the rescue attempt, reveals what really happened on that fateful April night. Fitch, who wrote this article with **George Feifer**, resolves many of the continuing controversies about the aborted mission that almost cost him his life. Most importantly, he shows why it should have succeeded and finally, conclusively, lays the blame for its failure. In addition to its value as a dramatic and compelling piece of history, Fitch's article also provides a vital lesson in how to avoid such fiascoes in the future.

Our fiction this month juxtaposes the archaic fantasy world of goblins and trolls with the up-to-date, super-efficient world of home computers. What may seem to be an insoluble paradox is transformed into out-of-this-world entertainment in "Virgin Territory" (page 72), by award-winning science-fiction writers **Gardner Dozois**, **Jack Dann**, and **Michael Swanwick**. More down-to-earth computer information can be found on page 44, where contributing editor **Ken Uston** selects the best new video games of the year.

Other outstanding features this month include **Robert Crane**'s conversation with **John Candy** (page 120), the *SCTV* comedic sensation who's hit Hollywood in a *big* way, playing the world's most fanatic *Penthouse* reader in his new hit, *Splash;* the most fashionable spring outerwear starring **Ben Cross**, the hero of *Chariots of Fire* (page 124); **Sidney Siller**'s inspirational responses to questions about men's rights (page 30); aviation expert **Jerome Greer Chandler**'s soaring "Advise & Dissent" on why Russian aircraft should be banned–for safety, not political, reasons (page 96); and **Laurence Shames**'s humorous and informative paean to the cocktail (page 140)–one of "the most characteristic achievements of the American genius."

Our national genius manifests itself in many ways, however, and a bountiful appreciation of feminine beauty is yet another special characteristic of the American spirit. We're more than happy to make our own spirited contribution this month with Pets whose sensual grace and loveliness will make you forget the howling March winds and contemplate the spring soon to come.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MARCH

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TOESMAN-TROPHY AWARD

I am a placekicker for a college football team in Illinois. I have been a kicker for a number of years and have always felt that the best talent my toe possessed was kicking the ball between the uprights of goalposts. However, recently I have learned my toe can be used for a different kind of scoring.

This particular night started as typically as always. It was Saturday after a game, and we were celebrating at the home of one of our players. I figured it would be the same old story; I'd have a few drinks, socialize a little, and then find a ride back home where I'd go to bed—alone. Just then, Naomi, a young lady I had seen around campus, came up to me and congratulated me on a field goal I had kicked that day. While absorbing her compliments, I knew I had found my ride—little did I know it would be to her apartment for a night of touchdowns!

Things got quite hot in her car on the way to her place so I anticipated an eventful evening. Once there, Naomi mixed a couple of drinks as I lay on the living-room floor looking for some love music on the radio. Then she knelt down next to me and asked if I'd rather play with *her* knobs. As I turned to her, she pulled her sweater over her head, exposing a couple of 36Ds. When I saw those smooth shapely breasts my dick began to throb with the anticipation of being dipped into her wet, hot pussy. Naomi saw the instant rise in my jeans and promptly attacked my zipper, almost tearing my pants off. As she began oral seduction with her warm, wet mouth, I removed her jeans and soaking-wet panties. Immediately the sweet aroma from her hot box filled the room. I pulled her dripping twat onto my face, and we began to enjoy a delicious sixty-nine position.

When we finished, Naomi got up and made her way to the bedroom, saying, "Follow me, Golden Toe." When I arrived she was lying on her back. I jumped up on the bed, and in standing position, I began to caress her body with my toes. I started with her enormous breasts, pinching her rock-hard nipples between my toes. She began squirming and begging me not to stop as I worked my way down to her steaming love box. I teased her by tickling her inner thighs, and finally she lay back with her legs straight up as if she were a goalpost. I eagerly placed my toe between the uprights and gently teased her swollen clitoris. Her hips worked with my foot as I inserted my big toe all the way up her wet pink pussy. Naomi moaned in wild ecstasy with her hips arching high as her hot love juices covered my entire foot. While a madly overpowering orgasm quivered through her entire body, I quickly positioned my face between her thighs and licked up every drop of her sweet juice.

The following morning Naomi drove me home. I wondered whether or not it would be another one-night stand, but as I left the car she commented devilishly, "I'm nominating you for Player of the Year, and you can play on my field whenever you want."—*Name and address withheld*

LESSON OF THE MONTH

I would like to discuss my favorite subject, autofellatio. I know there are a lot of you men out there who are able to suck your own cocks, and some who have tried and can't. You guys who can do it already know how to get into position to receive the head of your cock in your mouth, and how it feels. But for the unfortunate ones, this may be a helpful lesson.

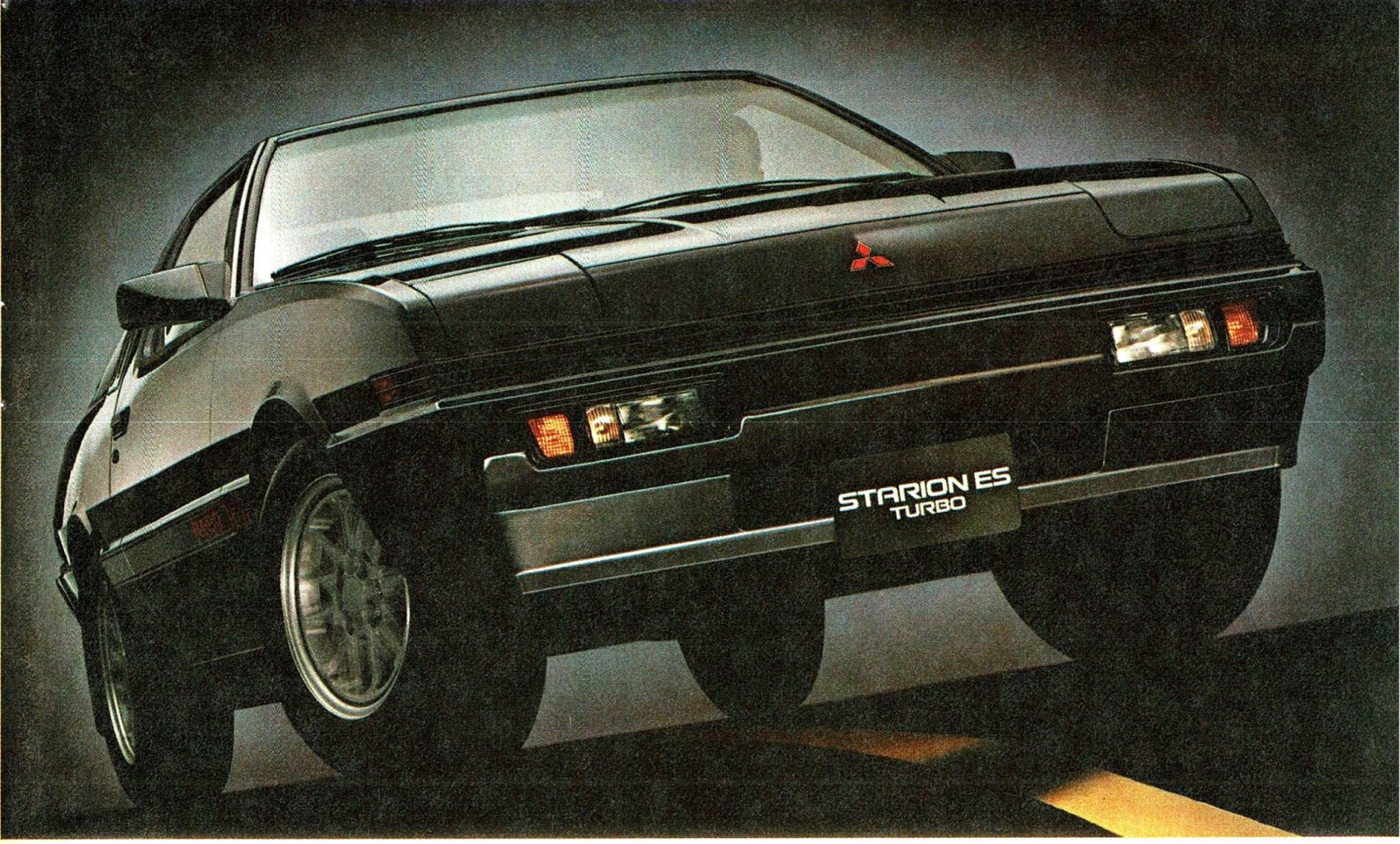
I have been practicing the act of autofellatio for about 15 years, and I can successfully complete the act, ejaculation and all. It is a wonderful feeling to get the head of my prick in my mouth and feel my lips around my shaft. I love the taste and flavor of my cock and come. I feel almost privileged that I am one of the few who can suck my own cock.

I can suck the head of my cock in more than one position, but this is the one I like best: I lay naked on my back in front of the kitchen sink, then place a small pillow or folded-up towel under my head and neck. Then I bring both my feet up over my head and place them under the counter of the sink. I bring the lower part of my body up and forward so my wonderful dick is right above my face and near my mouth. Then I take hold of my prick and bring it to my mouth, and run my tongue all around the head. I then wrap both arms around the lower part of my body and pull down toward my face, sliding the head of my cock into my waiting mouth. At this time, I'm usually so hot that I can move the head of my cock in my mouth a little bit, and I'm ready to come.—*Name and address withheld*

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

I'm a 20-year-old male employed as a security guard in an office building. I'm no virgin, but I had never been involved in anything kinky or unusual above and beyond the daily lovemaking with my steady girlfriend. That is, until recently.

I was working one Sunday morning



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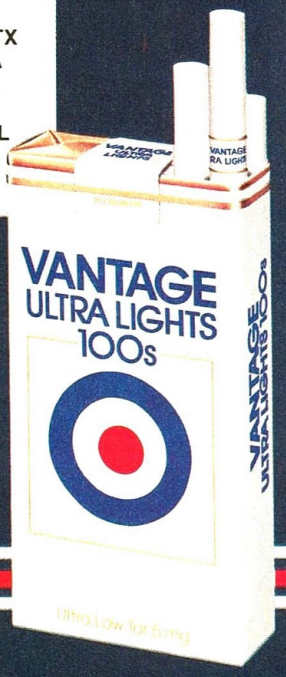
Jan.	2-8	Seiko/Tucson Match Play Championship	Tucson, AZ
	11-15	Bob Hope Classic	Palm Springs, CA
	19-22	Phoenix Open	Phoenix, AZ
	26-29	Isuzu-Andy Williams San Diego Open	San Diego, CA
Feb.	2-5	Bing Crosby National Pro-Am	Monterey, CA
	16-19	Los Angeles Open	Los Angeles, CA
Mar.	1-4	Honda Classic	Ft. Lauderdale, FL
	22-25	USF&G Classic	New Orleans, LA
	29-4/1	Tournament Players Championship	Jacksonville, FL
Apr.	5-8	Greater Greensboro Open	Greensboro, NC
	19-22	Sea Pines Heritage Golf Classic	Hilton Head, SC
May	3-6	MONY Tournament of Champions	Carlsbad, CA
	10-13	Byron Nelson Golf Classic	Dallas, TX
	17-20	Colonial National Invitation	Ft. Worth, TX
June	7-10	Manufacturers Hanover Westchester Classic	Westchester, NY
	21-24	Georgia-Pacific Atlanta Golf Classic	Atlanta, GA
	21-24	Senior Tournament Players Championship	Cleveland, OH
July	5-8	Western Open	Chicago, IL
	19-22	Miller High Life Quad Cities Open	Moline, IL
	26-29	Sammy Davis, Jr.—Greater Hartford Open	Hartford, CT
Aug.	9-12	Buick Open	Flint, MI
	16-19	PGA Championship	Birmingham, AL
	23-26	World Series of Golf	Akron, OH
	30-9/2	B. C. Open	Endicott, NY
Sept.	6-9	The Bank of Boston Classic	Boston, MA
	13-16	Greater Milwaukee Open	Milwaukee, WI
	19-23	Panasonic Las Vegas Classic	Las Vegas, NV
	27-30	LaJet Coors Classic	Abilene, TX
Oct.	4-7	Texas Open	San Antonio, TX
	11-14	Southern Open	Columbus, GA
	25-28	Pensacola Open	Pensacola, FL
Dec.	TBA	J.C. Penney Classic	Tampa, FL
	TBA	Chrysler Team Invitational	Boca Raton, FL

*Dates subject to change.

VANTAGE
GOLF
PGA TOUR



when I got a telephone call from Cheryl, one of the secretaries who works there. She said she had to catch up on some typing and would be coming in for a short while sometime during the day.

Cheryl is one of the cuter secretaries who works in the office. She has long, slim legs and short black hair. Although she is about 35 years old, she is still the youngest woman in the office.

I soon forgot about the call, and Cheryl. Security work is often boring, so to pass the time I flipped through an old *Penthouse* magazine. After a while, I became increasingly horny and soon had my six-inch member in my hand. I propped my legs up on the desk and tilted back in my chair to masturbate while I flipped through the magazine. Then to my horror I heard a key slide into the door lock and the lock turn open. In an instant, the door opened and Cheryl walked in.

She stopped immediately and stared at my erection. Embarrassed beyond belief, I hurriedly covered my exposed meat and brought my legs back to the floor. I was bright red from head to toe and couldn't say a word.

Cheryl dropped an armful of paperwork on a nearby desk, turned to me and said, "So, I caught you jerking off on the job."

I pleaded with her not to tell anyone, especially my boss, for I would be fired as well as humiliated. She said she wouldn't, but only if I did everything she told me to, with no argument whatsoever. Desperately, I agreed.

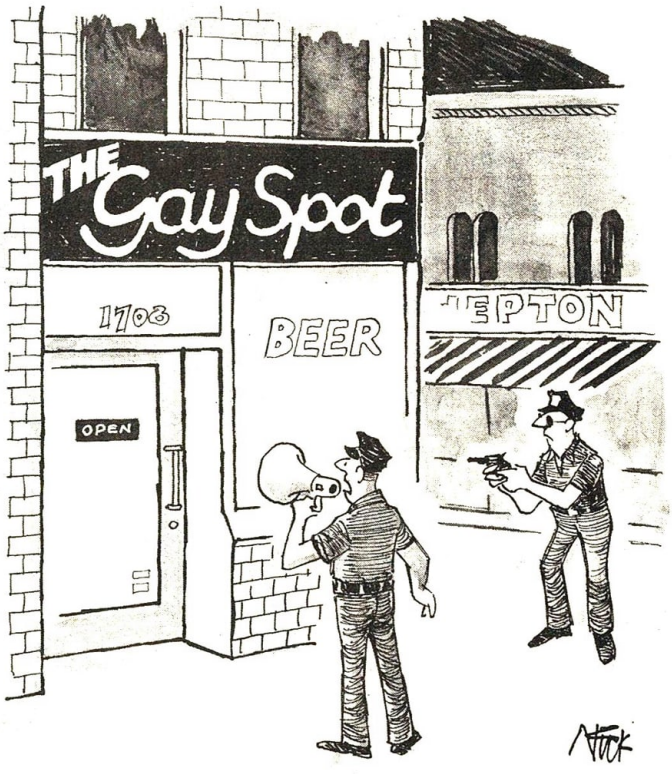
First she told me to strip. Once again, I was overcome with embarrassment, but I realized there was little I could do but comply or she would tell on me. Slowly, I removed my gun belt and clothes and stood in front of her naked with my cock half-erect.

Then she told me to sit back in my chair with my legs up on my desk. As I did this, she told me to finish jacking off. By this time, I was thoroughly embarrassed, but aroused. My cock was hard instantly and I pumped it vigorously.

As I masturbated, she stared at my engorged cock and writhing body. With a grunt, I came, splashing warm semen over my chest and belly. As I did this, I heard a gasp escape from her moist lips.

Then she ordered me to lick up the mess I'd made. I was revolted at the thought, since I had never tasted semen before. I hesitated but noticed she had her hands on the phone and was preparing to dial, so I scooped the come off my chest and brought it to my mouth. As she instructed, I licked my fingers dry.

Next she told me to get on my hands and knees in front of her. She unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Through her white panties I could see a neatly trimmed black bush. She quickly removed them, leaned against my desk, spread her legs slightly, and told me to eat her out.



"Okay, Bruce, come out with your hands on your hips."

Below her curly black pubic hair, I saw her protruding pussy lips begging to be sucked. Hesitantly, I began to nibble on her musky cunt. She wrapped both legs firmly around my head.

When she was about to come, she told me to eat her ass. Once again, I hesitated. I had never done this before and wasn't sure I wanted to, but Cheryl didn't wait for me to make up my mind. She grabbed me by the hair and forced my face into her crack. I licked and sucked her bung hole and stroked her cunt lips with my hand. She squealed in pleasure as she came.

I left her there to compose herself and went into the bathroom to wash the bitter taste of her ass hole from my mouth. When I came back, she had removed her blouse. She has very small breasts but nice thick nipples. She told me I had one more task to fulfill. She lay down on the carpeted floor and sat on my stomach. She reached around behind her and stroked my cock to attention while she waved her glistening pussy in my face.

She then slipped my hard penis into her steaming pussy and began riding me like a bronco. Her small, pert breasts jiggled up and down in front of me, and I couldn't resist grabbing and squeezing them. Just as I was about to come, she got off my dick and put her cunt directly above my face. She moaned and rubbed her pussy wildly. Suddenly she let loose a golden stream of piss all over my face. As she did, she had a tremendous orgasm. She shuddered and her urine-covered hand was a blur over her pussy. My own hand finished what she had started and I came again. She got dressed quickly and left without a word as I lay there in her piss and my come.—*Name and address withheld*

INTELLECTUAL STIMULATION

My wife Betsy and I felt great when we moved out of the noise, congestion, and smog of the city and into a small cottage in a peaceful suburb where there's plenty of space and clean air. But after a few weeks in our new home we began to feel that maybe it hadn't been a wise move.

The population of the town was so sparse and spread out that casual acquaintances were the only company we had, and they lacked the sophistication we were used to back in the city. "This is an awfully nice place to live," Betsy remarked, "but there's no meeting of the minds." "That's just the way I feel about it, honey," I told her. "How about having some of our old friends back in the city come out and spend the weekend with us? If it works out we'll make a regular thing of it." "Let's!" she cried eagerly.

When a dozen or more of our city friends arrived the following Saturday we served them a big dinner and a lot of drinks, and all of us were in high spirits. When dinner was over we went into the living room and sat around enjoying one another's company. Betsy was sitting on the divan between Jim and Larry, and Jim was so pleased to know we hadn't forgot-

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ten him that he put his hand under Betsy's skirt and was affectionately caressing her pussy. Betsy was very flattered by this gesture of affection and so was her pussy, for she pulled her skirt up all the way, exposing to everyone present that patch of blond hair they all loved so much. Then, gratefully, she reached over and took out Larry's upended cock, and Jim went down on her.

This scene drew a round of applause from all the other guests, and when Betsy got up to take off her clothes, they saw this as a cue to do the same. Everyone was game to undress with Betsy. As I undressed, Margaret's bare boobs happened to be right near me, and I took the nipple of one in my fingers, started squeezing it, and took the other one into my mouth and chewed and sucked on it till she was gasping with pleasure. Miles knelt before her to finger-fuck her throbbing cunt while his wife, Pamela, licked my balls. Suddenly there came a high-pitched rippling outcry from across the room.

It was from Betsy, now lying on the floor in an explosive orgasm, a stiff cock up her ass, another up her cunt, a third in her mouth, and one in each hand. And each of those cocks was attached to one of our guests! Richard opened his fly, and Phillip grabbed Len's stiff throbbing prick and began masturbating him like crazy.

I'm happy to say that this kind of get-together now takes place in our little suburban home every weekend and Betsy and I couldn't be happier. We not only love our new home, we now also have all the intellectual companionship we'd been missing.—*Name and address withheld*

STRAWBERRY TIPS FOREVER

I am a 25-year-old bellman at Houston's finest hotel. Last weekend we were hosting a large convention and I was working the graveyard shift. Things had finally begun to slow down when a beautiful young woman (I'm talking knockout!) approached me in the lobby. From her name tag I could tell she was a secretary with the convention. "I want to thank you all for being so kind to us," she said. My ears were listening but my eyes were surveying her terrain: long brown hair loaded with body, dark eyes, large pouting lips, and a bodacious pair of huskies that strained against the neckline of her dress. "Everyone has been very patient," I responded politely. As she walked away I noticed she had the loveliest legs and ass in the world—they moved in perfect harmony.

Later that night, I was called to take a pillow up to room 814. I found the room, and who should answer the door but my favorite secretary, wearing a short bathrobe that was tailored to her amazing body. "I ran out of patience," she said and took me by the hand into her room. She offered me a drink and sat on the edge of the bed as I pulled up a chair directly in front of her. As we chatted, I soon became aware of how at ease we both were. Though I knew she had heard it a million times, I said, "You have incredible legs." She took a long hit off her cigarette, slowly blew the smoke into my face, and without smiling, said, "How incredible?"

I got onto my knees, raised her right leg, and began sucking her toes. As she lay back on the bed, her robe parted just enough for me to see that she was wearing nothing but a pair of baby-blue panties. My tongue inched its way up to the edge of her robe, lingering at mid-thigh. She moaned softly as I repeated the treatment on her other leg. When I reached her panties, she raised her hips for me to remove them, but I ignored her and continued my oral adventure up to her strawberry-capped mountains. My tongue began at the base of one, then the other, slowly circling, climbing to the peaks, which were erect and begging to be sucked. She ran her fingers through my hair as if she were kneading dough.

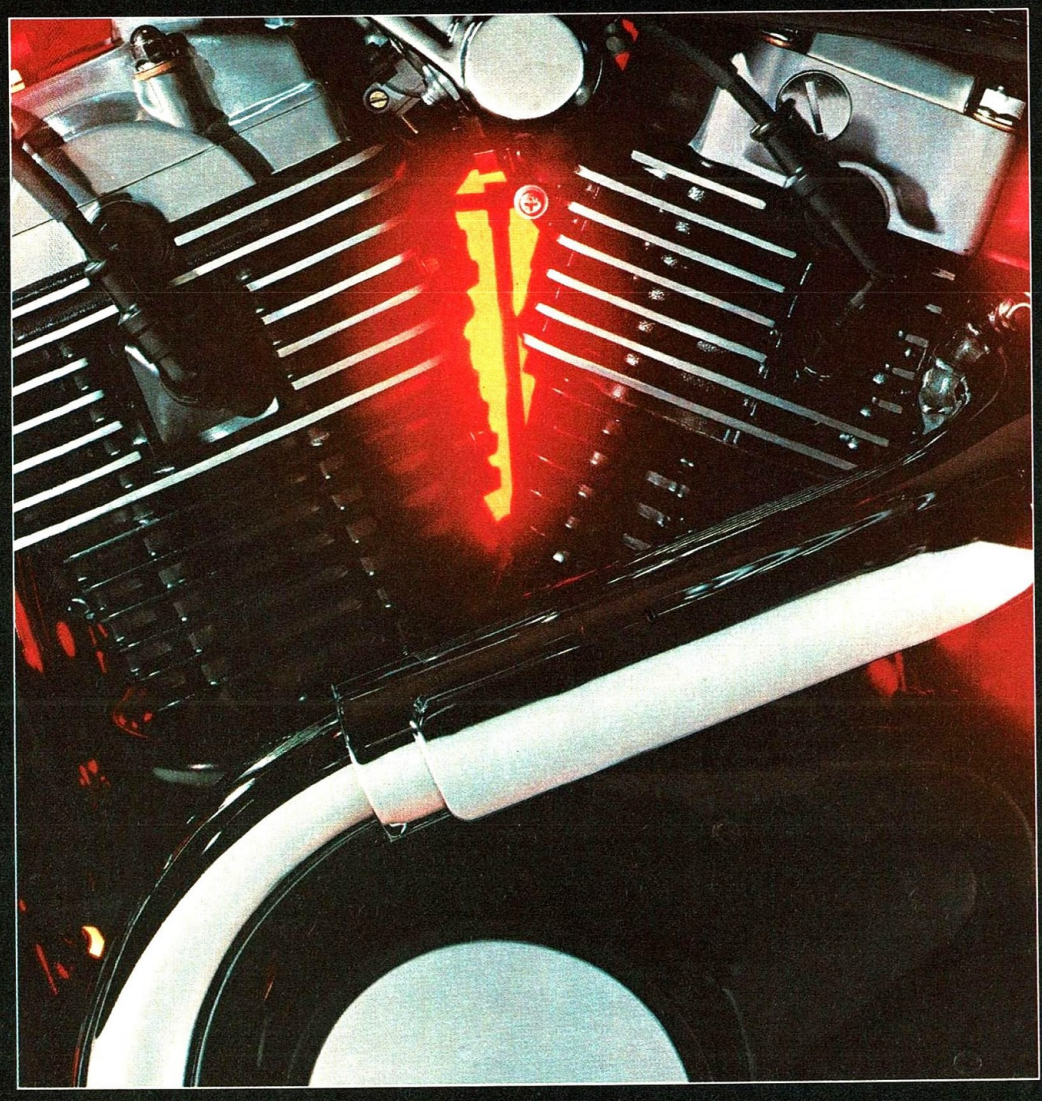
I brought my lips up to hers as my hand moved across her smooth waist and slipped beneath her panties far enough for me to softly scratch her mound. Our tongues played and I ran my middle finger down to the base of her slit, rubbing her juices over her snatch. After much teasing, I finally stroked her magic button, and in an instant she exploded, moaning and bucking with my hand squeezed between her thighs. I kept rubbing her clit until she cried for me to stop. "You just earned your tip," she said and pushed me back onto the bed. As she pulled my pants down, all I could think of to say was, "My tip is yours!" She climbed aboard and brought me to the Big O with more expertise than I'd ever known. After many long, wet kisses, I returned to the lobby with a smile.—*Name and address withheld*

FATTY, FATTY, TUB O' FUN

Let me start out by saying that I am a firm believer in the old saying, "bigger things do come from Texas." I am a soldier stationed in Germany, and have just come over from central Texas where I had an experience I'll never forget.

Now, I have always been very partial to obese women. I don't know what it is about them, but they really turn me on! It all started when me and some coworkers were telling one another about the women we used to fuck and go down on. I told them about some of the heifers I used to pork back home in Texas. The conversation was overheard by this sergeant, who told me about a whale he knew. He said that she would take me home and suck and fuck me and have me back in time the next morning for first formation. I told him to go ahead and arrange it and he did. At 8 P.M., I was waiting in front of my barrack and in came this blue pickup truck. Now, I could tell she was a real beauty by the way the truck leaned to one side.

She introduced herself as Cindy, and I can honestly say she was about 350



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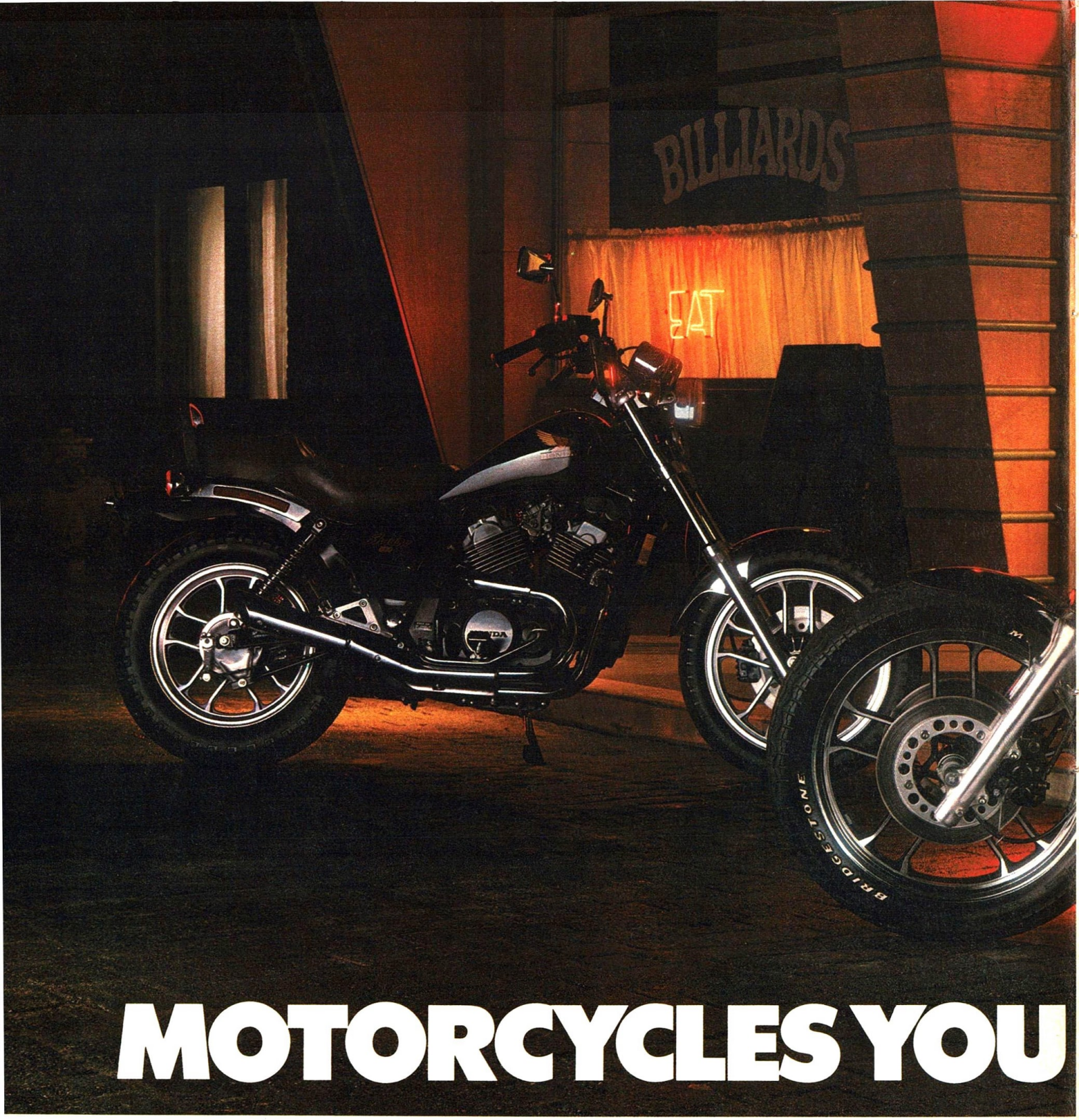

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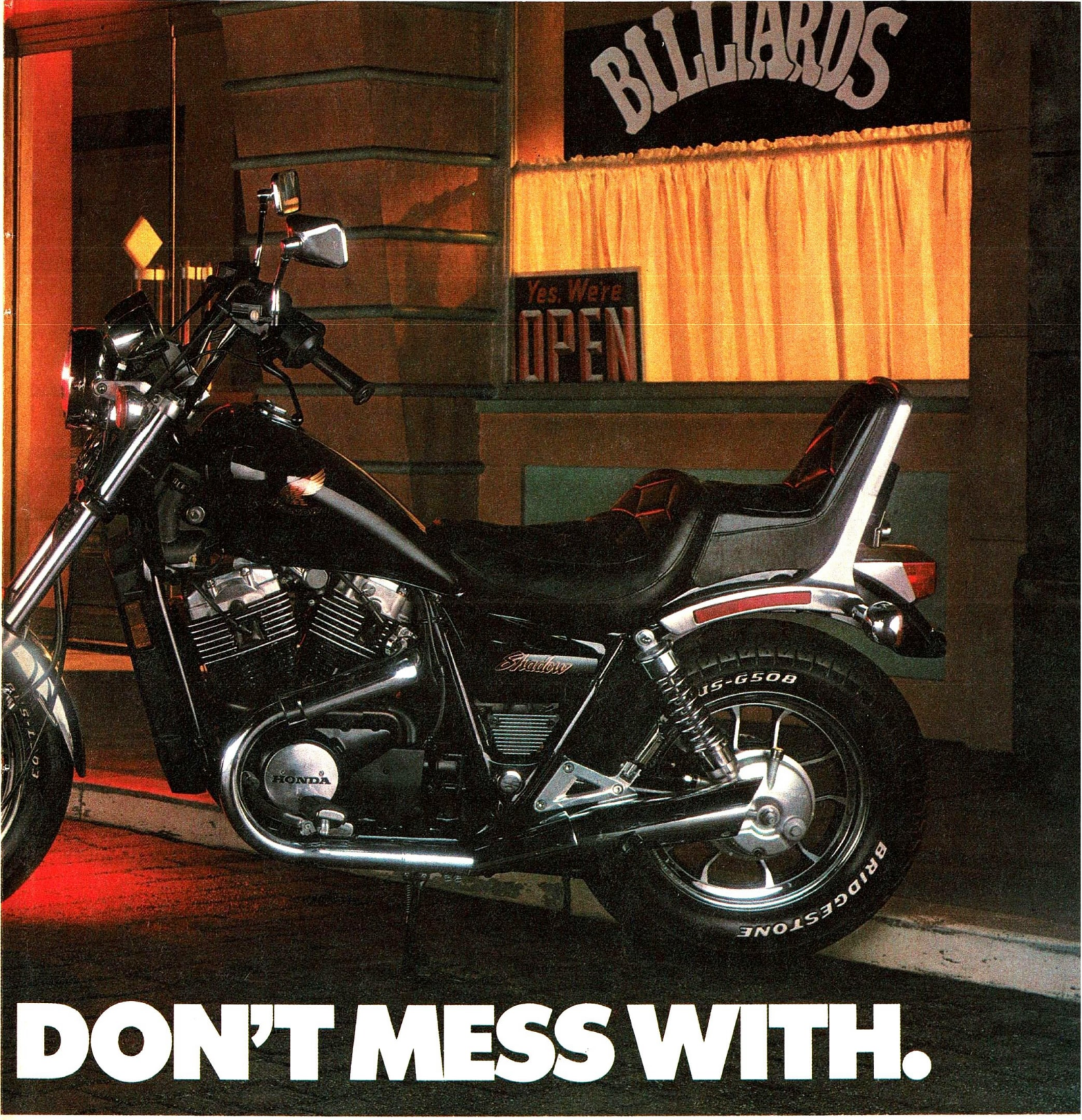

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pounds of pure woman. On the way to her place, we stopped and picked up some beer—a case, to be exact.

We finally arrived at her trailer at 8:30 and I already had a hard-on just thinking about what lay ahead. Once inside we started getting drunk, when all of a sudden she removed her top and showed me what looked like a pair of watermelons with big wrinkly nipples. At that point, I released my throbbing cock from my fatigues. She grabbed it and started deep-throating it like I've never felt before. I came in about five minutes. I swear, it was the best head I'd had in my entire life! She got up off her knees and, with difficulty, went through the narrow bathroom door. I started removing my uniform and climbed into bed, lying there until she came out of the bathroom wearing a robe that couldn't even fit all the way around her. She had the body of a goddess!

Well, she climbed in bed and let her rolls of fat hang to one side. Out of control, I hopped right on top of this ton of fun and tried to find the right fold. Tired of my groping, she grabbed my prick and guided it right between those tree trunks. I'll tell you, she had one tight pussy! We fucked all night long, in every position she could roll into. And lo and behold, she did have me back in time for first formation. If I ever go back to that wonderful Texas town, I'll sure look Cindy up.—*Name and address withheld*

TIED AND TRUE

My wife and I have been married for ten years and have been very happy, but about a year ago our sex lives took on the dullness many marriages do. It was then that we began to experiment.

After several long discussions, Gail Jean loosened up somewhat and, with my suggestions and encouragement, began to dress more seductively. When she became a little more comfortable with the new look, I tried to talk her into a little flashing. This she refused to do as she felt it was wrong, but after a few weeks and a lot of compliments, encouragement, and sometimes a few too many drinks, she did begin to leave fewer buttons buttoned, discard her bras, and get a lot more attention.

Next, I decided I would love to see her fuck someone else. This was the real showstopper, since she totally refused and would not even consider the subject. Well, after a few weeks, I suggested we try a little mild bondage, to which she agreed. I began by suspending a simple broomstick horizontally from our bedroom ceiling, two feet above our bed, and covered it with foam for comfort. Now I could easily tie her arms to the headboard, then place her legs over the broomstick, leaving her ass suspended above the bed. This gave me complete access to her beautiful pussy and ass hole. However, she lost control of movement of the lower half of her body. I then placed a blindfold on her and added stereo headphones. Now she couldn't see or hear, but only feel me thoroughly eating her pussy and ass, then fucking her with a renewed vigor.

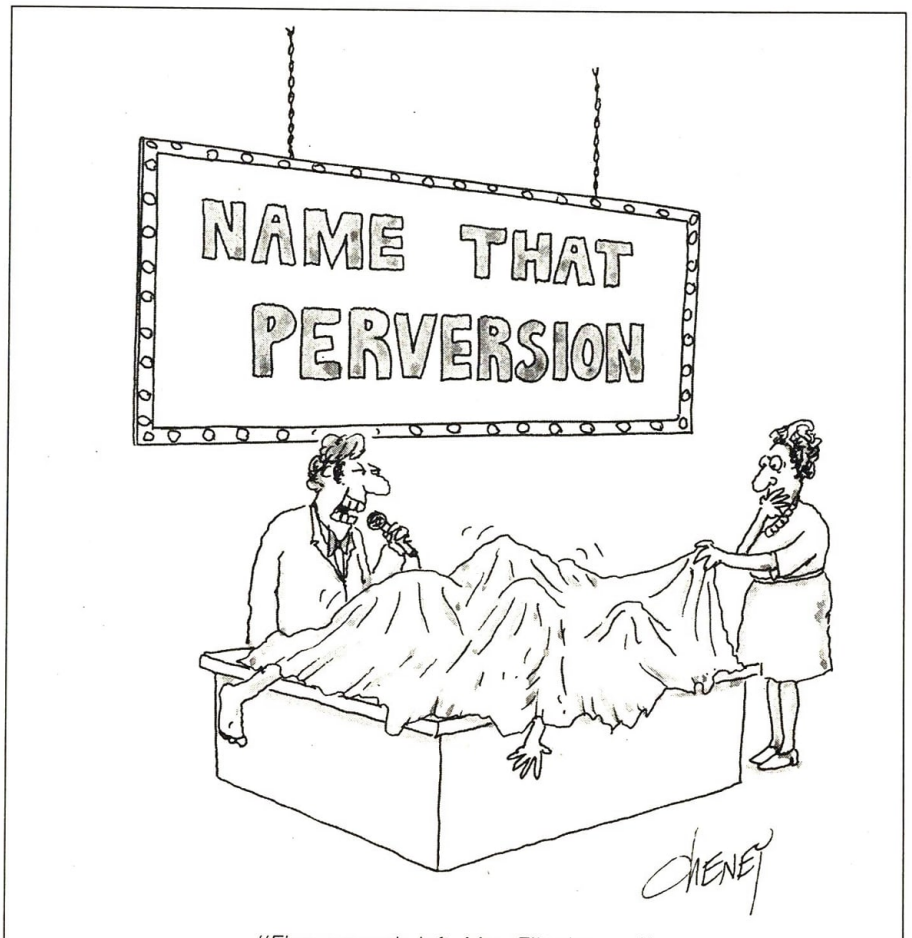
Well, she really liked it, so it became a weekly thing for us. I then told my best friend the situation and asked him if he would fuck her, since she would have no way of knowing. He quickly agreed. That first Saturday night was great. She was totally unsuspecting, totally wide open, and wet and ready when I let Rick into the bedroom. He immediately began to lick around her pussy lips, carefully avoiding her clit, while she attempted to squirm toward his face. She really moaned when he slid into her tight cunt. He fucked her for a good 15 minutes while I took pictures. She never knew it wasn't me. Soon after Rick shot off into her, he slipped out of the house and I continued to fondle her tits and stroke her fire-hot cunt lips. She must have come four times. I untied her and we discussed how good it had been for both of us.

The next week went much the same, and so did the following one. Finally, after two months and six friends, I presented her with two complete color photo albums of all the different cocks and tongues in her ass and pussy. She was totally mortified! She never suspected a thing, probably because of the loud music and blindfold. I cut out the faces of her fuckbuds from the pictures, and she demanded to know who they were. When I wouldn't reveal their identities she got furious. To quiet her down, I threatened to submit the photos to a magazine if she didn't consent to the fuck sessions. I also threatened to send them to her family and friends.

I finally had her. She is now my sex slave and will do whatever I want. We continue to use the swing, only now I have removed the headphones so she can hear her different lovers. In this position it is easy for someone to fuck her cunt and ass at the same time, and she loves it.

Gail Jean doesn't work anymore. I insisted she quit her job. Extra money comes from a personal ad I placed for her that demands a fee for access to her tits, cunt, and ass hole. I will not, however, let her suck cock—that's left for me.

Last week, two girls were over for the first time and boy, did they give her a going-over. The fee we agreed to was that I got to fuck both girls in exchange for their night with Gail Jean. She was never told there would be any women involved, so I thought it best to put the earphones back on. I had the fuck session of my life with these young girls, as you can well imagine. Then it was their turn. They brought a suitcase of "toys" with them, and from nine o'clock Saturday night till about four o'clock Sunday morning they continuously reamed her pussy and ass hole with the biggest vibrators and dildos I have ever seen. They ate their share of her pussy, and each other's. Gail Jean was truly be-



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side herself with satisfaction when the evening ended.—*Name and address withheld*

MORNING DIVERSION

This morning I was gathering up clothes to do yet another week's laundry—a chore that must be worse than death. My 18-year-old son has a habit of letting his clothes lie where they fall, and sometimes they end up under the bed. As I was on my hands and knees looking under his bed, I found the current issue of *Penthouse,* a favorite of mine for years. His father and I enjoyed *Penthouse* together, but since his death a couple of years ago I just haven't bought it. I knew my son and his friends read your magazine and others, but the rule was to keep them out of my sight, just as a courtesy to Mom. But you know, boys will be boys.

Still kneeling, I began to thumb through the pages, admiring the sexy young ladies, and of course comparing my still-attractive 36-year-old body with theirs. My sensitive ass began to warm as I thought of the excitement I'd felt when being entered by big hot pricks. Without thinking, I began to squirm a little, rotating my ass for an imaginary lover, my tight jeans teasing my clit.

As I did this, I began to read the letters in "Forum." I couldn't begin to count the times I had read those letters before. I just closed my eyes and pretended those fantasies were happening to me. It had been a long time—too long.

I kept reading, all the while becoming more aroused. My pussy throbbed and dampened, my nipples grew—I was surprised at my feelings, I hadn't had sex in several months.

I could no longer stand the feeling of arousal, so I got up with *Penthouse* in hand and found my vibrator. I plugged in the "General," slipped my jeans down to my knees, and sat on the floor with my legs spread to the limits. Slowly, I began to lightly rub the vibrator over my pussy and read "Forum."

The hum of the General sent chills all over my body as he gently teased. The chills became more and more intense, and it seemed like only seconds passed before I came. I couldn't stop with just one orgasm; it was so good and had been so long, I wanted more. So I kept on going! Thanks to the "Forum" fantasies, the second orgasm was better than the first, as were the third and fourth!

I turned off the General and just lay there with my eyes closed, breathing heavily, my body twitching, and my pussy dripping. For the first time in two years I felt relaxed! I lit a cigarette and thought of a thousand other things that I had tried to help relax myself, but none compared with this. I was sorry that no man was there to enjoy the pleasures with me.

Suddenly, the phone rang, breaking my concentration and reminding me that I still had laundry to do. Oh well, thanks, *Penthouse,* for the lovely morning.—*Name and address withheld*

"I'll be seeing you . . . in all . . . the old . . . familiar places. . . . "

SURPRISE, HONEY, I'M HOME

A couple of days ago, my last two hours of appointments were unexpectedly canceled, and rather than sit around and do nothing I decided to go home and surprise my wife, Beth. It was still early in the afternoon and I knew the kids wouldn't be home from school for another three hours. What better opportunity to pick up where we left off the night before?

I let myself in the side door and there was nobody to be seen on the ground-floor level. The house was eerily quiet. As I usually do, I slipped my shoes off in the laundry room and began to make my way downstairs, being extra quiet in the hope of surprising my wife who, by this time, I was sure was resting in our king-size bed upstairs.

As I got to the bottom of the stairs, I heard muted sounds emanating from the upstairs bedroom. The door to my bedroom was only half closed and I could see my wife lying flat on her back, clad only in her bikini panties. Her bra lay on the floor in front of the bed. Next to her lay another woman, naked, caressing Beth's breasts and kissing her deeply. Every so often, her hand would reach down between my wife's thighs and stroke the outside of her cunt. There was no mistaking the other form lying next to her—it was our 18-year-old neighbor, Bev. She's not too much of a looker from a facial aspect, but she has a magnificent body that Beth never stops talking about. I had always wanted to suck and fuck her cunt and ass, and now it seemed that my chance was at hand. I decided to hang out and watch the proceedings.

Bev slipped a hand under my wife's elastic waistband and began to probe her inner recesses in earnest. All the while, my wife urged her on. She was grinding her pelvis against Bev's hand, and her crotch looked soaked.

With one quick movement, Bev tore off her panties. Beth moaned in encouragement and spread her legs even wider, giving Bev more access to her glistening slit. "Do me. Do me now," she begged. Bev began to slowly slither down, lower and lower. Soon her face replaced her hand on my wife's cunt. I could see everything, as Bev was in a sixty-nine position. Her tongue probed deeply into Beth's cunt. The juices flowed out of her cunt, and my only regret was that I wasn't there to lap them up. By now, my cock was in my hand and I began to build to orgasm, as my wife was doing just a few feet away from me. Just then Bev looked up and saw me. My presence, however, did not stop her from her ministrations on Beth's pussy.

She rolled Beth over onto her stomach. "I'm going to suck your ass hole," she announced to Beth, "while you finger your cunt and clit." She parted her cheeks to

reveal a tight, puckered anus glistening from her cunt juices. Bev's tongue began its magic circles. With each swirl the resistance of her ass hole gave way, finally allowing Bev's tongue deep penetration.

Beth went wild, bucking up and down, moaning like I have never heard her before. Bev then reached over and picked up a shiny silver object. The next thing I heard was a soft humming sound. She placed the vibrator against Beth's cunt and gently advanced it in, burying it deep inside her. Beth let out a low moan and began bucking wildly. I knew from past experience that she was almost there. What a sight! As Bev was doing Beth, she was also fingering herself and really getting off on the entire scene. Soon my wife began to shake and roll uncontrollably as wave after wave of orgasmic energy flowed through her body. It must have gone on for ten minutes. As her first orgasm hit her, mine hit me, and I almost hit the ceiling. Bev rolled over and retrieved the vibrator from Beth's cunt and inserted it into her own. Within seconds, and with a little help from my wife, who was now sucking on her big, juicy clit, Bev came in a shudder.

After a few minutes of watching them caress, they both looked up and saw me. "Well, you might as well join us," Beth said, "we could use a hard cock right now."

Needless to say, the remainder of the afternoon was quite pleasurable.—*Name and address withheld*

IN THE LAND O' CONDOS

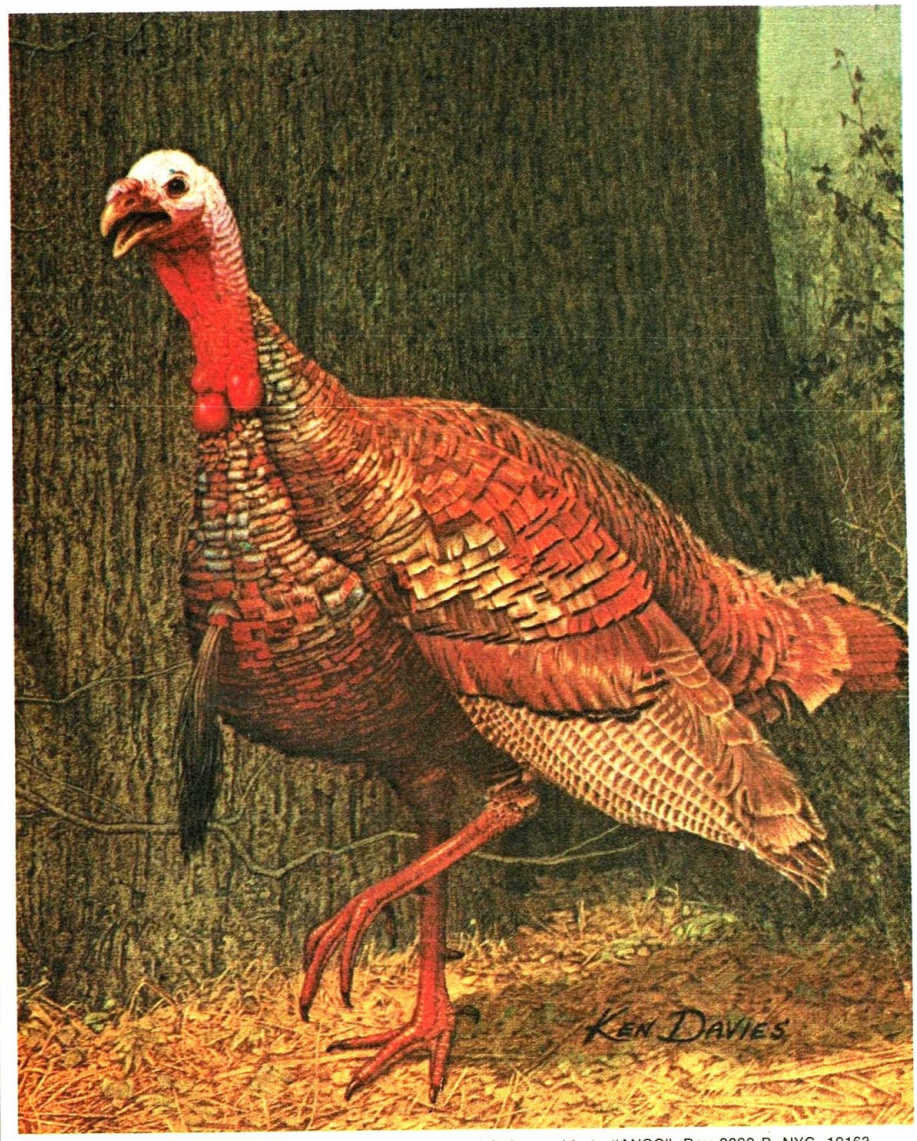
I am a security officer assigned to four condominiums on Laguna Beach. Since I am on duty from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. there isn't much going on. There are mostly middle-aged and elderly retirees here since very few young people can afford these apartments.

While roving around I occasionally get a call from the gate guard about a problem in one of the condos, like somebody playing the stereo too loud, or a card game going on past the playroom lights-out time. That was about it—until recently.

One night while wandering around the complex, I received a call from the gate guard to investigate something going on at the pool. I scurried over and found a couple fucking away like there was no tomorrow, right on the edge of the pool! The only light on was at the far end of the pool, but you could make them out if you looked carefully. I just hated to stop them: I figured they had gone for a late swim, become amorous, and decided to do it then and there. The guy had his trunks peeled down to his ankles, and now his girlfriend was sucking on his dick like she hadn't had a meal in ages. Within an instant I could feel the familiar bulge growing in my pants.

I decided to position myself in the shadows of the condo, where I could watch but not be seen, but the informant who had reported these goings-on was watching from her windows, too, and she called out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



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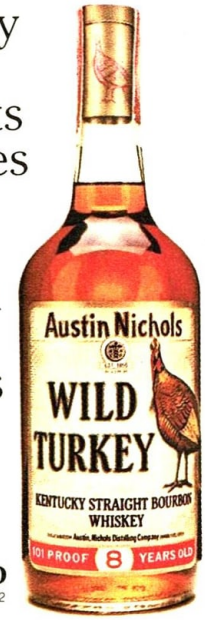

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

TERPIL AND THE CIA

Having just finished Jim Hougan's interview with Frank Terpil [December 1983], it seems to me that such articles run the risk of leading us into a sense of admiration for a man who can seemingly be so candid and unhypocritical, as opposed to the leaders and agencies that, in a very real sense, "created" him. Frank Terpil is one of the most charismatic and deadly men I have ever met—so deadly, in fact, that I finally decided to shelve a half-finished work of fiction loosely tied to Terpil's exploits (and exploitations) following Dubberstein's self-assassination. (I am not holding Terpil responsible, but the company he kept, and I presume in some ways is still keeping, struck me as dangerous.)

The problem with the interview, as I see it, is that Hougan is too subtle in his suggestion that Terpil is still an agent, and so he allows us to forget that a man capable of charming or buying the pants off men like Qaddafi, Amin, and Arafat is not the kind of man the CIA would allow to live if he weren't playing ball. It is naive to think that the forces of either light or dark couldn't get to him if they really wanted to. The terrorist world is a very small place. And when Terpil suggests that the "fix was in" regarding his trial, is it not equally plausible that the fix was in allowing him bail in New York? Anybody who knew Terpil, on either side of the fence, knew he was walking out the door, so why did no one run to close it?

In a political world where hypocrisy is more than usually rampant—where, for example, the murder by U.S. troops of 40 or more hospital patients during the invasion of Grenada raises very few eyebrows, while the Soviets are condemned by the entire world for their action against a Korean airliner flying over their own border—it is dangerous to believe that a person like Terpil is, by virtue of his own amorality, somehow above hypocrisy. Such a belief is exactly what the CIA is hoping will protect "their man in Beirut" (or wherever).

If we neglect that Hougan's whole interview is suspect (because, let's face it, anyone pointing too closely at the wrong side of Terpil would be likely to find himself having nothing to point with), and Terpil is perceived as "just another businessman" candid enough to expose the U.S. and the CIA, and certainly no worse than some of our leaders, then he might eventually become so acceptable a figure (even heroic!) that we might have to welcome him in from the cold. I'm certain, by the way, that Le Carré is amused to see life imitating art so thoroughly.—*Name and address withheld*

Jim Hougan replies:

The notion that Frank Terpil remains secretly in the employ of the CIA is as fallacious as it is romantic. To believe it, one must also believe that the CIA is virtually omnipotent, and that Terpil's actions are patriotically motivated. Neither is the case. Terpil's movements are dictated by the desperation of his situation as a fugitive, while the CIA is about as effective internationally as HUD is domestically. As to the "risk" that some may admire Terpil's candor and lack of hypocrisy—why should they not? That these qualities inhere in a man who is both dangerous and amoral does not make them less admirable. The world is more interesting than fundamentalists could imagine: good and evil often coexist within the same person.

I'm sorry you gave up your novel.

HARDBODIES

After reading "Hardbodies—A True Story" in your November 1983 issue, I felt compelled to write you. As a single male in my thirties who has lived in the California-beach cities and now in La Jolla, I found your article to be mostly accurate.

The bottom line here is that women usually must be "bought" with rides in 911s, fancy dinners, coke, and promises of more, more, and more. Those guys in your piece would have been much better off if they'd bought some classy $100- to $200-a-night prostitutes—no games, good sex, and definitely cheaper! (Did they really go through $6,000 a month?)

What you failed to point out is that California women have created a new type of prostitution. Attractive women are with men based on monetary rewards. We men are being exploited. The women get it all—everything money will buy—and in return you can make them come! What a nice deal for them.—*Phillip Weissburg, La Jolla, Calif.*

THE REAL BOWIE

I would like to take this opportunity to tell you that I really enjoyed your interview with David Bowie. Robert Palmer brought out answers to many questions people have about David Bowie's personal life. The interview provided an unbiased look at Bowie and bisexuality, and it made no assumptions that all rock stars are freaks.

Bowie has become even more popular these days with his *Let's Dance* album, but

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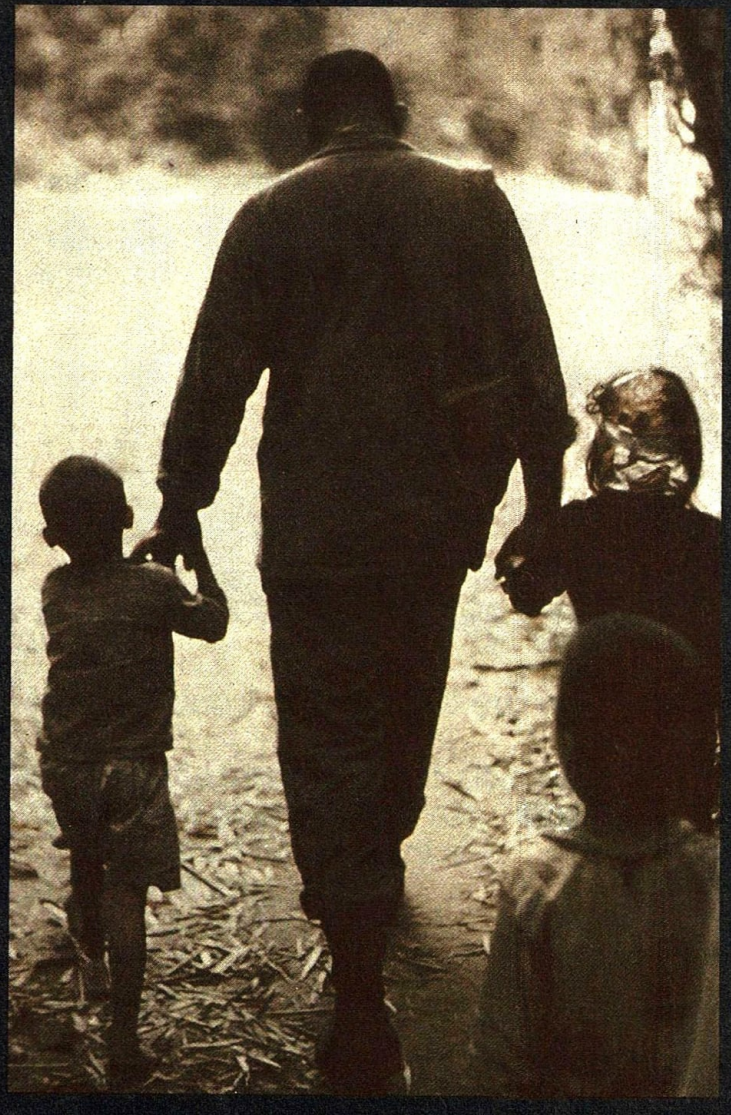

A Vietnam Veteran remembers his homecoming.

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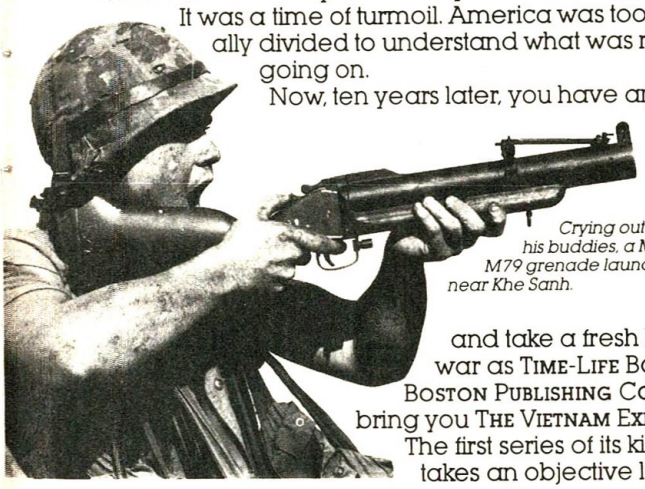

Crying out a warning to his buddies, a Marine fires his M79 grenade launcher at a hill near Khe Sanh.

and take a fresh look at the war as TIME-LIFE BOOKS and BOSTON PUBLISHING COMPANY bring you THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE. The first series of its kind that takes an objective look at the war, putting it into historical perspective.

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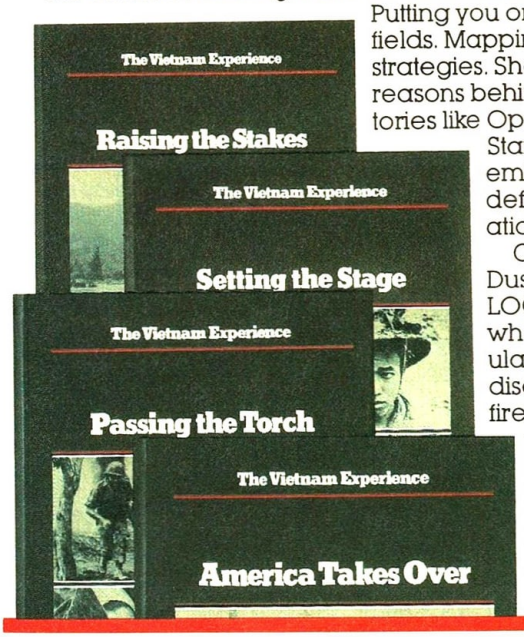

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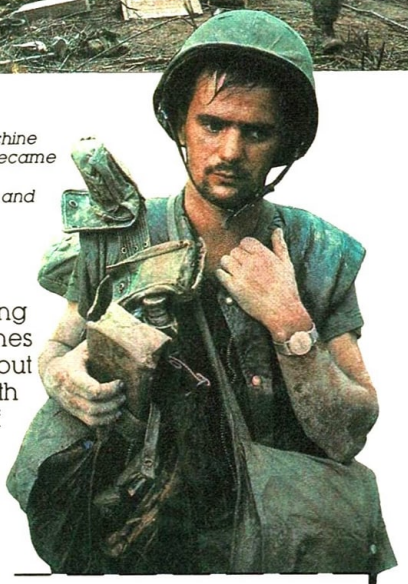

Above: *Taped for security measures, this captured Vietcong guerilla awaits his fate.*
Above right: *Armed with rocket pods, machine guns and grenades, the Huey helicopter became the symbol of the Vietnam War.*
Right: *A heavily laden soldier on a search and destroy mission in the DMZ. Soon all South Vietnam became a battleground.*

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not many people know a lot about Bowie's earlier days. Your interview showed that the rise to the top wasn't easy for him.

Bowie is unique in everything he does, and your interview helped prove that he always does things his own way.

Almost all my friends read *Penthouse* and believe that yours is one of the best pieces on Bowie. I really enjoy your magazine because of the in-depth articles—and especially because of the beautiful women. Keep it up. You're doing a great job.—*Corey Mark, address withheld*

I would like to compliment you and Robert Palmer on the fine job that was done on the interview with David Bowie in your November 1983 issue. It was refreshing to read such an incredibly frank interview, one that pulled out the real David Bowie. He has always hidden behind one of his many personas.

Keep up the good work.—*Tara Devine, Nacogdoches, Tex.*

A DREAM COME TRUE

Thank you so much for selecting me as one of the fifth-prize winners in the Penthouse 1983 Dream Car Sweepstakes [June 1983].

Keep up the fine work in *Penthouse*!—*Denis A. Doyle, Fall River, Mass.*

I recently received your letter notifying me that I was one of the second-prize winners in the Penthouse Dream Car Sweepstakes. I received my prize, an Escort Radar Warning System, shortly thereafter. I would like to thank you for the prize and its quick delivery.—*Kenneth Williams, Jr., Winter Haven, Fla.*

LISA AFICIONADOS

Your December Pet of the Month, Lisa Schultz, is fantastic! Her lovely tits and desirable pussy just drive me wild. Congratulations, *Penthouse*! You keep bringing the most beautiful women to the public. You are definitely the best magazine for men, ever. Because of Lisa and your pictorials plus the layout of your Pet of the Year, Sheila Kennedy, you have changed me from an occasional buyer to a loyal reader just dying for the next issue.

Fantastic job on Lisa. She's a real fox!—*John Mitilias, Quebec, Canada*

I was overwhelmed with your pictorial of Miss Lisa Schultz. I myself am a leg-and-ass man. Miss Schultz has an ass that men like myself dream about.

Don't ever stop shooting pictures of women such as Miss Schultz who have those gorgeous asses smiling at me whenever I open the hot pages of *Penthouse*.—*Name and address withheld*

I recently had the pleasure of meeting Lisa Schultz at a photography-equipment exhibition here in Florida. I had seen her pictorial but she is even better in real life. The thing I was most impressed with was her personality. She is class personified!

Lisa's good looks caused the sponsor to run out of 200 and 400 ASA film. She graciously signed pictures and copies of your magazine until her hand hurt.

I think she deserves the honor of being your next Pet of the Year not just because of her looks, which are considerable, but because she is one of a kind. I hope to see more of her in your fine magazine. I also enjoyed your section on photographing nudes.—*Stewart Gordon, Tampa, Fla.*

I don't want to be another one of the many who write in proclaiming that each month's Pet of the Month is the most gorgeous hunk of woman ever, but your strong-as-an-ox fox Lisa Schultz really does have the greatest set of legs and derriere I've ever seen (the rest of her equipment ain't bad either).

Continue to pose your models like that and you can count me as a new subscriber. Incidentally, how about another look? —*Name and address withheld*

Here's another look at Lisa (below). Her beauty isn't just skin-deep.—The Editors

STILL REMEMBERED

The pictorial of Sarah in your September 1983 issue left me longing for more. Never before have I witnessed such a desirable woman. It is obvious why her voluptuous body was admired by millions of Australians. What is less obvious is the reason that you neglect to feature her as Pet of the Month. Please consider a more complete layout of Sarah in the near future.—*Name and address withheld*

I just thought I would tell you how much I enjoyed the November issue. The photos of Lale Hansen can turn any snowy Ohio night to thoughts of summer.

Please tell Lale she looks sensational. I look forward to the December 1984 issue where I hope to see Lale as Pet of the Year.—*Tony Abbuhl, Canton, Ohio*

CALIGULA

Aside from publishing the most interesting, best put together, and informative men's magazine to ever hit a press, I firmly believe that Mr. Guccione should continue his endeavors in filmmaking. I was fortunate enough to be in Denmark for the release of *Caligula*—but only got to see it three or four times due to the lines at the theater: I was totally enthralled. I have been back in the United States for two years now and have not yet been able to find this amazing movie for home viewing. Is there any way possible to secure a copy of *Caligula* to be played on a VCR?

Congratulations on a truly superb publication, and to Mr. Guccione, too, on an incredible film.—*Thomas J. Carr, Beale AFB, Calif.*

I have to believe that my letter is a long shot, but I feel that if I can get what I am looking for then it's worth the effort, right? I read a letter in the October *Penthouse* "Feedback" about the film *Caligula*. *Caligula* is to me one of the finest movies ever made. I saw it in the "city of brotherly love," Philadelphia. I would give anything at all to find a videocassette copy for my collection. I have never seen it on any of the lists of films available from many of the more reputable film companies. I am not particularly interested in the R-rated version but am extremely interested in the X-rated one.

I am in the air force, stationed on the island of Okinawa. Most people don't have any idea what it is like to be stationed on an island without easy access to films or the like. If there were any way possible to obtain a copy of *Caligula* I would be grateful forever. I'm not asking for a handout or a freebie—I imagine you get quite a bit of that. But if you could point me in the right direction, I would be very, very happy.—*Top Sergeant Richard M. Coughlin, APO San Francisco, Calif.*

The response to Caligula *has been overwhelming. The release of* Caligula *for home viewing should be announced shortly.*—The Editors

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OLIVIA'S "OLIVIAS"

I've been reading the American edition of *Penthouse* regularly, although I live in Germany. What I found in the November 1983 issue really turned me on. It's Olivia De Berardinis.

I've always dreamed of erotic art like this. These pictures fit perfectly in *Penthouse*. They prove that aesthetic erotic art can be as nice as fine photos of naked girls.

Thank you, and keep on doing it.—*Alexander Euteneier, Munich, West Germany*

DISTINGUISHED OPPOSITION

I had always thought that your magazine stood for women's freedom. You allow ladies to bare all in true democratic fashion and full color. To all of that I must say, "Bravo!"

However, your October 1983 issue shocked me. You warned in "Housecall" that as men "we must combat the increasing deprivation of our civil liberties and traditional masculine pride in the face of what can only be called a feminist push for total power." You announced that Sidney Siller would elaborate on this idea each month in his new column, "Men's Rights." You also gave the impression that you are afraid women are taking over the planet.

"Men aren't aware that gains made by women have made inroads on their own rights," Siller claims. "These inequalities will be the focus of this column." What he really means is that his column will spread paranoia and instigate aggression against women.

Siller says women are grabbing for power. So what? Isn't he? Isn't everyone? Shouldn't everyone (male or female) be allowed to grab for power? That's the essence of democracy. People push for power and make inroads on other people's chances.

Siller says the practice of forcing women into roles is new to him. It's not new to the history books I've read.—*Alan Harvey, Winnipeg, Manitoba*

How have women encroached upon "men's rights," Sidney? I couldn't find specific examples in your October 1983 column nor did I see an explanation for the large discrepancy in men's and women's income. Exactly what rights have men lost? Dominance over women? Is that a right?

Men actually benefit from the women's movement, for much of the financial burden is being taken off their shoulders, more fathers in divorce cases are gaining custody of their children—while some even receive alimony—more women are paying their own (if not both) way on social occasions, and more men now have the option of staying at home while their wives join the business world.

Although it's sad, the traditional family is becoming extinct—the mental well-being and economic survival of women depend on it. The next time you meet a newly divorced woman who'd been married for 30 years with no pension plan or employable skills or experience, and who was left by her husband with no financial security, ask yourself, "Is the women's movement unfair to men?"—*J. M. Dickson, Bradenton, Fla.*

Sidney Siller's "Men's Rights" column is totally absurd. Men have always had rights—the right to do anything they wanted. Just now they are learning that they can no longer control women and own them, and they just can't accept it. If you don't believe married men treat their women like slaves, you are either naive or don't live in my neighborhood.

Women cater to their husbands oftentimes out of fear. Men expect to be waited on hand and foot by their wives. Men always think they can control things, like the world, the stock market—everything. There's no end to it.

Women can't walk the streets as men can, because men won't let them. Men think they can pluck any woman off the street and have her under their control. If you think I am exaggerating, why are women always subject to catcalls like "hey baby" and "why aren't you smiling"? What would you call all of this? A compliment? Then men wonder why we ignore them. There is no excuse for this rudeness. Was I put on this earth just to please them? Hell, no!

I think you'd better open your mind, Sid. Men can't accept women's rights. Their minds are closed and their egos stuck. No man wants to give up his slave—a woman.

Move over, men. The day of the woman is coming!—*Wanda Wornal, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

"See what I mean? Every day they're gaining more equality."

SIMON WIESENTHAL

I just read the Simon Wiesenthal interview in your October 1983 Pia issue, and I can't keep from commenting on two statements Mr. Wiesenthal made. I found them as repugnant as the Nazi mentality that he has been victim of so long ago and champion against.

First, the *Spotlight* does in no way promote or propagandize for Nazism. It is, however, against the left wing, liberalism, and most socialist philosophies, including what many believe to be a neo-socialist–type political system nearly as racist as Nazism: Zionist Israel. Further, the *Spotlight* supports the historical revisionists in their crusade to get at the real truth of the Holocaust, which many believe has been propagandized out of proportion so as to excuse Israel and her liberal lobbyists for milking the American taxpayer.

Secondly, when Mr. Wiesenthal says that the U.S. Constitution's First Amendment should not apply to those who spout racial genocide, I begin to shudder. In countries such as France and West Germany, where these laws are in effect, peo-

ple have been put in prison just for not believing all Holocaust stories could be true—and saying as much. Shades of Nazism!

Wiesenthal must not understand that the reason free speech, even of the kind many would find in error or repugnant, must be tolerated is that its curbing can be a double-edged sword. History shows that whoever is in control of the state at the time will interpret the meaning of the laws to their advantage—usually to the detriment of the civil liberties of their ideological opponents. Let people be punished for their evil actions, not their mistaken mouthings.

For any of those who think that I'm a racist because of the above, let me say that my belief as a Libertarian is that if ever the extreme revisionists prove right, only a quarter of a million Jews died in the war, and those who died in the camps did so of malnutrition and disease due to wartime scarcity.

But no government or group has the ethical or moral right—and shouldn't have the power—to deprive anyone of liberty, or put them in conditions such as those in the camps, which resulted in the robbing of the health and life of the imprisoned, for the flimsy reason of a difference in race, nationality, creed, or for saying what one believes.

In all other respects, I would like to wish Mr. Wiesenthal long life and good hunting.—*Christopher W. Pepo, New York, N.Y.*

I read your interview with Simon Wiesenthal. I can understand Mr. Wiesenthal very well, but I think he makes one important mistake.

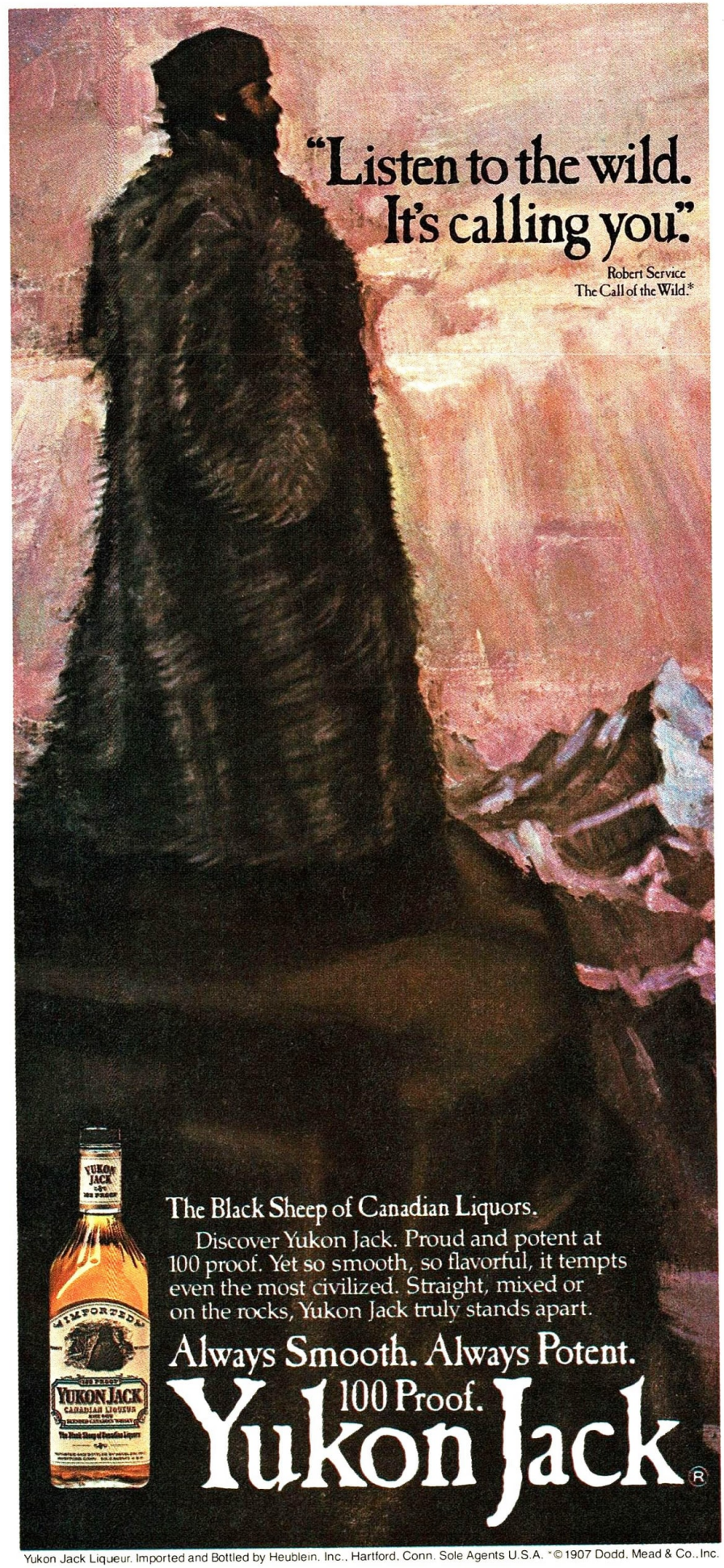
When he talks about Germans he ought to differentiate. There was only a group of murderers among millions of Germans. I was born after all these dreadful things happened. I don't feel responsible for these murders, but certainly I regret what happened very much.

Of course, we know the murderers were Nazis. You will always find extremists among any group of people. The Nazis had as their purpose the purification of the Nordic race. But you can be sure that most members of the Nazi party were happy in the beginning to have a job and something to eat.

Most people in Germany born after 1945 are still hearing about this every day. We heard it in school, and we hear it on radio and television. It is a case of media overkill.

The result is we are "overfed" and most people pay no further attention to this affair. If you had to eat pea soup every day, after a time you would throw your plate back at the cook.

In spite of this difference of opinion, my respect goes to Mr. Wiesenthal, although I can't quite believe that he does his work without a certain amount of hate. I think this makes his success.—*W. Baus, Frankfurt, West Germany*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MEN'S RIGHTS

"I sympathize with your anxiety about equitable-distribution laws. Equitable does not mean equal. The judge can divide your assets any way."

Men's Rights" has been running in *Penthouse* for five months. When it first appeared, we held a press conference to announce it, and some skeptics questioned the need for such a column. I responded that men did not recognize that they were losing ground, and that they did not generally acknowledge their limited rights until they were in a divorce or custody situation. Then, for the first time, they confront the bias of court decisions in regard to their earnings, property, and children.

The large volume of reader mail I have received to date clearly points to the need for a "Men's Rights" column. Here is a sampling from that mail, along with my responses, which offer general guidelines. I must point out, however, that if you have a specific legal problem, you should consult an attorney within your own state.

I live in New York State and I understand that New York courts have a new law for dividing community property. I am concerned that most of my worldly goods will be given to my wife of two and a half years. Would you please let me know what "equitable distribution" means?—E.K., New York

I sympathize with your anxiety about equitable distribution, especially if you hit it big in the last two and a half years. Equitable distribution is not community property—states with community-property laws generally divide all marital assets equally. However, in states with equitable-distribution laws (New York has been one since July 1980), the judge has the authority to "equitably distribute" property acquired by you or your wife during the course of the marriage. This excludes property owned prior to marriage, as well as inheritances and gifts.

Equitable does not mean equal. The judge can divide joint assets any way—based on the length of the marriage, for example, or age or contributions of each spouse. First, ascertain if you can reach an amicable accommodation or settlement. Make records that will prove which assets were acquired before the marriage, and which were originally gifts or inheritances. Gather receipts and canceled checks. Remember also that the New York Court of Appeals has not yet ruled on whether marital misconduct is a factor in making an award. For example, an adulterous wife, as a matter of a law, will not be caused to suffer in the amount she receives.

Due to a company merger, I was forced to leave my job after 21 years. My income dropped and I could no longer both pay alimony to my ex-wife and *support my present wife. I instituted a downward modification, and my ex-wife moved for a contempt-of-court citation against me. After various proceedings, I was late arriving in court, and only the contempt was heard. I was ordered to pay the arrears. The judge sent a bailiff to ask my present wife how much she earned. My question is: Did the judge overstep herself in considering the income of my present wife in ordering me to continue my alimony?—A.M., Massachusetts*

First, the most basic rule in any court case is get to the courthouse on time.

With respect to downward modification, income of your present wife is not a factor to be considered by the judge unless your wife is supporting you. I suggest that you institute a new proceeding for a downward modification, showing your growing indebtedness and demonstrating that at your age job prospects are severely diminished.

I am paying approximately 45 percent of my wages in child support. I lost my home and all the furniture. Is there any way to rectify this?—G.B., Pennsylvania

You fail to indicate whether this 45 percent is net or gross. Nor do you say how many children you have. Nor do I know how much your former wife is paying for her share of child support. There is no rule of thumb here. I have seen child support fixed at as low as $15 a week and as high as 50 percent of net income. It all depends on assets, income, expenses, and what it costs to raise a particular child or children. I believe that if your wife is working, she should contribute proportionately. You should consult a local attorney and reopen your case. It is your right to have a contribution from your spouse, unless you have expressly waived your rights in a separation agreement or stipulation in open court. If your spouse is not working, you might try to be patient until she does start to work.

BY SIDNEY SILLER

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You've probably noticed that every time the magazines test radar detectors, ESCORT comes out on top. Its performance has become something of a legend, because we believed the only way we could have the best detector possible was to make it ourselves.

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You see, we know how difficult it is to buy a camera or stereo component, or *any* precision gear. Every store has different prices so you feel obligated to shop around. Then you have to wait for a salesman. He may not know much about the products or may try to get you to choose another brand. And the week after you buy, they go on sale.

We don't want any middlemen speaking for us. The ESCORT is a precision microwave receiver made to warn you of police radar. On that sort of purchase, we think you'd prefer to deal with experts. When you dial our toll-free number, you're talking to the factory: **One Microwave Plaza.** All of our engineering, manufacturing, sales and service happen under this one roof. The buck stops here, you might say. And you always know where to find us.

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If you've ever taken any high-tech equipment back for service, you may have noticed another problem with retail distribution. Once in a great while, the dealer can fix the equipment. But sometimes they fix it wrong, or say they can't get parts and try to sell you a replacement.

Or you find they "don't carry that brand anymore,". Then you're stuck with the task of tracking down another dealer, or trying to deal direct with a factory that isn't set up to serve consumers. And if the manufacturer happens to be in another country, well, you get the picture.

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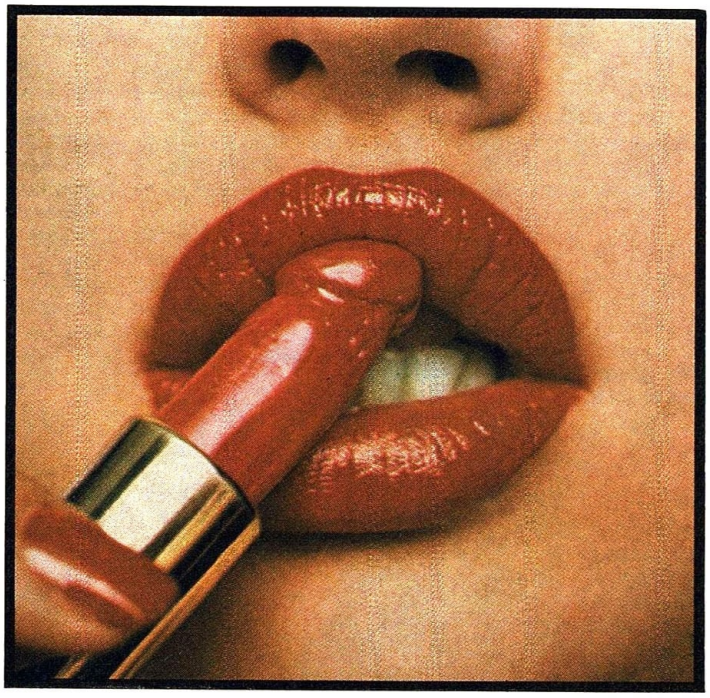
Better stick with plastic sex toys."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH



A few months ago, my wife Julie and I took a vacation at our favorite upstate resort. Every night we would go to the cocktail lounge in the hotel and chat with Mike, the owner of the place. Then one night Mike introduced us to Sue and Russ, a real super couple from California whom he had invited to visit, and Julie and I joined them for dinner and several drinks.

The four of us really hit it off. Around 2:30, Mike left and the rest of us stayed on, acting like old friends, sharing sex secrets, and laughing about the past and how seriously we used to take everything in our youths. About an hour later, Julie and I invited Sue and Russ to come back to our suite with us.

As soon as we got in the door, Russ suggested that Sue remove her dress and she quickly complied. She was very, very pretty—about five feet five with a slim body, dark satiny hair, and big, dark, "screw me" eyes. I had an immediate hard-on, and noticing it Sue giggled seductively. She was so free and happy. I wanted Julie to let down all her inhibitions too, and when after some effort I had coaxed her out of her clothes as well, her eyes sparkled with joy and sensuality.

Julie is a natural blond with light, sparse pubic hair. Her pussy is very large with thick, gorgeous cunt lips. Like the little guy with the ten-inch cock, Julie's cunt and ass are larger and more noticeable on her small frame. I could see that Russ and Sue were very pleased with her beautiful body, and after a moment they both came over and began to stroke her long, gleaming blond hair.

Then the girls started dancing as Russ and I watched. I went over to Julie and quietly asked her if she wanted to have sex with Russ. Her answer was a hesitant smile. I assured her that I wanted her to behave as freely as she liked and that if she wanted, she could do all the things we'd ever read about in your "Call Me Madam" column. At that, she went straight over to Russ and began to take off his clothes.

We chose our partners for the evening, and I started dancing with Sue. As she slowly unzipped my zipper, I watched Russ's hands travel all over my wife's naked body: first her breasts, then her cunt. Then Russ eased a finger up her large, supple ass. Julie has always loved anal sex, and now she began to moan and grind her hips so slowly and erotically that Russ shot all over her stomach. Sue ran over and licked Julie's stomach clean and began easing a finger in and out of Julie's cunt, with Russ's finger still in her ass. Mike's arrival broke up the act before Sue (down on her knees and fingering herself now) was able to eat Julie's cunt.

Mike and Russ picked up my wife and took her over to a carpeted area and laid her down on the floor. While Sue and I masturbated and tasted each other, we watched Russ and Mike make love to Julie. First they both sucked her tits at once. Then Mike began to eat her pussy as she sucked Russ's cock. Like mine, Russ's cock was only average, but Mike's was really *large and thick.*

When Russ pulled out of Julie, she pulled Mike down on his back and straddled him. Sue and I could clearly see his cock in her pussy and her ass hole hungry for Russ. Russ then began to rub his cock on her pussy for some moisture before easing it into her ass. Right away, Julie went into a massive orgasm as each man fucked his own hole.

Then something happened to steal my attention away from my wife's reverie. Sue bent over and sucked my cock in a way that drove me wild, changing from a tender pulse to a wild massaging pull. When I came, she swallowed every drop. Then she hopped

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

WHAT MEN DREAM ABOUT FROM 0-60

Small, beautiful and very fast, the new Panther Kallista is open for excitement.

Its long curved bonnet, wide running boards and gracefully sloping wings are a call to the open road; the lovely burbling sounds of its exhaust, the open promise of effortless performance.

The classic styling of the traditional roadster has been combined with modern engineering to give a truly exhilarating driving experience.

It is a sports car that dreams are made of.

Underneath its distinctive curves there is power enough for the Kallista 2.8 Injection to accelerate from 0-60 in a touch over 7 seconds, and then to race on to a top speed of over 120 mph.

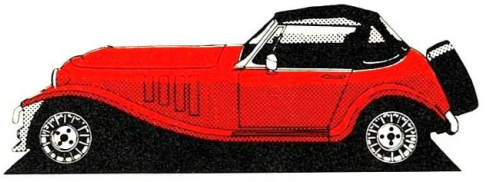
Startling performance that is achieved by a fuel-injected 2.8 litre Ford V6 engine coupled with a 5-speed gear box.

A 2.8 litre carburettor model, available with manual or automatic options, is no less impressive.

The Kallista can also be specified with Ford's 1600 CVH engine, the one developed specially for the Escort XR3.

With a 0-60 time of 8.9 seconds and a top speed of 100 mph, it too delivers in full the promise of open excitement.

The Kallista's engineering also keeps pace with its speed.



Kallista 2.8 Injection
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up, went over to her husband, kissed him on the mouth, and returned to kiss me. By this time everyone was nearing climax. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I plunged my erect cock into Sue's over-ready cunt. Gosh, was she talented! I never knew a woman who could move her hips back and forth so quickly and still squeeze your cock.

The entire evening was spent in group sex. When I finished with Sue, I then enjoyed fucking my wife's gaping cunt, full of Mike's hot come, while Sue sucked her tits. Then Mike ate out Julie's cunt. Everyone was engrossed with Julie's large tits and cunt.

Since then, we've all gotten together for an even more successful rerun. We've also got a big trip to the West Coast planned for next month to meet Russ and Sue's California friends.

A long time ago, Mike gave us some good advice: Never be involved sexually with anyone but out-of-town friends. He also said that it's better to meet people on neutral ground—such as on vacation at a resort—rather than in their usual environment, where the constant reminders of all the obligations of everyday life and the expectations of those who have known them for a long time may inhibit them. To be involved with discreet singles rather than couples is usually better—unless you find a couple as open as Russ and Sue. In addition, have everyone sit down now and then and talk over what you are all doing.

Julie and I are taking it one step at a time, but since she's my closest friend, I think we'll be fine. I get an instant hard-on just thinking of her having sex with me or someone else. I do want to protect, but never stop her, and so I am actually encouraging her. Have many other couples reached this level of maturity?—J.M.

Yours is an example of a marriage where love, trust, and mutual respect have reached the stage where jealousy does not exist. If all relationships were on this level, our society would probably not be so sadly afflicted with war and crime. Mike's advice to potential swingers is good, particularly his reference to married couples since, unfortunately, it is very rare for a couple to match your kind of trust and tolerance.

A MASTURBATION PROCLAMATION

One week around a month ago, my girlfriend went on vacation. As I was sitting alone in my room one night watching cable television and munching on a carrot, I was thinking about her when a terrific band appeared on the show. The lead singer had a beautiful face and a mouth that drove me to oral fantasies that were almost unreal. Unconscious of what I was doing, I began to caress my cock and soon I attained an incredible erection.

It took me only a few minutes to ejaculate, but my cock remained as hard as the carrot I was eating. It felt good, but I felt a little hesitant about continuing—it had been years since I'd needed to masturbate and I've always felt it was kind of wrong. Suddenly, though, I found myself thrusting a finger up my ass and feeling around. It was terrific. Then I remembered the carrot, which was still in my mouth. I took it out, wet the entire length with my tongue, stuck it up my ass, and began to fuck myself crazy. When the show was over, I was still going strong. What, I wondered, is so wrong about masturbation when it's so enjoyable? Why had I restricted myself from such good self-indulgence for so many years?

Then I thought of something outrageous. I remembered that I had made a bowl of jello and left it in the refrigerator. I went out to the kitchen, took the bowl, returned to bed, and fucked the hell out of the cold, red jello while thinking of the singer and her slick, red mouth. How fantastic, I thought, there were so many tools for self-satisfaction around the house, and all this time I'd not noticed them.

Well, Xaviera, my next inspiration was even more of a turn-on: an enema. I filled the enema bag, and spreading a towel beneath me put the nozzle up my ass. When I began to feel the water filling my bowels, I took my cock again and grabbed the jello and screwed it like there was no tomorrow. When the bag was empty, I went to the toilet and drained the water. Then I went back to bed, stuck the carrot back in my ass, put my cock in the jello, and thought of the beautiful lead singer. Was it tremendous!

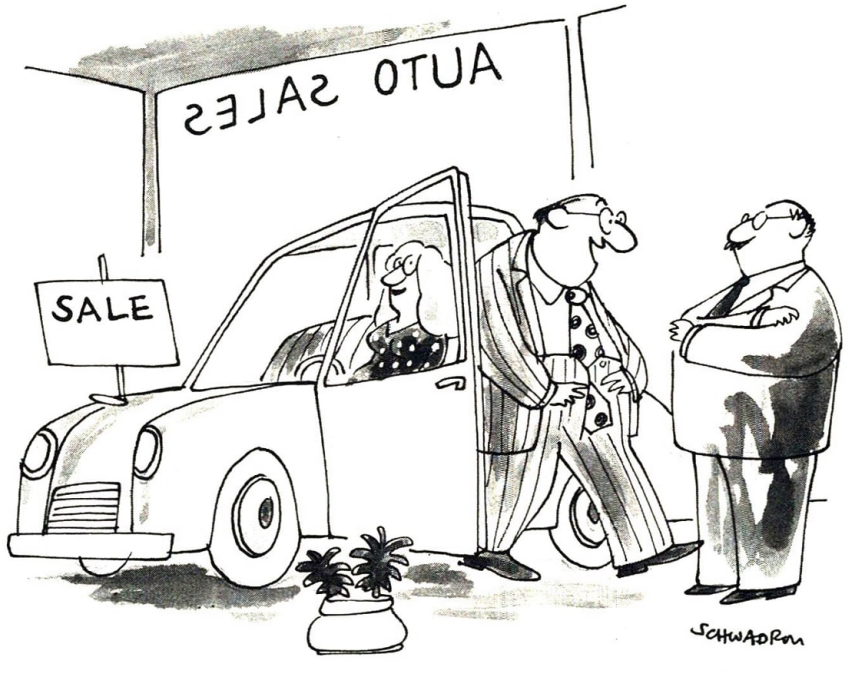
The next week, when my girlfriend came back I described to her my revelation about the possibilities of self-inflicted joy! But (like me, once) Lali feels that masturbation is wrong. But she is blind to the truth—that masturbation is very simply one of life's healthy pleasures. I also think that it can be a form of love.

I want to enlighten Lali and to have her indulge in the special, private methods of excitement that I now perform habitually. I want her to realize the availability of wonderful, joy-producing objects right in our own apartment. I want her to experience the sensation of giving herself an enema, and fucking her own ass with a carrot, while fucking her cunt with a pickle or something. She is a great girl and deserves to have this unbelievable experience.

Xaviera, what can I say to cure her of her irrational bias against masturbation and to make her open herself up?—T.L.

Has your girlfriend never heard of foreplay? I thought any kind of foreplay had to involve some type of masturbation. What have you two been doing? A little kiss, hop in the bed, and then stick it in without any warm-up?

If you want to cure her of her irrational bias against masturbation, work on your foreplay technique. In fact, some night



"You were right. Your female demonstrator convinced me that this model has plenty of headroom."

when you're about to make love, instead of going all the way, concentrate on masturbating her. Let her have an orgasm or two *before* you penetrate her with your cock. Don't make a big deal out of it. Just do it. In time, she'll learn that masturbation is a beautiful lovemaking technique.

With regard to your sex toys, I'd go a little easy on the food from your refrigerator. There's only one orifice I'd care to stick vegetables, and that's my mouth. Better stick with plastic sex toys. I think you would have a better time with a dildo. I'm glad to see, however, that you have no hang-ups regarding anal sex. Many men, heterosexual as well as homosexual, enjoy having their prostate gland massaged. In fact, sticking a finger up a man's ass hole and rubbing the prostate gland is an old trick of many prostitutes. It generally increases the man's pleasure during intercourse and in addition causes him to come sooner.

INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN

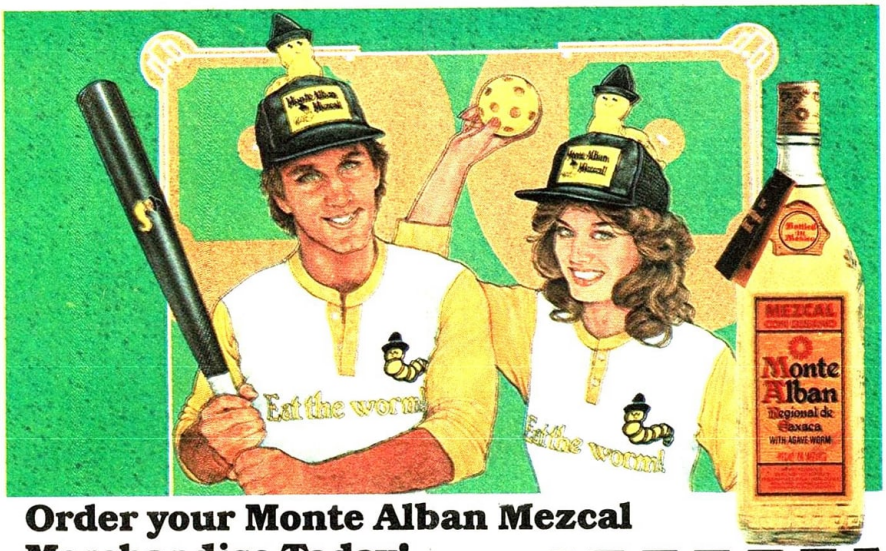
I am 20 years old and have had a very healthy sex life for a person my age, but lately I've had a dire problem with my cock that stands in the way of any possible sexual enjoyment. The first time it happened I was at a friend's party. I noticed this extremely voluptuous blonde making eye contact with me. I wasted no time in introducing myself. I had barely blurted out my name when she took my hand and led me upstairs to a bedroom.

She immediately took off her shirt and blue jeans and asked me to do the same. When I had, she unclipped her bra but told me I'd have to pull down her panties myself. Doing so was enough to make my rod fully erect. I fell on my knees and started to feel up her cunt. As she stood above me, she started to moan and sway, and then grasped my thick head of hair for balance. Suddenly she fell to the floor, rolled over on her back, and pulled my face up to her pussy. I began lapping away until I couldn't stand it anymore and moved up to fuck her. Just as I was about to stick it in her, my throbbing tower of manhood shriveled down to a stump of boyhood. After that, it was no-go with my dick. I put on my jeans, kissed her good-bye, and went home.

Goddamn, Xaviera, what an ego-shattering experience. Every time I've tried to have sex since then, the same thing happened. Should I just wait it out and hope it will pass?—G.W.

Women complain about the old wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am syndrome, and it could be that you don't like it much, either. I have nothing against recreational sex, having partaken of its pleasures more than once, but it could be that sex in the fast lane isn't for you.

You may need more emotional involvement to keep your cock attentive. Would you have had the same problem with a woman you loved or cared about or at least knew? Probably not.



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FREUDIAN SLIPS

All the men around me seem to have become lingerie freaks. At first I thought this was just a fad (as you may have noticed, the lingerie market seemed to be booming up through 1981, and the ex-hippie, braless, "liberated" generation seemed to spend more time looking at underwear than doing anything else), but the lingerie craze went on and on, and now I'm beginning to feel that I'm the "pervert" inasmuch as I'm outnumbered by thousands of people who think this stuff is sexy.

I kept quiet about my hatred of lingerie until last Christmas, when I received (believe it!): two garter belts, one waist cincher, four pairs of crotchless panties, and seven pairs of black stockings, plus a pair of fishnets—from a total of four different people. I tried to look pleased but apparently, from the expressions on the gift-givers' faces, didn't succeed very well. At that time, my primary partner asked me to put some of the stuff on and I groaned. "You've got hundreds of dollars of lingerie in your dresser," he said, "why don't you wear any of it?" At this point, I lost all patience. "I didn't ask for any of it!" I screamed, and ever since then our sex life has been going downhill.

With other lovers I've been able to avoid the lingerie act, but they kept talking about it longingly. If the talking became a real turnoff, I'd drop them. However, I wasn't able to do that with the man I live with. I just love him too much to split. Compared to leaving him, wearing yucky clothes didn't seem so horrible. So now I've been trying to cope with wearing these kinky getups, but it's really hard.

If it were just my boyfriend who was into this repulsive stuff I wouldn't be so upset, but it seems like every *man I know is on a trip that he can't fuck anybody who isn't wearing one of those weird uniforms. Putting on a silly, demeaning costume to engage in a mass-produced sex fantasy is a complete turnoff to me. Are all men so straitlaced or conditioned that they require these Pavlovian tools to get off? I've always enjoyed sex as a medium of personal expression, and now I find myself being regimented and depersonalized.*

But my real problem is that wearing lingerie causes me physical pain—straps that bend into my stomach, little metal hooks on corsets digging into my back, rubber straps with those stupid tabs rubbing on my thighs, and stockings cutting off circulation. Help! What can I do? Does anybody make something that looks like a "merry widow" with no straps and no hooks in the back? Am I the only woman whose body size goes up and down through the course of a month? When other women wear stockings, do their feet and legs swell from increased blood pressure when they ball? I mean, in an age where we can send a man to the moon, hasn't anybody figured out how to have comfortable, *nonbinding versions of these fifties' sex costumes?*

The man I live with claims that I'm rejecting him personally by not wanting to wear these things. Then I have to hear how his generation is pre-pantyhose and that's why they're all so addicted to this stuff. I'm willing to set aside my personal aesthetics, but I can't stand the physical discomfort. Xaviera, help!—N.F.

I have just the man you need—except that he's *my* lover, and I'm not parting with him for anything. He prefers me naked and without makeup. The only reason he likes flimsy, low-cut shirts or dresses with slits in the sides is because he can get me out of them quickly. He regards all types of bras and garter belts as not only being a pain in the ass to unhook but also ugly and disfiguring since they leave unsightly marks and wrinkles on the skin.

Sometimes I think that American society is working its way back to nineteenth-century prudery with its double standard. In almost every seaside resort in Europe, every girl who has anything worth showing—and a great many who don't—goes topless, if not completely nude. What could be more ridiculous than wearing clothes to bathe in! One hopes that the days when we wore shifts or underpants in the bathtub are long gone.

However, since in our society fashion and prudery decree what we should wear and when (and it seems that "yucky" sexwear is in vogue), you'll either have to bring about a complete change in fashion, conform to the norm, or, if you can't change your lover's mind, change your lover. If you want to try to change his mind, make *him* wear the lingerie of *your* choice one night. Get him out of his jackboots and rugged blue jeans and put him in high heels, crotchless panties, and frilly negligees, and see how *he* likes it!

DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE

Joe, the man I've been living with for two years, is very passionate, but his duration is about two minutes. He says it's been like this his whole life. I love Joe, but lately I've found myself fantasizing about men with greater sustaining capabilities. But it's not just the sex. Joe's problem makes him very insecure and aggressive, which I don't respect in a man. I'm sure he's suffered a lot of frustration and pain, and I want to help him for my sake as well as his. He swears it's all in his mind, but it could be physical, right? The thing is, he won't go to a doctor because he's ashamed.

Xaviera, Joe's sexual problem is ruining everything! Is there any way we can work this out without outside help from a doctor or a psychologist? I'm willing to experiment and do whatever I can.—S.P.

The sad truth is that a great many American men come in two minutes. You might be able to help your man by using what is called the "squeeze technique." Every time you feel that he is about to shoot his load prematurely, stop, squeeze his cock firmly, and distract his attention by talking about something other than sex. When

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you think the danger has passed, you can start again to caress and titillate his penis until you feel the explosion coming again, at which time you repeat the procedure. The longer you manage to delay his orgasm, the better it will be for him in the long run.

As for Joe's psychological problems, if honest conversation between the two of you doesn't help, then maybe he *should* see a psychiatrist. And if worse comes to worst, dear girl, it might be wise not to commit yourself any further to this man. A relationship should have more to offer than dreary problems, psychological soul-searching, and emotional abuse.

PLAYING A TIGHT END

My husband and I have a sex life that has changed rather drastically in recent years. Tom has a stronger sex drive than I do, and I have to struggle to keep up with him. We have been doing less and less old-fashioned fucking, turning more and more to mutual masturbation and sucking. While these activities are usually pleasant, Tom usually winds up dissatisfied. One reason for our recent abstinence is our relative size: Tom is a big man with a very large cock (I can hardly fit my hand around it, and it has a head that bends downward. I can accommodate only the head in my mouth). I, on the other hand, am a small woman. Though Tom tries to tempt me into indulging now and then, and I go along with it (sometimes to please him, sometimes to satisfy myself as well), my erotic sensibilities are growing more and more modest.

Recently, Tom has been doing a great deal of fantasizing, and I am getting a bit worried. He imagines himself fucking and sucking other women. On the rare occasions when I can really get into it, I join him in this. However, I'm beginning to wonder if I may be losing him sexually because I'm "losing it" sexually. Tom will imagine open cunts or young, perky breasts while he strokes his erect cock. At the same time, he invites me to imagine other men and their pricks in my mouth and cunt.

On one occasion a few years ago, this latter fantasy became a reality. One evening we invited Herb, a casual friend of my husband's, home for a midnight snack. Somehow this young man's personality and physique really excited me. We went to pick him up at a nearby café and stopped in for a drink before we went home to munch. Herb and I sat side by side in a booth. As we all conversed, he touched me gently in all the important places. Then he asked me to dance and I agreed. On the dance floor, he held me very close so I could feel his cock against my lower belly.

When we got home, after a ride of sweet caressing from my new admirer, Herb sat down next to me on the sofa. Tom offered to prepare the food and drinks and went into the kitchen. In a minute, Herb's hand was up my skirt and into my already moist cunt. I asked him to "hold that thought" and went into the kitchen and told Tom I was going to change. He said he'd like it if I would.

I came down in the briefest see-through nightie I own, and no panties (something I'd never done before, even with Tom). Right away, Herb was all over me. I unzipped his fly and out sprang his prick. When Tom came in with the refreshments, he found me on my knees trying to swallow this new prick. He slowly walked over to us, and I nearly froze. But when he rubbed my back approvingly, it was full steam ahead! Herb spent most of the night with his cock in my face or my cunt.

After two more encounters, I broke off the relationship with Herb. I felt ashamed, I guess. Now I'm wondering if I did the right thing. I certainly loosened up when I was with Herb, and so my sex life with Tom became much better for that time. It's a pity to see Tom's magnificent prick, just made for fucking, flashing in the air with no open cunt to receive it. Mine is so tight and hurts so much when he enters me that I know he can tell I'm not enjoying it. I want him to have sexual satisfaction, but I feel obliged to be the one to give it to him. I would have very mixed feelings about seeing Tom being intimate with another woman. I don't think I could watch it, much less join in. And yet, there are moments when I'd almost welcome this happening.—T.R.

"Margaret, I told you I'm not available to anyone who claims I met them at Club Med. . . ."

The fact that your husband willingly allowed you to have sex with another man only proves how considerate he is. I think it's only fair you should give him your permission to make it with another woman. Let him have his fun and games as well! Whether or not you want to participate is a different matter.

It might, of course, be more fun for you to participate, especially if he brings home a young, pretty woman. Then you could both make love to her at once, and she might return you the favor by pleasing you with her tongue in a way you've never experienced. Women usually have a certain knack in the oral department that men often lack, mostly due to the stiffening of their cocks, which they want to plunge inside a woman's vagina—or anywhere else—as soon as they can. A woman, on the other hand, can take her time and devote 100 percent of her efforts to your pleasure in a more patient and unselfish way. Or if you like, you can watch your husband make love to an attractive woman. Even if your libido is lower than his, you can get a lot of pleasure out of watching him enjoy himself, and there's absolutely nothing wrong with being a voyeur, or, in your case, a voyeuse.

SCHOOL FOR CONTINUING ED

My lover, Alex, is over 60. He's handsome, rich, single, a terrific lover, and a terrific guy. I met him about six months ago at the bar where I work. He came in

with some friends and kept eyeing me from the table. When he left, he gave me a hell of a tip. This isn't too usual with rich men unless they want to impress you or try to take you out. When he came back the next day, he did ask me out and we balled on the first date.

I have found that it generally takes some effort to get Alex excited enough to have sex with me, but I enjoy seducing him. It's a real challenge! So, when we go out to dinner, I wear a low neckline showing my deep cleavage. High heels help out too, with slit dresses that show off my legs. On occasion, I strip for him—sometimes fast, sometimes slow—and then rub against him. I also like to talk dirty to him, telling him that I want him to fuck me, that I want his cock in me, and so on. I never used to use those words with other lovers, but with Alex they seem to work and I get terrific benefits from them.

Because of his age, it takes Alex a long time to come. Strange as it may sound, this is what I love best about him. He takes his time with long, slow strokes that bring me into an incredible state of sexual tension. By the end of it, he's pounding into me like a young man, and I wind up having the best climaxes I've ever had. Both of us like to try out new positions, such as me on top (so he can see me and get more excited), or doggie style (he says I have a terrific rear end). Blowing him, however, can take a long time and is tiring. But it makes him so happy that I've learned to love it, too.

Since he's rich, Alex can afford to take me out to all sorts of nice, romantic places. He's more charming and cultured than any man I've ever gone out with. I doubt if it will lead to marriage, though, since I don't fit in to the crowd he normally hangs out with. I don't like them too much anyway. But I treasure Alex's company, and like I said, as a lover he's all I could ask for, and more.

The only problem is this: A while ago, a friend of mine told me that a girl who used to work at the bar had an older man as a lover who died right on top of her. Lately, I've begun to worry about this. Alex gets very, very excited just before a climax, and now it frightens me a little to see the energy he expends during sex. I love our lovemaking but is it dangerous?—P.B.

Making love to a man of Alex's age may be just a bit risky. Depending on the condition of his heart (not his hard-on, which you describe so lovingly), he may or may not drop dead on top of you. However, this has also been known to happen with much younger men.

I suggest you make Alex get a medical examination and find out from his doctor what kind of shape he's in. At least that way you won't have to feel guilty if there *is* an accident. In any case, he sounds like a hell of a nice guy, so hang in there, baby, and enjoy yourself. And if he does croak while making love to you, wow—what a way to go!

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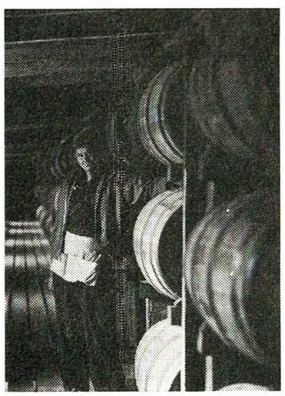
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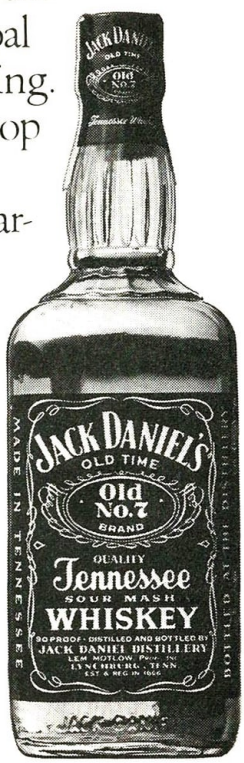

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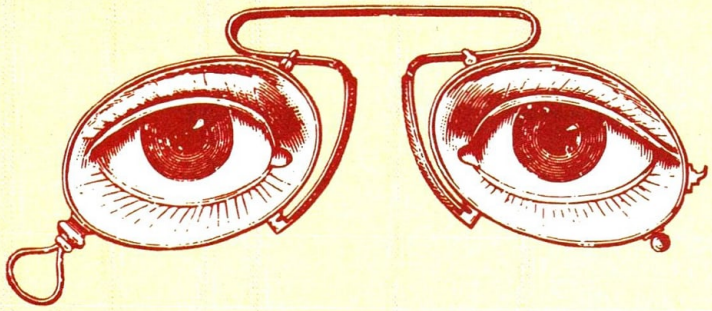


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE LIBERATED SCORE

BY EMILY PRAGER

Recently I realized a curious thing: Everyone's talking about Men. Yeah, suddenly, after 15 years of the Women's Movement and hyping Women, there's a new issue: Men. A lot of writers are doing books like *Men, Their Worries and Wing Tips, Letting Out the Emotional Inseam,* and *Sunday Fathers Need Pampers, Too.* It's pathetic. The *New York Times Magazine* now has a Men's page. It covers everything from "Learning to Love the Windsor Knot" to "The Sad Thrill of Mountain Climbing if You're an Old Guy Whose Ticker Doesn't Work as Well as It Used To." Don't get me wrong. I didn't like this any better when it was "women's this" and "women's that." It was just as dumb. On *Bay City Blues*, a TV show clearly aimed at Men, there's a baseball player who's been sniveling for weeks because he wets his bed. Hemingway must be break-dancing in his grave!

Well, I was confused. Maybe Men have changed, I thought. Maybe Women's Liberation has really worked—turned them all to marshmallow puffs with a crunchy crust. Then I found this pamphlet. One of the male editors was reading it. I karate chopped him and got it away. I reprint it here in the interest of truth. I think it explains the Men stuff. I think it explains itself:

Men! Are You "Cowed" By Feminism? Can't Get It Up Since It's Gotten So Heavy? Now You Can Sound Sensitive But Still Call The Shots With Our Guide *Scoring With Women's Lib.* Yes, 100 Phrases To Get You In Her Pants But Leave Her Feminist Principles Intact! New Advice From The Men's Macho Guerrilla Collective.

Meeting Women.* 1. In a bar: Once, a guy would go up to a girl and say, "Hey, baby, can I buy you a drink?" Don't try it. Now just get next to her and spill your drink. As you wipe it up, you say, "God, I'm sorry. It's just . . . I'm struggling with all these feelings lately. [*Laugh ruefully here.*] Being a human being is kind of new for me, you know. [*Smile boyishly here.*] I would like to buy you a drink, but that would compromise your integrity. Maybe you could buy yourself a drink and then talk to me about ERA."

*Any female not between the ages of 3 and 10 or 80 and 90 is a woman, not a girl. Get this straight. Phil Donahue did and he's still on the air.

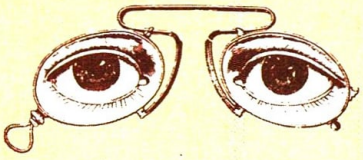
JEAN-PIERRE ALAUX

2. In a library: In the past, you sat next to a girl and said, "Hey, what's that you're reading?" Forget it. Now you tap her on the shoulder and say, "Excuse me, Ms. Is this the section with the works of Mary Wollstonecraft? I'm doing a study of feminist literature, and there's nothing more stimulating than the early suffragettes. Don't you agree?"

Scoring. You picked her up and you're back at her apartment sitting on the couch watching TV. Once, you might have grabbed her tit and said, "You wanna fuck?" Don't do it. Now you shake your head disgustedly and say, "Jesus, you know, TV commercials are so goddamned overtly sexual. It's demeaning. It's degrading to women. I mean, you find yourself . . . look, I'd like to share something with you. I was just sitting here actually fantasizing—don't hate me for this—how it would feel to hold your beautiful nude breast in my hand. [*Hit couch in self-reproach here.*] Damn! Will I never get over these bestial desires? I'm an animal, that's all. I wish I were dead."

Getting Off Scot-Free. Okay. You've gotten your rocks off. You want to get out clean. No obligations. No repercussions. Once, you would've beat it out the door muttering, "Don't call me, sweetheart. I'll call you." No way, Jose! Now you get dressed, and just before you leave you sit down on the bed and say, sincerely, "You know, you're a genius. No, I mean that. You've taught me a lot tonight. [*Get up here. Pace the room.*] See, I was brought up to think of women as pieces of meat. [*Register shame here.*] It's horrible, I know, and it isn't easy, believe me. I mean, all my early cultural training. [*Lower eyes as if to confess.*] My mother was submissive. My father took advantage of her. It's an old story. [*Look up, then look away.*] And tonight, I . . . I was trying to think of you that way, and I realized I can't. You're not just a bimbo. You're not just a girl.** Listen. [*Throw yourself on bed and take her hand.*] If I promise never to do this again, never to pick up a woman and use her solely for my own pleasure [*look into her eyes*], will you try to forgive me? [*Rise after she answers and head for door.*] It's gonna take me a couple of years to get my head straight on this, but if and when I do [*open door and head out*], I'm certainly gonna call you. So long."

**Permissible here.



TV

PEACE IS HELL

For more than a decade, the TV show *M*A*S*H* provided laughs. This is saying a lot for a comedy series, as most such shows are built either upon the sort of tit jokes that died with burlesque or upon a hip version of what, at the turn of the century, was politely referred to as "coon humor." (And to think that the far less degrading and more sophisticated comedy of *Amos 'n' Andy* has been banned from syndication since 1966!) It is true that Alan Alda's self-aggrandizing efforts, more frequent and more fulsome as the years passed, to have the show "say something" often stood in the way of the yuks, but the fact remains that *M*A*S*H* was one of the funniest TV series in recent years. When its much touted final episode came last spring, America's heartstrings were tugged and the brave men and women of the 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital lugged their duffel bags of loot into the prime-time sunset.

Then came **AfterMASH**, which CBS figured would prosper in the steps of its illustrious forerunner. The network seems to have been right. The new series opened on October 3 with one of the highest premier ratings that any show has ever gotten, and it ranked first for two consecutive weeks. Though its ratings have declined since last fall, *AfterMASH* can be regarded as one of the few true successes of the 1983–84 TV season.

What first struck me about *AfterMASH* was the canned laughter. It is not the usual canned laughter. It is an eerie, subdued sort of thing, not unlike muffled chuckling at a wake. More insidious than the Pavlovian hyena noise to which we have become accustomed, the restrained canned laughter here seems to imply that this is mature comedy, that we are mature for watching it. This is a handjob of rare expertise.

Similarly, *AfterMASH* is described as a "comedy-drama." This in effect says that if something in the show isn't funny, it isn't because a joke didn't work, but rather because it wasn't supposed to be funny. Never in their countless flubs would Abbott and Costello have stooped so low as to cop a plea of comedy-drama.

In one recent episode, a wheelchair-bound veteran was portrayed coming to grips with the fact that he would never walk again. This, I surmised, was drama. A car-selling faith healer exhorted the young man to rise and walk. The mature canned laughter helped me to surmise that this was comedy. The young man tumbled forward on his face. The mature canned laughter ceased. A comedy-drama had unfolded.

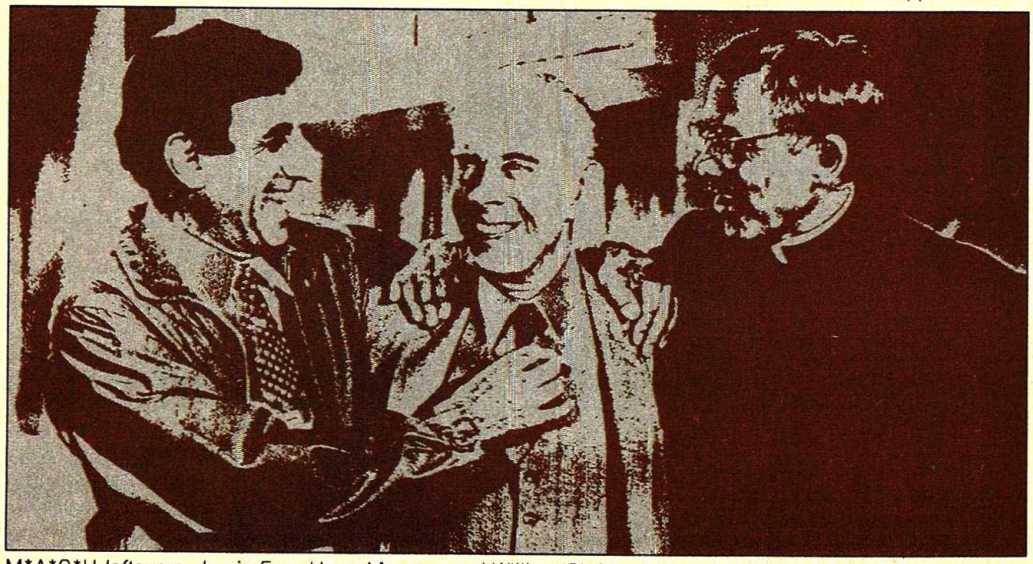
Comedy involving the sick and crippled has been around for a long time. It used to be called black comedy, and it's often been funny. But this stuff is really neither black nor funny, and it leaves one wondering just what its point is. I mean, why not just kick the guy out of the fucking chair, turn up the canned laughter full tilt, and drop it at that?

Newcomer John Chappell.

Other episodes have featured similar scenes, since most of the action takes place in 1953 at General Pershing Hospital, an institution that looks more like an exclusive resort than like any VA hospital I've ever seen. Father John Mulcahy (William Christopher) is one of the leftovers from *M*A*S*H*. His character has changed slightly, from that of an inoffensive but bumbling well-wisher to that of an offensive but bumbling well-wisher. Jamie Farr, who plays Klinger, often seems to be overtaken in midline by a strange and certain numbness; and it is understandable.

A face not familiar from the 4077th is that of John Chappell, who here has the role of Mike D'Angelo, a horny hospital official whose awkward ruttings and slapstick relationship with his assistant (Brandis Kemp) are designed to add a touch of risqué romance to the show. The effect falls far below that achieved by Larry Linville and Loretta Swit back in the war years.

The one true pleasure to behold is Harry Morgan, who plays Colonel Sherman Potter. Morgan is a real made-for-TV trooper, and to watch him is to learn the art of noble resignation. He has the same look on his face as he did 30 years ago in *December Bride*, the look that seems to say: As goes Spring Byington's girdle, so goes the world. Considering the success of this rather unfunny, rather undramatic comedy-drama called *AfterMASH*, that may indeed be the truth.—*Nick Tosches*



M*A*S*H *leftovers: Jamie Farr, Harry Morgan, and William Christopher on* AfterMASH.

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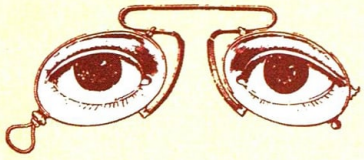

COMPUTERS

GAMES '84: BEST BETS

One of the most prevalent uses of computers today is electronic game-playing, either in the arcades or at home. In its brief five-year history, the arcade business has been through more dips and rises than the nation's whole economy. Even the most ingenious computer innovations as applied to game technology have not granted the arcade business immunity from frequent lapses.

After a terrible lull in video-arcade games around 1981–82, **Dragon's Lair**, by Cinematronics, came along. Its use of laser-disc technology to create cartoonlike graphics was seen as the industry's savior. The lines to play Dragon's Lair were endless. Coin-op manufacturers rushed to produce other laser games, many of which were introduced last fall at a national coin-op industry show in New Orleans. I went to the show assuming that the new laser games would take my breath away.

I was, however, totally surprised to discover that the best of the new games didn't incorporate lasers. The games I couldn't tear myself away from were mostly those incorporating creative variations on existing game themes. New technology, it seems, is taking a backseat to plain old back-to-the-drawing-board creativity.

A few years ago, the driving-simulation game **Turbo** was continually among the most popular arcade games. In 1982 Atari introduced **Pole Position**, an even more realistic driving challenge that moved into the top slots on the coin-op charts. Its sequel, Pole Position II, is the crème de la crème. The Pole Position games are unique. When playing them, you feel the same dizzying effect of riding a roller coaster or watching movies with car-chase scenes filmed from the driver's point of view.

Another new and truly impressive driving game is Atari's **TX-1**. You sit in an enclosed cabinet, viewing three screens. Objects that first appear alongside the roadway in the center screen subsequently zoom by you on the side screens. The mountains in the background scroll from one screen to the next, giving you an authentic feeling of moving at high speeds. Even the cabin sounds are incredible. The cabin virtually vibrates when you accelerate, and when you pass other cars you hear the roar of their engines. As you pass through a tunnel, your car engine sounds muffled, just like the real thing.

For those who prefer two wheels to four, keep an eye out for a game called **Star Rider**. Some models even come with a replica of the front of a motorcycle. You maneuver your vehicle with handlebars. The right handlebar is rotated to accelerate or slow down, and two buttons protruding from the left handlebar activate the brakes and "kick in" the turbo option for a burst of extra power.

Star Rider simulates speeds of over 400 miles per hour, and since that's a bit too fast for America's highways, Star Rider is a motorcycle race set in outer space. Lasers are used to create a stunning variety of space scenes, and the rear-view mirror gives you graphics as detailed as those on the main screen.

Pac-Man, I'm certain, will never die. The latest addition to the family is **Pac-Man Junior**, and I'm thrilled about him. For the first time, we're faced with a scrolling chase. As we gobble up dots, the screen pans back and forth across the megamaze, which contains many more dots than its predecessors. The Pac-Maniacs out there will understand when I say that there are six energizers instead of the standard four, and that the fruits are ruthless because they not only eat the helpful energizers but also alter dots so that when Pac-Man Junior eats them, his speed decreases.

Climbing games are quite popular these days. I keep meeting people hopelessly hooked on **Donkey Kong**, **Donkey Kong Junior**, and **Mario Brothers**. Well, there's a fabulous new climbing game called **Mr. Do's Castle** (not to be confused with Mr. Do, which is entirely different). The graphics are cute and humorous. You navigate Mr. Do around a maze, climbing up and down steps and ladders, pursued by monsters who can be pounded into submission with Mr. Do's little hammer.

For aim-'n-shoot fans, **Blaster**, in my opinion, is currently the ultimate. The graphics must be seen to be believed. They give you the feeling that you're zooming through space at a speed of Mach 5 (supersonic) or faster. We encounter several different types of shooting challenges and must complete 30 "waves" before we're entitled to enter "paradise," an electronic payoff that will be of particular interest to male arcadians. Blaster is addictive. To play one game is to play several. The bad news is that most arcades are probably going to ask two quarters for Blaster instead of one, and chances are good that there will be a trend toward increasing the cost of playing video games. I can't tell yet if this will curb my video addiction, because I'm still so excited about all the new games that are available.

These games reflect a new surge of energy and ingenuity in design. I hope manufacturers can sustain the trend indefinitely. In the meantime, horde those quarters.—*Ken Uston*

ANDY LEVIN/BLACK STAR

Electronic game-playing: New video games reflect a fresh surge of ingenuity in game designing.

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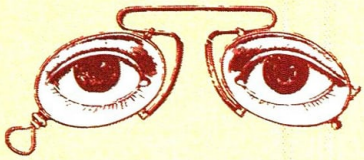


FILMS

ALL IN THE FAMILY

A while back she turned 52. Her daughter must be pushing 30. They lie together, belly down, on her frilly bed, gossiping like a pair of high-school girls, and she shouts, "Fan-fucking-tastic!" It's the joy of sex she has in mind. She has just for the first time in her life experienced it, at the practiced hands of the former astronaut who 15 years ago moved into the house next door.

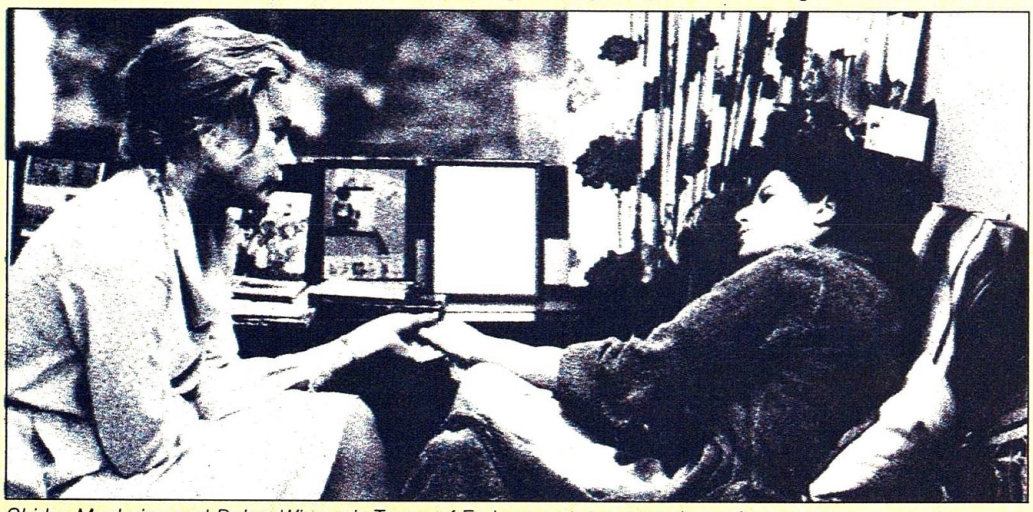
Thus Aurora Greenway enters a new and slightly different phase of the life that is half the story of James Brooks's ***Terms of Endearment***, a beautiful movie about growing up, making love, getting married, having kids, growing older, living—and dying—in Texas, Iowa, and Nebraska from the 1950s into the 1980s.

The other half of the story, the account of Aurora's daughter, Emma, who against her mother's wishes marries a college English teacher, moves away from Houston, starts a family, has an affair with a married Des Moines banker (a delicate, funny vignette by itself and worth twice the price of most movies), and then succumbs to cancer before her kids are scarcely old enough to know her, is no less lovely. It is, however, a bit less remarkable. It really takes both halves to make this film, which exists perhaps 20 percent as a repertory of glances—exasperation, understanding, love, fury—between mother and daughter, and another 20 percent as the telephone talks they share when they're apart. I've never seen a movie make so much of reaching out and touching someone, or take such a bemused view of it when it happens.

Except for the relationship of Aurora (Shirley MacLaine) and Emma (Debra Winger) nothing much controls *Terms of Endearment*. Emma's banker (John Lithgow) and her philandering husband (Jeff Daniels), even Aurora's astronaut (Jack Nicholson, still screwing his eyeballs up to the top of his still ungracefully balding head), wonderful as they are, serve essentially to illuminate the lives and times of mother and daughter.

Terms of Endearment is a film of absolutely breathtaking particulars. Brilliantly written—by Brooks, from a Larry McMurtry novel—set, photographed, and costumed by a company of geniuses (especially production designer Polly Platt), it never strikes a false note—at least for the first two thirds. Aurora and Emma aren't just your mildly eccentric, middle-class pair down the block. They are also a couple of superb comic actresses. I couldn't begin—or want—to say where Debra Winger and Shirley MacLaine leave off and their characterizations begin. Both play somewhat to type; both make their types seem the most privileged experience in the world.

Despite this extravagant praise, I don't consider *Terms of Endearment* quite a masterpiece in the long run. For the time it makes you laugh—with its offbeat, quietly wisecracking sense of humor—it has what seems an utterly inclusive sense of style. But when Emma lies dying, and you are asked to cry, the movie remains deeply affecting but it loses some of its authority—as if its style isn't so adequate after all, and there isn't too much except the pathos of events to take its place. The film is never dull and always tasteful, but it has no way of being tragic to match its ways of being comic, and in the pain of their final separation, the potential magnificence of Emma and Aurora fades off into something still fine—but more ordinary. This is a minor complaint; *Terms of Endearment* remains a luminous, tough, gentle, marvelously generous movie.



Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger in Terms of Endearment: *two superb comic actresses.*

Except for the great Luis Buñuel, and now since his death, Spanish film has always seemed a problem area—especially in the solemn, too self-consciously "imaginative" work of its most famous practitioner, Carlos Saura. But the appearance of Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón's ***Demons in the Garden***, while it doesn't solve any problems, overwhelms them somewhat in the light of its own special intelligence. Aragón isn't a new filmmaker, but he's new to me. *Demons in the Garden*, an elegant, occasionally absurdist study of a family of well-to-do black marketers in Franco's Spain in the late 1930s, recalls Buñuel if only in its straight-faced refusal to follow its own apparent emotional logic. Full of impetuous passion and dark, fraternal jealousy for which, it happens, nobody must pay the consequences, the film keeps turning minor surprises on those in the audience who may think they know where this sort of melodrama should be going.

Although it boasts two grown men, and two well-grown women (including Angela Molina, one half the "object" in *That Obscure Object of Desire*), the family is ruled—to its good fortune—by its conniving, compassionate grandmother (Encarna Paso) and her astute, spoiled-rotten illegitimate grandson, Juanito (Alvaro Sanchez-Prieto), who more or less comes to represent the film's point of view. That point of view favors reconciliation. By the time you've worked through the conflicting intensities of the adults, you end up not with the proper gloomy doom but with a family portrait—which seems a victory of good seeing in a benign and cleverly ironic film.—*Roger Greenspun*

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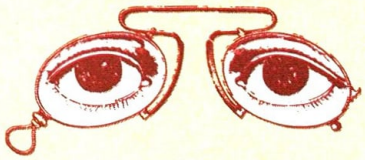


SOUNDS

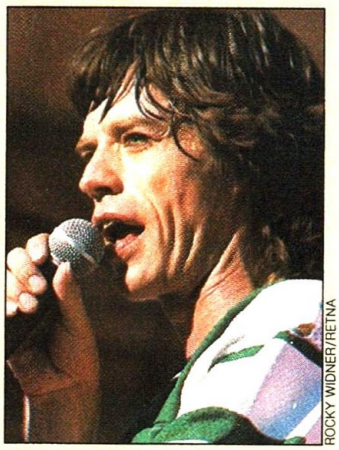
THE STONES ROLL

The CHOPS horns, a razor-sharp crew of saxophone and brass players who lay down the funk on Sugar Hill Records' rap-and-soul, weren't sure what to expect when they got a call from the **Rolling Stones**. What they found when they assembled in a Manhattan studio one night last summer were some of the best recording engineers money can buy and a brightly lit, scrupulously clean workroom. A joint made the rounds, but there were no other drugs, no whiskey bottles, no groupies, no fashionable hangers-on—just a friendly, unassuming but down-to-business Mick Jagger. At work on a song called "Undercover of the Night," Jagger explained to the horn players what he wanted by doing a rhythmic, loose-limbed dance as the unfinished tune was played back, signaling where the accents would fall with precise body English. The CHOPS horns were impressed. Packing up, one of the players shook his head and said, "These people are *serious*."

After the session, Jagger left the studio and walked alone up a side street to nearby Eighth Avenue, a strip dominated by garish neon lights and porno theaters. He whistled at a bevy of high-heeled streetwalkers, who flounced off without turning around to see who was whistling. By the time a few pedestrians had recognized him, Jagger was hailing a cab; he acknowledged their gawking with an ironic curtsy before jumping into the backseat.

Since the murder of John Lennon, rock stars who live in or visit New York have been hiding behind beefed-up security—if they dare to venture out at all. But the Stones know they can't live like that. They wouldn't *be* the Stones if they lost touch with the feel of the street, the rhythms and slang of the present moment. Mick Jagger and Keith Richards may party with the jet set, but in New York City—their adopted home for much of each year—a hooker or a punker is as likely to run into them as a high-fashion model or a gossip columnist. The Stones don't toe-test the currents of sleaze, they jump in feet first.

Undercover (Rolling Stones Records), this year's Stones best-seller, is about sleaze, among other things. It includes a song about cannibalism ("Too Much Blood"), two songs that tell tales of bondage ("Tie You Up [the Pain of Love]" and "Pretty Beat Up"), and various evocations of persecution and paranoia. The album's sensationalistic song titles and peep-show cover art seem deliberately offensive, like a calculated slap at those who were offended by mid-1970s Stones gambits such as the women-in-bondage images that advertised *Black & Blue,* or the black-girls-just-want-to-fuck-all-night gaucherie of *Some Girls*.



ROCKY WIDNER/RETNA

Jagger: calculated tastelessness.

But we have learned to expect sensationalism and gaucherie from the Stones. And we have learned to look a little deeper when Jagger and Richards seem to be indulging in calculated tastelessness: Mick and Keith, aka the Glimmer Twins, are ironists who seem to like nothing better than planting red herrings. The classic case was "Brown Sugar," which initially sounded like the crudest sort of racism and sexism but proved on closer examination to be a biting *denunciation* of racism and colonialism that even compared the slave-trade's pillaging of Africa to the Rolling Stones' pillaging of black music.

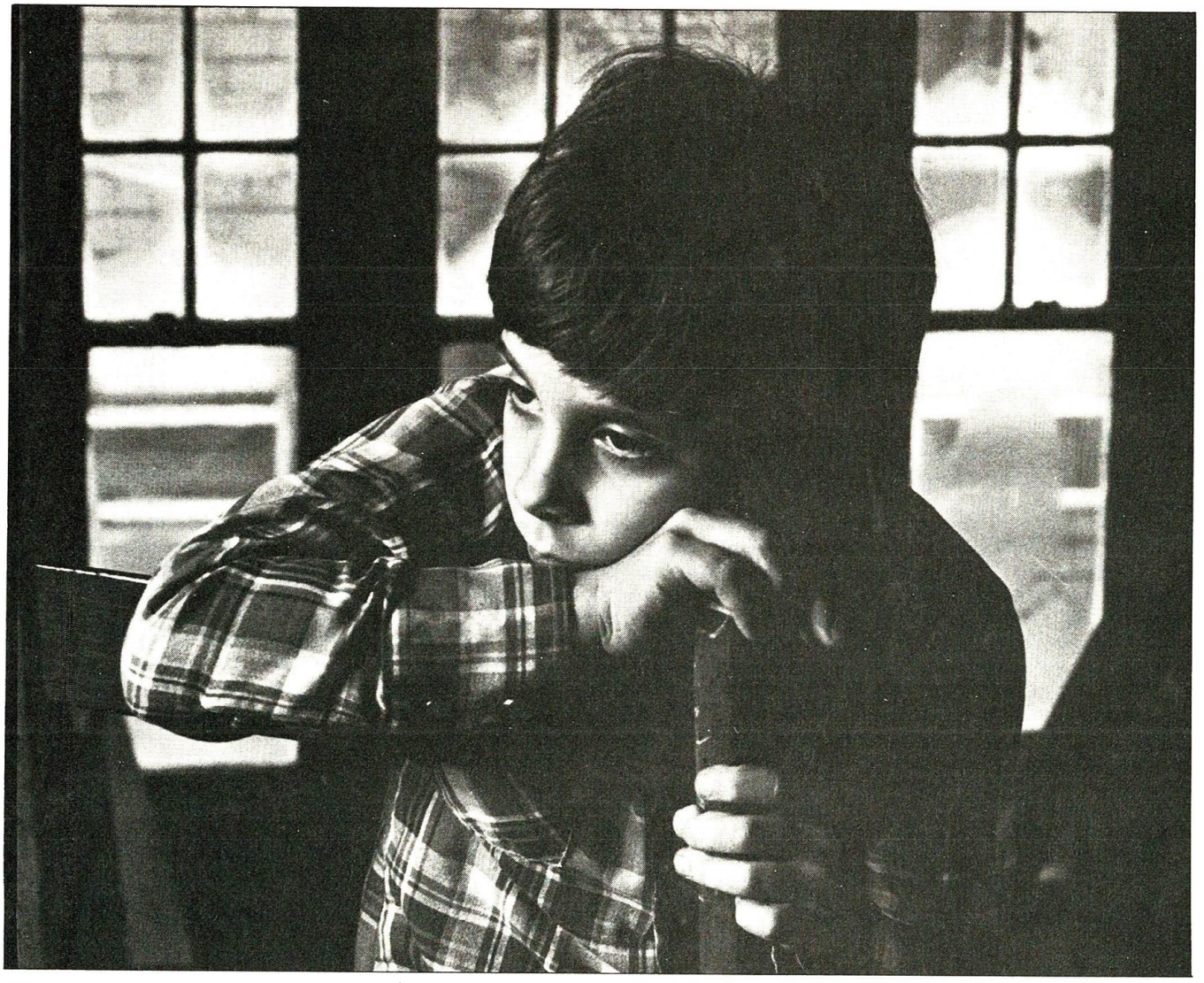
The apparently offensive lyrics on *Undercover* are red herrings, too. They present a spectrum of sexual arousal, from "normal" titillation ("Wanna Hold You") to situations involving bondage and torture to the horrific case of a man who chopped up his girlfriend and ate her piece by piece out of his freezer. The *Undercover* songs make it uncomfortably difficult to discern where normal arousal ends and abnormality begins, and uncomfortably easy to understand the drives of fetishists and sex murderers. As always, the Stones offer few answers but ask tough, penetrating questions.

GARY GERSHOFF/RETNA

The Stones: capturing the ferocious energy of their best concerts.

Musically, *Undercover* is the Rolling Stones' finest album since *Exile On Main Street*. For the first time in more than a decade, the group was able to capture and then refine in the studio the ferocious energy and lean tightness of their best concerts. Even the admirable *Some Girls* and *Tattoo You* were grab bags of songs written as much as five years earlier, performed by a group of musicians who weren't used to playing together and were unable to summon the forceful ensemble precision of earlier years. All the songs on *Undercover* are new—the first time in years on a Stones LP—and were written in a few months preceding the first recording sessions; the band that recorded them had been whipped into fighting trim by lengthy, grueling concert tours of America and Europe.

Musicians who play in jazz groups, chamber ensembles, and orchestras know that no amount of studio wizardry can compensate when a band hasn't been working and is rusty—and this truism applies even when the band is as long running as the Stones. Every time they announce another tour, journalists and fans ask if this could be the last time. *Undercover* suggests that as long as rock-and-roll music offers the Stones a challenge, and as long as they keep playing *together,* they can go on forever.—*Robert Palmer*



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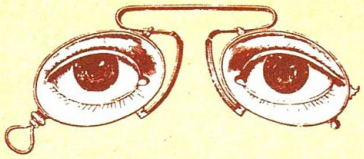


WORDS

CITY STREETS

You can tell a lot about a man from the places he hangs out—especially the place he calls home.

The tough-as-nails private eye originated in California during the 1930s in the novels of Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett, and he's mellowed out some in 50 years. As he appears in the books of such contemporary authors as Arthur Lyons, Stephen Greenleaf, Joseph Hansen, and Newton Thornburg, today's California detective takes a laid-back attitude toward his work. He lives in his car, buttons his lip, and keeps a cool detachment from the local crazies. In a state where even the cops look like hairdressers, fictional PIs and police detectives are often sensitive about their looks and their diets, and tend to see violence as a more macho way of keeping fit than surfing.

Gerald Petievich writes top-notch adventures in this straight-shooting, West Coast style, and his hero, Treasury Agent Charles Carr, is a superior specimen of the close-jawed, two-fisted hero who works so efficiently in the California climate. In ***To Live and Die in L.A.*** (Arbor House), Carr and a rival Treasury agent get tangled up in another complicated underworld assignment that escalates from a simple counterfeit operation to a wild adventure among the fleshpots of Southern California. Petievich writes humdinger plots, stacked with fast-paced, brutal action that always takes precedence over philosophical content. West Coast writers leave that effete stuff to the boys back east.

A sharp tongue and a mordant sense of humor account for much of the native charm of East Coast detective fiction, which tends to favor character and issues of moral justice over event and background. New York–based authors like Ed McBain and Lawrence Block exemplify the local fixation on inner-city crime, which staggers normal sensibilities with its sheer scope and impersonality. Block's latest, ***Like a Lamb to Slaughter*** (Arbor House), opens on a typical New York note, when PI Matthew Scudder is randomly chosen by a couple of toughs for a senseless trashing in a parking lot. Unnerved by the apparently motiveless attack, the detective ponders "the dark face of the city" and hits the bottle—brooding and boozing being distinct characteristics of the New York crowd.

Down the coast a ways, in the Florida-based books of John D. MacDonald, Ed McBain (his Matthew Hope series), and Elmore Leonard, the characters do most of their brooding in seedy resort motels or on boats, the better to deal with the inevitable plot turns, involving drug smuggling and illegal-immigrant traffic off the coast. "Dutch" Leonard, who began his phenomenal career with hard-bitten crime stories set in his native Detroit, vividly dramatizes the Floridian penchant for social independence. ***La Brava*** (Arbor House), which is named for its photographer-hero ("He's documenting South Beach like it is today. He's getting the drama of it, the pathos"), is loaded with rebels, some of them so far removed from the social order that they're actually criminals. Aside from their pungent street lingo, which he always renders in juicy detail, Leonard really loves these colorful creeps for their flagrant and hilarious defiance of all the conventional codes of straight society.

Way up north, veteran Boston novelists like George V. Higgins and Robert B. Parker favor ethnic groups and social subcultures over the loner individualist. Action just about grinds to a halt as these writers chew the rag about local sports teams and corrupt machine politics—two items of abiding interest to every Bostonian—and ponder the condition of the old neighborhood. Nobody pulls off this distinctive style with quite the rough-diamond elegance of Higgins, who gives the language another great workout in ***A Choice of Enemies*** (Knopf). This superior social portrait, set in the unruly precincts of Boston politics, features an unusually flashy assortment of silver-tongued Irishmen, adenoidal Yankees, and syntax-bruising Italians, who plot to bring down the speaker of the Massachusetts House, described by Higgins as "one tough SOB."

The flavor of regional character has lately become more noticeable in crime and detective fiction set elsewhere in America. Far from being more sissy than their coastal counterparts, the other city-based writers seem to be busting their chops to show that crime can be even tougher on their local turfs. In Jonathan Valin's five Harry Stoner novels, Cincinnati is as socially sophisticated and criminally deadly as any big city this side of Sodom or Gomorrah. Loren D. Estleman's four Amos Walker mysteries punch out a vision of big, brawling Detroit that would melt your fenders. Bill Granger portrays a Chicago faithful to that city's unique blend of surface slick and underbelly rough. And in one of the most chilling suspense novels of the year, ***A Cold Mind*** (Harper & Row), David L. Lindsey makes Houston look like the ninth circle of hell.

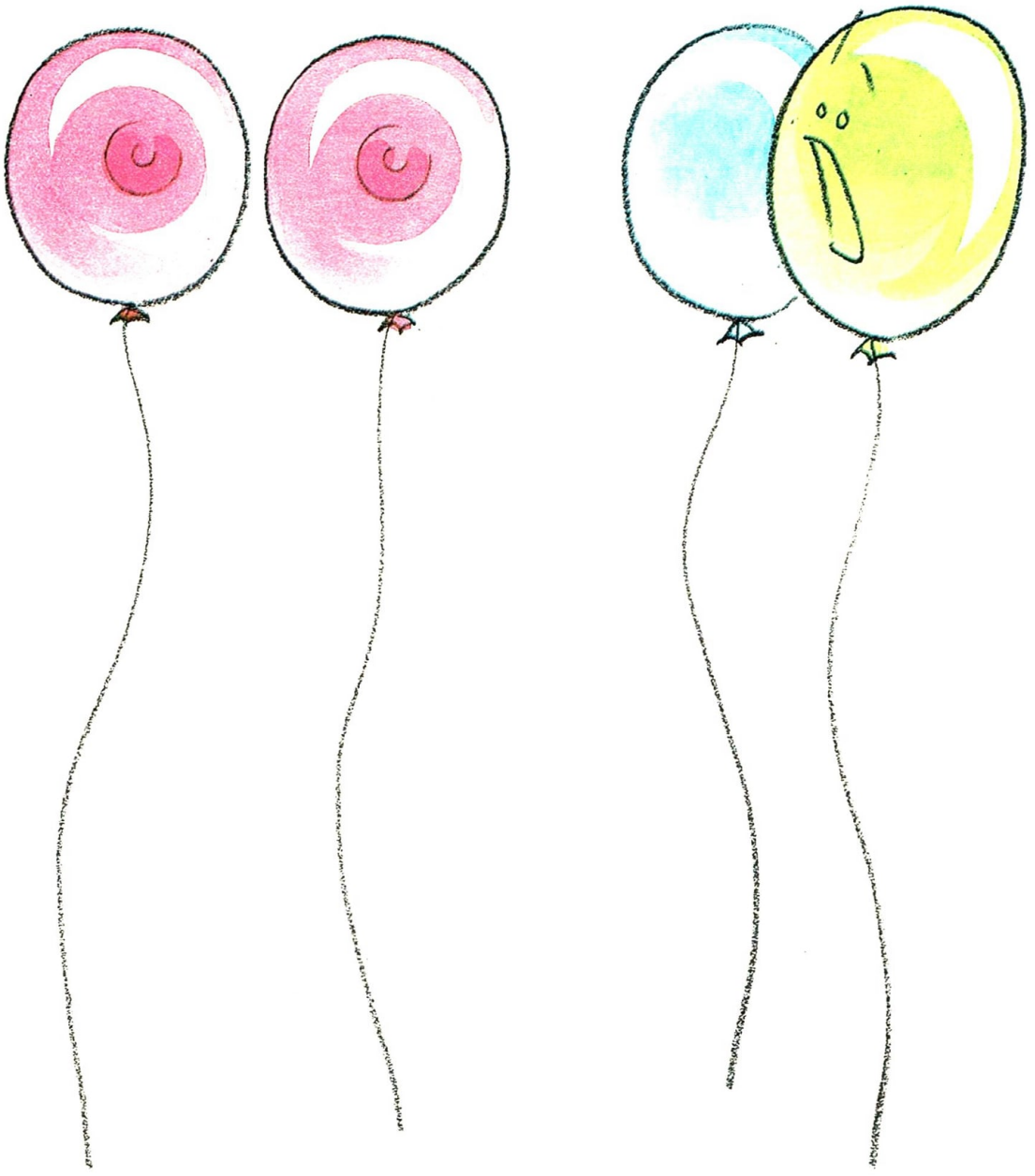
Time was when every cop and dick in mystery fiction itched to operate out of California. Now, a man is proud to say that his own neck of the woods can be just as murderous—and a damned sight more scenic.—*Marilyn Stasio*

OLIVIERI BERNI

The new private eye: There's no place like home for murder.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Somehow, it doesn't make a lot of sense separating them."

For 20 years, American courts have been conducting a social experiment with our lives—they are more concerned with the criminal's rights than with the victim's.

AMERICAN JUSTICE IS A CRIME

BY WILLIAM TUCKER

Did you know that you live in a country where a mass murderer can go scot-free because a police secretary uses the wrong form in filling out a search warrant? Did you know that if a police car is chasing a bank robber, and the bank robber's car hits a pedestrian, the pursuing policeman can be personally sued for damages? Did you know that if a person comes up to you on the street and shoots you in the face for no reason, he will probably be able to plead insanity because only an insane person would commit such a senseless crime? Did you know that if someone burglarizes your house, and you chase him down the street and beat him up, you are probably going to be charged with assault, and you may even end up paying damages to the burglar?

You didn't know all this? Well, welcome to America—crime-ridden America. It's been going this way here for the last 20 years, and it's likely to get a lot worse, until something is done about it.

We live in a society that is dominated by the fear of crime. More than 45 percent of all Americans say they are afraid to walk the streets at night in their own neighborhoods. Twenty percent of the population knows someone who was the victim of an armed robbery, and half knows someone who has been burglarized. "You never used to know anyone who was murdered," said Liza Terry, a member of Florida's Justice for Surviving Victims. "Now it seems every third person you meet has a friend or a relative or an acquaintance who has been the victim of a murder."

Is this widespread public perception of a national crime wave based on reality? For almost a decade, sociologists, even criminologists, tried to argue that it wasn't. They called it a statistical aberration, one perhaps due to an increase in the reporting of crime, or to just plain public paranoia. They were wrong. Over the past 20 years, the murder rate has tripled—after a steady decline from 1945 to 1963. The rate of other violent crimes—rape, armed robbery, aggravated assault—has also tripled since the early '60s, as have the figures for burglary, mugging, and petty larceny.

Moreover, the *nature* of crime is changing. In 1960, about 90 percent of all murders involved people who were either related to each other, or knew each other at least casually. Today, almost 30 percent of all murders are committed by complete strangers.

"Violence is much more random than it used to be in our society," said James Damos, past president of the National Association of Police Chiefs. "Essentially," he asserts, "no one is safe anymore, no matter who you are, where you live, or how careful you are."

What has been the reason for this huge upsurge in crime? Various explanations have been put forth—increased disrespect for governmental authority, the rising expectations of the poor, the multiplying conflicts of an increasingly urban society. But a great deal of the blame for the increase must be laid at the doorstep of the U.S. court system, and particularly the U.S. Supreme Court. Few Americans are aware of it, but the U.S. courts have been conducting a vast social experiment over the past 20 years. Its effect has been to transform the state criminal courts from

PAINTING BY BURT SILVERMAN

Gil Evans

"crime-prevention" institutions to defendant-oriented "due-process" systems. Put in simple language, this means that if you are among the 90 percent of the population who believe that the courts are too lenient, and that they are more concerned with the criminal's rights than with the victim's, you are absolutely correct. There are about 20 years of accumulated U.S. court decisions to prove it.

Consider the following cases.

• In 1977, Linda Jill Velzy, an 18-year-old student at the State University College of Oneonta (Oneonta, N.Y.), disappeared during a snowstorm on a Friday night. It was believed she accepted a ride along one of the town's main streets, where students frequently hitchhiked. After she had been missing three days, suspicion fell on 27-year-old Ricky Knapp, a convicted sex offender.

One of Knapp's friends, who'd spent time with him in jail, offered to help the police. He spent a few evenings in a bar with Knapp, who eventually admitted that he had killed Velzy. He asked the friend to help move the body to a safer hiding place. The friend informed the police, who apprehended Knapp and the informant in the act of moving the body. "Kill me, I'm sick," Knapp blurted out, and he immediately confessed. He was convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to life in prison.

But in 1982, the New York Court of Appeals overturned the conviction. The court held that the friend had been, in effect, a "police agent" when he went to socialize with Knapp. Therefore, he should have been required to advise Knapp of his constitutional rights before talking to him about the murder. All the evidence connected with the friend's involvement was excluded from the retrial. With the balance of the evidence to go on, the jury convicted Knapp of only second-degree manslaughter.

• In 1972, California labor contractor Juan Corona was charged with the murder of 25 migrant workers, who were found in shallow graves around an orchard to which Corona had been supplying laborers. Check stubs and grocery receipts with Corona's name on them were found with the bodies. Corona also kept a journal that contained the names of many of the victims and listed dates corresponding to the dates on which they had disappeared. The information in the journal was so accurate that it was used to identify the body of another migrant worker who had been found in a neighboring county, where Corona had worked six months before. Many of the men who disappeared were last seen riding off with Corona.

Despite the preponderance of evidence in what was then the greatest mass murder in American history, it took almost ten years to prosecute Corona, and the case is still not over. Corona successfully appealed the first conviction on the grounds that his lawyer had not adequately represented him. Then a trial judge threw out all the evidence on the grounds that the police never had any basis for obtaining a search warrant. It took four years before this decision was overturned and the evidence reinstated, and Corona was convicted a second time, in 1982. His lawyers are now appealing again.

• In 1980, Stephen Zwickert, a high-school honor student in Queens, N.Y., was robbed on his way home from a school dance. When he resisted giving up his ring, he was shot with a .38-caliber revolver.

Three days later, with the story all over the newspapers, Angel Claudio, one of the two attackers, was stricken with remorse. He picked a lawyer out of the yellow pages who advised him to talk to the police. The lawyer took him to the police station, where Claudio turned himself in. He was charged with second-degree murder.

Less than two months later, the trial judge dismissed the confession. He said that Claudio's attorney had been incompetent because no competent attorney would ever let his client voluntarily surrender his right to remain silent. It was only after several months of public outrage that an appellate court reversed the decision. Claudio's new lawyer is appealing this latest ruling to the U.S Supreme Court. Claudio has also repudiated his earlier confession—on the advice of his new attorney. After four years, he has yet to stand trial for murder.

• In 1980, the Reverend Raymond Boatwright, a Los Angeles evangelistic minister, was sitting in his car outside his church on a Sunday morning. Two youths approached the car, robbed him, and shot

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

LOOSE CANNONS OF THE COURT

BY JOHN CUMMINGS AND ERNEST VOLKMAN

As burglars go, Richard Maddicks had acquired superstar status. He was known to the police as the "Tarzan Burglar," a natural enough nickname, considering his habit of swinging by a rope from the Harlem rooftops, a gun in one hand, crashing through victims' windows, firing as he came in.

Maddicks's unorthodox method of entry certainly earned him a footnote in the annals of American crime, but his case history is worth far more. It provides us with a classic example of what is wrong with American justice today. For Maddicks was permitted time and time again to return to the streets to commit more crimes, because our criminal-justice system allowed him to plea-bargain his way through the courts for more than 20 years. During this period he received little punishment, certainly none that could be deemed fitting to his crimes.

Each time a charge was brought against Maddicks, a criminal-court judge consented to a judicial version of *Let's Make a Deal*. In 1976, Maddicks was allowed to plead guilty to a second-degree burglary charge in satisfaction of three felonies (robbery, burglary, and criminal possession of a weapon). Despite a police record of some length, he was sentenced to only three to seven years. Paroled in 1981, Maddicks then went on a rampage of burglaries, shootings, and murders that dwarfed anything in his record to that point. When he was finally arrested, he was brought before the very same judge who earlier had allowed him a soft deal. The case was taken from this judge and given to another one, who sentenced Maddicks to two consecutive 25-year terms for murder. Pointedly, the sentencing judge noted that "the responsibility for these murders (committed by Maddicks) must be shared by a court system that rewards the capacity of a judge to reduce pleas, by offering bargains regardless of the nature and extent of the crime."

The charade of plea bargaining such as this—involving the prosecutor, the defense attorney, and the judge—is a regular feature of our court system and is designed to accomplish what these three parties consider the most urgent of tasks: clearing up the crowded court calendars. What has happened, however, in the pursuit of this objective is that the courts have become slapdash operations, dispensing bargain-basement justice with little regard for the nature of the offense. Because of this, we are now faced with a major crisis of confidence in the public's perception of the criminal-justice system.

Plainly, the American people have lost faith—and no wonder. As President Reagan put it in an angry speech some time ago, "There has been a breakdown in the criminal-justice system in America. It just plain isn't working. All too often repeat offenders, habitual lawbreakers, career criminals, call them what you will, are robbing, raping, and beating with impunity, and . . . quite literally getting away with murder."

Reagan has a point, and for answers to why the system has collapsed, one need look no further than to the people who have the power to straighten out the system—those whose virtually dictatorial power inside the courtroom allow them the widest possible latitude to insist that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 153

Come to where the flavor is.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's–
you get a lot to like.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1983
17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av.
per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

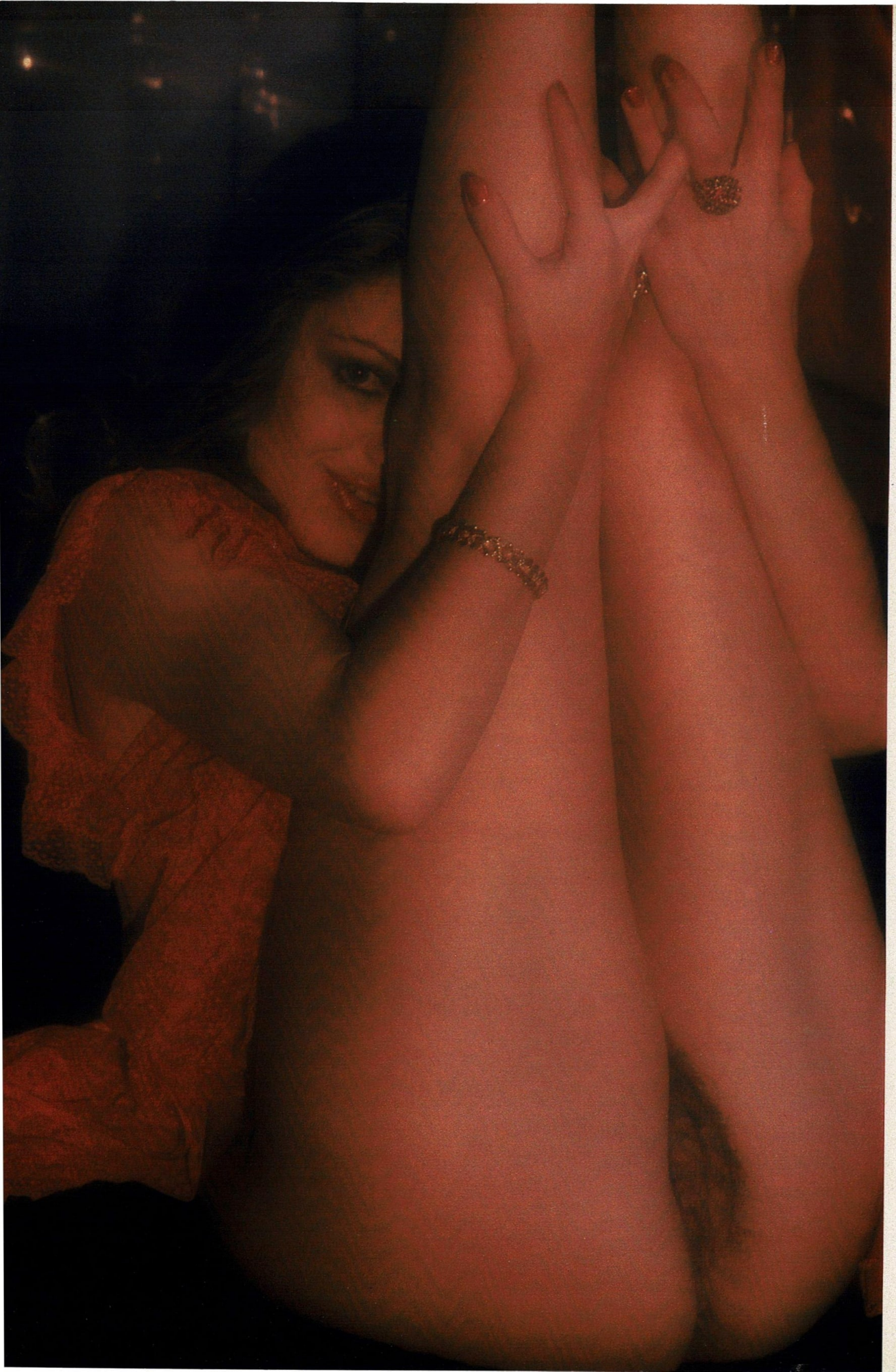
Men's wardrobe courtesy of Tuxedo Junction, Las Vegas, Nev.

LONG LEG OF THE LAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

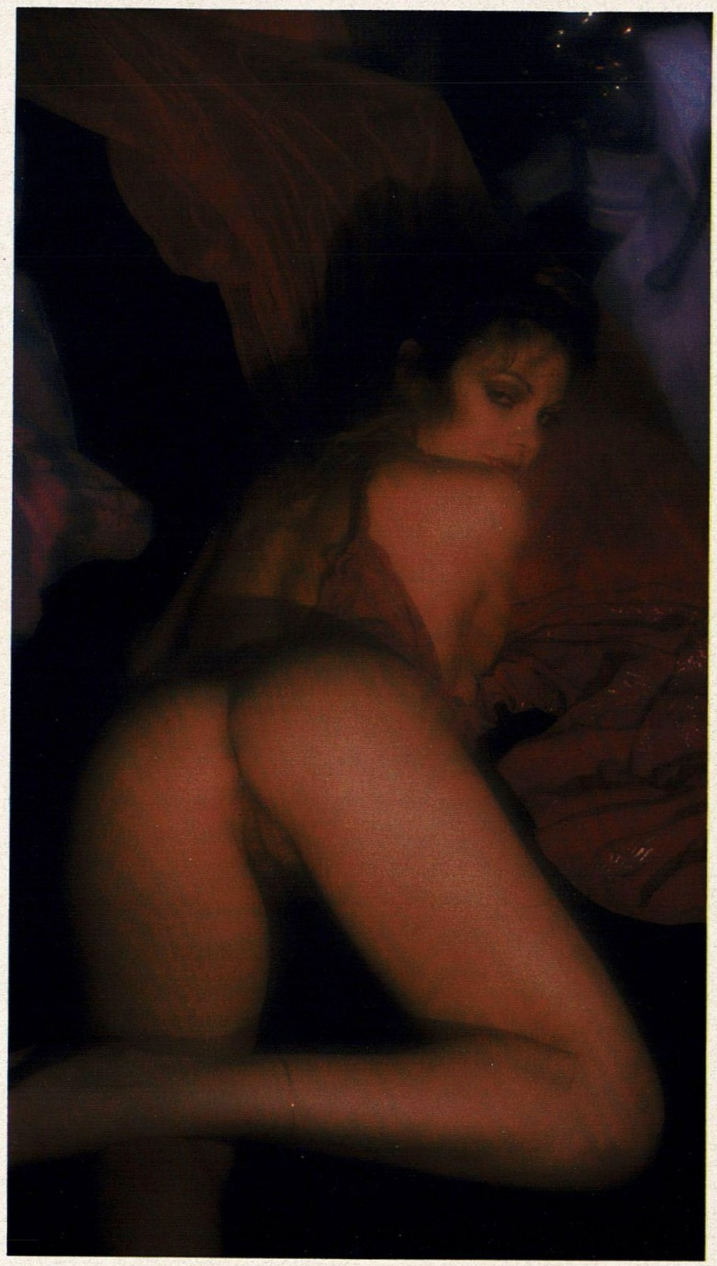
Sudden impact: first laying eyes on topless Teri Jory. At five foot three, our 36-24-36-inch showstopper is built to beat the band. Along with several other stunning Pets and showgirls, Teri triumphed last year in the Penthouse Pet Review held at the Marina Hotel in Las Vegas, where she emitted enough radiant energy to precipitate a nuclear meltdown. Dauntlessly, the band played on, and Teri danced her way into our hearts—and other vital organs. Often, Pets long to be dancers; Teri's wish took a different perspective. Already a professional dancer, she dreamed of becoming a Pet. Admiring our tempting 24-year-old's reverse psychology, we happily complied. The results, as they say, are purely positive. A restless native of Las Vegas, Teri was born a little girl men thank heaven for: long-limbed, lissome, lovable...

...Also, an ambitious young scholar. Her goal–like her leap below–is daring. She hopes, after finishing law school, to one day become the state's first female supreme court justice. The long leg of the law, in other words.



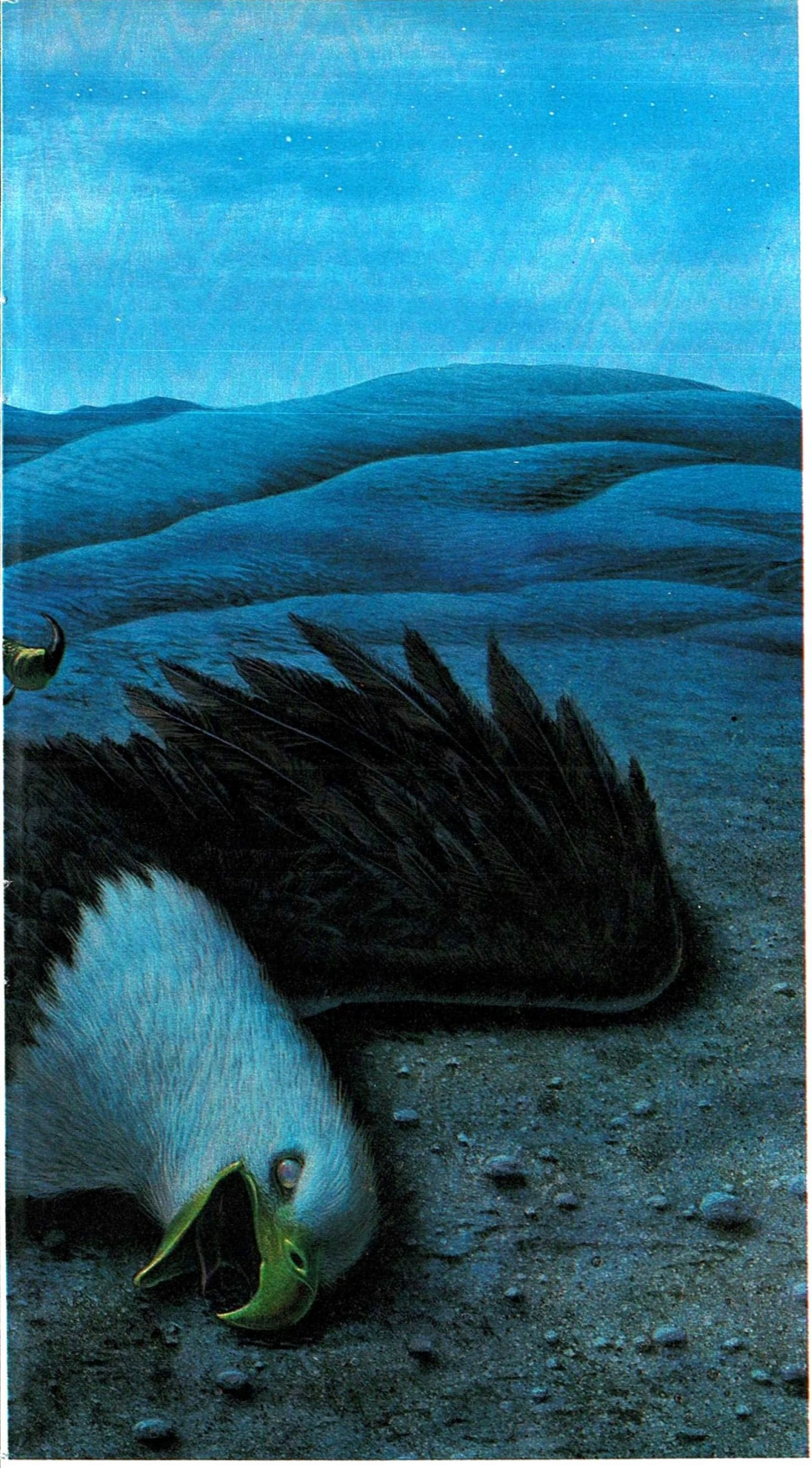
Most girls work their way through school; Teri plays. Dancing, modeling, even a little roulette at the Marina casino. It's fun to be in the chips, observes our gamboling gambler....

Another of Teri's passions involves her silver Arabian stallion. Seems they often strut their stuff at equestrian events in the area. A showgirl on a show horse—and what a show at that!



Lingerie courtesy of Midnight Lace, Las Vegas, Nev.

All these accomplishments might be
a threat to some men. On the other hand,
she reasons, for others she's well
worth the gamble. Poker-faced, we agree.



The C-130 Hercules, workhorse of the U.S. assault transport fleet, could well have been called the Flying Hangar. Inside, the cargo space smells of raw metal and of fluid leaking from the visible hydraulics. Electric wiring twists around structural members like the arteries and veins of a mastodon. But it is an utterly reliable plane; never liked one more.

We had taken off from an island in the Arabian Sea in the late afternoon of April 24, 1980. As predicted from satellite photographs and other last-minute data, the weather was perfectly clear, with good visibility promised for the entire route throughout the night. Flying almost due north, we crossed a vacant, green sea for hours and refueled in the air. Darkness was our ally; every moment of the coming night was going to be precious. The plan was to cross the border at dusk, before 7 P.M.

At precisely the right time, just when darkness sufficiently hampered vision from the ground, the Hercules crew chief shouted the news in my ear over the relentless scream of the plane's four turboprop-jet engines.

"Message from the navigator. We've just penetrated Iranian airspace."

As one of the squadron commanders, I had to control my exhilaration. The plane was equipped to pick up Iranian radio transmissions.

"Anything unusual from below?" I asked.

DEATH AT DESERT ONE

BY LOGAN FITCH
WITH GEORGE FEIFER

An extraordinary eyewitness account of one of the most fateful events in recent history.

PAINTING BY DON PUNCHATZ

"Nothing. It's all clear."

Passing the word to my squadron, I took further encouragement from their predictable reactions. Unemotional by nature and training, they grinned, made the thumbs-up sign, and nodded in affirmation and resolve.

"Go, man, all *go*."

"We got it made now."

"Piece of cake."

The temperature had been 120 degrees on the island. We had spent only a few blistering hours there, changing from another plane to the C-130. Before that, our final preparations were in Egypt, where we lived in a hangar built by the Russians for their MIGs in the days of Soviet-Egyptian fraternity. The men could not fully believe we were at last going on the real mission—Operation Rice Bowl.

A few continued to doze. We could not count the number of times we had been similarly stuffed into C-130s. Our training had included five major rehearsals from which the present flight differed only by a barely perceptible increase in commitment. It was closer to anticipation than tension.

In this version, C-130s normally carry forty to fifty passengers. We had removed the seats in order to accommodate a dozen more Delta soldiers, together with explosives, antitank and antiaircraft weapons, machine guns, two motorcycles, and a jeep. Also crammed into this flying ordnance depot was a six-man Ranger detachment and an air-force-combat-control team. Under Delta command, the Rangers would help secure the perimeters of our first stop: Desert One. The air-force team would serve as ground control for the mini-airport that would function there for several hours. Also on board was a former Iranian Air Force general who was trained to deceive and confuse Iranian fighter planes—through misleading radio transmissions—in the unlikely event that we would encounter such. Colonel Beckwith was in command; he rode in the cockpit.

My station was at the cargo compartment's ramp, far in the rear. I was pressed against the plane's crew chief on one side of the jeep. He now told me that Iranian ground observers had reported hearing a plane, evidently as we crossed the coast. "So what?" their supervisor had answered. He did not know what we did: We were flying in a narrow corridor not covered by Iranian radar. Since Americans had installed the system, it was easy to determine which of its sections were operating and which were down. Still, much praise would go to the air force for determining our route.

On the day the hostages were seized—November 4, 1979—we had just completed an extremely difficult evaluation exercise in Georgia, to which we had invited representatives of many civilian governmental agencies. We had been given two years to form, equip, and train ourselves. The exercise objective was the simultaneous release of two widely separated groups of hostages held by terrorists who were in constant communication with each other. Tackling it, we wanted to demonstrate that we were not a collection of commandos with blazing guns but a discreet, responsible organization capable of extraordinary feats—and of holding fire as well as delivering it.

If any military unit deserved high esteem, it was Delta, the army's 1st Special Forces Operational Detachment, and the government's primary antiterrorist force. Its quick maturation, despite bureaucratic and rivalry-prompted opposition, was cause for pride and a great tribute to Colonel Beckwith.

Roughly a hundred extraordinarily high achievers were selected from the 14,000 applicants for the Delta Force. Their average age—over thirty—was much older than that of other units. Many were senior noncommissioned officers with extensive behind-the-lines combat experience and highly developed military skills; they had the flexibility and versatility to think for themselves and not simply rely on standard military procedures.

> Our hardest problem had been intelligence. We knew the furniture, the combinations of many vault doors. But we didn't know precisely where each hostage was or the movements of the guards.

They all loved action—they had to. And when I passed them the next message from the Hercules crew chief, they all grinned more broadly than when we had crossed the Iranian coast.

"From the *Nimitz*. Eight Sea Stallion helicopters launched, all mission operable."

This was almost cause for elation. The aircraft-carrier *Nimitz* had launched the Sea Stallions from its station, in the northern Arabian Sea—eight of them; we needed six. From the beginning, the helicopters had been the weak link: The helicopter *pilots* and everyone knew this. But with two machines to spare, it seemed that we were far ahead of the odds.

Three hundred miles southeast of Tehran, Desert One, where we would land in another hour, was virtually the only suitable landing site in the country. It had to be in that narrow corridor, which was free of radar surveillance and within the safe maximum range of the helicopters launched from the *Nimitz*, yet far enough north so that they could reach Desert Two from there—then proceed to the assault on the embassy—after refueling at Desert One. The landing site also had to be secluded but able to accommodate the eight C-130s and eight Sea Stallions that would meet for that refueling.

To eliminate the need for a ground meeting between the planes and the helicopters, it had been suggested that the Sea Stallions be refueled from 500-gallon bladders that were dropped from the air. But previous exercises showed this method to be insufficiently accurate and not foolproof, especially with high winds, so a search for an abandoned airfield followed. One was found within the corridor, and proponents strongly argued for its use in order to alleviate uncertainties about whether desert sand would be solid enough for landings and take offs by heavily loaded C-130s. But the airfield was on caretaker status and the Iranian Air Force surely received regular reports from the caretakers; hence use of this airfield was ruled out.

After extensive satellite photographs of the area had been taken, a desert strip alongside a one-lane, unpaved road linking desert settlements was chosen as the landing site. The road's presence suggested that the sand in the strip on both sides might be firm enough to support our aircraft.

Several weeks before we launched Rice Bowl, the CIA flew a reconnaissance mission in a light aircraft. The three men onboard included the air-force major in charge of the ground-control team now with us in the C-130. The plane landed for soil samples. Pending laboratory analysis, the sand seemed impacted enough to support the weight of an aircraft, and a beacon was implanted.

Approaching the site now, our C-130 activated the beacon and searched the area with FLIR, its forward-looking infrared radar. In the vast, otherwise lifeless desert expanse, a vehicle *was* on the road but gave no sign of having seen us. We orbited while it drove out of sight, then made a second approach—retracting the FLIR in order to lower the landing gear, and landing parallel to the east-west road.

The troops were ready but neither worried nor nervous after the ten-minute warning. The instant the cargo ramp was lowered, the Ranger team was away on the two motorcycles and the jeep. Their job was to secure the road by taking up positions at a distance of about a kilometer in both directions. A pair of headlights rigged to the motorcycles racing east and west made them appear to be trucks. Parked on the one-lane road facing outward, they would make any approaching vehicle easier to deal with by forcing it to stop.

My men followed the Ranger team down the ramp with no sense of now-or-never urgency. That would come the following night, at the embassy. Our jobs at Desert One were routine.

Out of the plane, the noise of the engines obliterated all other sounds while a

small dust storm almost did the same to our vision. It was blown up by the prop wash, which instantly smothered us in sand. I put my head down to breathe and led with my arm, almost feeling my way toward the road, which was about fifty yards north. Then I looked over my arm and through the sand cloud saw what might have been an apparition.

A large, ultramodern bus with its interior lights on was well inside the western position—not yet established by the motorcycle. In fact, it was almost next to the plane, creeping west to east along the road. The passengers were trying to pretend they didn't see us or comprehend the danger we represented.

My men broke into a run without instruction. As Beckwith roared, "Stop that bus! Stop that bus!" above the engine noise, I made out a Mercedes emblem.

Since we had chosen a site that was intersected by a road, we had rehearsed for this inconvenience. The driver did not stop at the first warning shots. Perhaps he was scared stiff; bandits did operate in the area. The second shots, including a 40-mm grenade round, were more than a warning: A tire was shot out and water was spilling from a hole in the radiator. Inside, a large portrait of Ayatollah Ruholla Khomeini confronted, or comforted, the terrified passengers from above the driver's seat.

Few missions are without ironies. Rice Bowl's first was that the unit on its way to liberate hostages was about to acquire some of its own. But our extensive training in the release of hostages had also given us experience in handling them. A Ranger officer, now inside the bus, complained that he couldn't get the passengers off.

"Should I fire a round over their heads into the back of this thing to get them moving?"

"Hold it. We don't need a panic here," I said.

Relieving him, I instructed two teams of my men to remove the passengers from the bus using practiced procedures based on firmness with no hint of threat.

The bus had been on a cross-country trip. Most of the forty-three passengers were peasants. We were careful to calm them as much as possible, but a girl about ten years old clung in terror to an elderly man, probably her grandfather, with whom she was traveling.

A very tough sergeant searched them. He was a veteran of four hazardous years in Vietnam, half of them behind enemy lines. He had survived every kind of danger and trick—but he let his compassion bend the rule to search individually, and he did not separate the girl from her grandfather to search her.

My own lapse was more serious than my sergeant's. It followed an old habit of doing myself what a commander should assign to others—and, in this case, I didn't take someone along to cover me when I went outside to check the far side of the bus, where I found a man crouching near the wheel under the driver's seat. He would not obey my motions for him to get up, so I fired a round in the sand. When I saw trembling and the paralysis of fright, I led him to the others. He was the assistant driver, our forty-fourth hostage.

Meanwhile, a bonfire had lit the sky. The minute our area-securing motorcycle was in place on the west side of the road, it had encountered another vehicle—a fuel truck, which would not stop. This area was also used by gasoline smugglers and hijackers. An explosive round from the Rangers made the fuel truck burst into flame. Its driver leapt out and raced to a pickup truck that was following closely behind it. We were not the only ones who had rehearsed action for that desert. To complete an obviously practiced maneuver against rival smugglers, the pickup made a U-turn and sped off. The motorcycle could not overtake it, but we reckoned *those* Iranians would not run to the police.

I reported to Colonel Beckwith that the bus passengers were secure at the side of the road and guarded by eight of my men. We planned to fly them out on a C-130, then back in again the following night, when the planes returned for the (freed) hostages, and us. The bonfire was worrisome, because of the attention it might attract—all the more so when the truck exploded. But Beckwith wasn't displeased about the interceptions.

> Although the mechanical complexity of most helicopters made them prone to breakdown, the crews worried us more than the craft. The helicopter pilots never seemed to be the right stuff.

"Got that out of the way. Keep your men moving." We had handled our first contingency smoothly. Besides, he liked action as much as the rest of us.

If any man was larger than life, it was "Chargin' Charlie" Beckwith, who drew every eye when he entered a room. A former commander of an airborne battalion in Vietnam, he became an army legend when he stopped a .50-caliber machine-gun bullet but survived, against all predictions. He had the vision and the experience to conceive Delta and then the political skill and tenacity to keep it going.

He inspected the site and set up his radios. All units were on strict radio silence, but he could receive. Through Major General James Vaught, in Egypt, who had overall command of Operation Rice Bowl, he was linked to President Carter.

Primarily an air-force show, Desert One was under the command of an air-force colonel named Jim Kyle. Two more C-130s were due to arrive with the rest of our teams and more equipment, then four more C-130s—fitted out with 3,000-gallon bladders in the cargo space—with the fuel for the helicopters.

The first arrived an hour later, on the button. All would follow without the slightest hitch. They were manned by highly skilled crews who were accustomed to flying special-operations aircraft for sensitive missions. Having trained for Rice Bowl on C-130s, they quickly became experts—as they did on every job. They were from what Beckwith called "the right cut of cloth."

Delta's primary task at this point was to unload equipment from the C-130s and get it ready for reloading in the Sea Stallions, when they arrived. The equipment included water for the next day at Desert Two, camouflage nets to hide the helicopters, and explosive charges for destroying them when their work was finished. My experts and I had prepared an explosive device that could be carried in an ammunition can that was hardly larger than a shoe box.

Checking against his memorized schedule, Colonel Beckwith kept his eyes on things without ever having to leave his radios for long. I saw him every few minutes. Everything was going almost like clockwork, and we resisted the temptation to exchange congratulations.

When Colonel Beckwith heard from Richard Meadows, his confidence, and my own, advanced yet another notch. Meadows's quick, coded satellite message had little chance of interception. "I'm in place," it reported. "Everything is ready here."

"In place" was at Desert Two, where Meadows would greet us as we disembarked from the helicopters after the flight from Desert One. His presence there would further boost the confidence of the troops. I saw myself throwing my arms around the hero.

Dick Meadows was Beckwith's equal as a Special Forces legend. His exploits behind the lines in Vietnam were the stuff of combat fiction. The final Vietnam mission of this model commando and Ranger was to lead a raid to rescue American POWs in a camp near Hanoi. The Israelis who planned the Entebbe assault used his classic, flawlessly executed raid as a model. Meadows, who retired in 1977 after thirty years in the army, had joined Delta as a civilian adviser and participated fully in the planning of Rice Bowl, including the embassy assault that was under my command. And he was our point man in Tehran.

Delta's experience with the CIA had been less than fully satisfactory. Even if the agency could have been more helpful and straightforward, neither Beckwith nor I would send our soldiers into action with-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

• Toyota Tercel 4 Wheel Drive Wagon by Toyota Motor Sales USA, Inc.

• **Honda Gyro™ Scooter**

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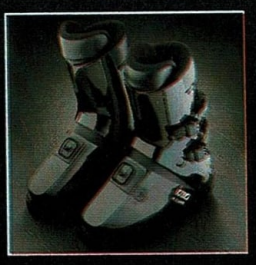

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MT. SNOW, VERMONT	JANUARY 8
VERNON VALLEY, NEW JERSEY	JANUARY 15
KILLINGTON, VERMONT	JANUARY 29
VAIL, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 2
ASPEN, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 5
STEAMBOAT, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 9
WINTER PARK, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 18
STOWE, VERMONT	MARCH 4
SQUAW VALLEY, CALIFORNIA	MARCH 10
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How do you market home computers to fairies, trolls, and goblins? The solution, Barry Levingston discovered, was out of this world.

VIRGIN TERRITORY

FICTION BY GARDNER DOZOIS, JACK DANN, AND MICHAEL SWANWICK

Few of the folk in Faërie would have anything to do with the computer salesman. He worked himself up and down one narrow, twisting street after another until his feet throbbed and his arms ached from lugging the sample cases, and still he had not made a single sale.

Barry Levingston considered himself a first-class salesman, one of the best, and he wasn't used to this kind of failure. It discouraged and frustrated him, and as the afternoon wore endlessly on—there was something funny about the way time passed here in Faërie; the hazy, bronze-colored sun had hardly moved across the smoky-amber sky since he'd arrived, although it should certainly be evening by now—he could feel himself beginning to lose that easy confidence and unshakable self-esteem that are the successful salesman's most essential stock-in-trade. But it wasn't really his fault. The product was new and unfamiliar to this particular market, and he was doing a "cold sell." There had been no telephone-solicitation programs to develop leads, no ad campaigns, no demographic study of the market potential. Still, his total lack of success was depressing.

The village that he'd been trudging through all day was built on and around three steep, hivelike hills, with one street rising from the roofs of the houses on the street below. The houses were piled chockablock atop one another, like clusters of grapes, making it almost impossible to even find—much less *get* to—many of the upper-story doorways.

Barry found all this unsettling. In fact, he found the whole place unsettling. Why go on with this, then? he asked himself. Why not throw in the towel! But . . . no, he couldn't give up. Not yet. Barry sighed and massaged his stomach, feeling the acidy twinges in his gut that presaged a savage attack of indigestion. This was virgin territory, literally

PAINTING BY BRIAN FROUD

an untouched route. Gold waiting to be mined. And the Fairy Queen had given this territory to *him*. . . .

Doggedly, he plodded up to the next house, which looked something like a gigantic acorn, complete with a thatched cap and a crazily twisted chimney for the stem. He knocked on a round wooden door.

A plump, freckled fairy woman answered. She was about the size of an earthly two-year-old, but a transparent gown seemingly woven of spider silk made it plain that she was no child. She hovered a few inches above the doorsill on rapidly beating hummingbird wings.

"Aye?" she said sweetly, smiling at him, and Barry immediately felt his old confidence return.

"Hello," he said smoothly. "I'm from Newtech Computer Systems, and we've been authorized by Queen Titania, the Fairy Queen *herself,* to offer a *free* installation of our new home-computer system—"

"That wot I not of," the fairy said.

"Don't you even know what a computer *is*?" Barry asked, dismayed, breaking off his spiel.

"Aye, I fear me, 'tis even so," she replied, frowning prettily. "Belike you'll tell me of 't, fair sir."

Barry began talking feverishly, while unsnapping his sample case, ". . . Balances your household accounts," he babbled. "Lets you organize your recipes. Keeps you in touch with the stock market. You can generate full-color graphics, charts, graphs. . . ."

The fairy frowned again, less sympathetically. She reached her hand toward the computer but didn't quite touch it. "Has the smell of metal on 't," she murmured. "Most chill and adamant." She shook her head. "Nay, sirrah, 'twill not serve. 'Tis a thing mechanical, a clockwork, meet for carillons and orreries. Those of us born within the Ring need not your engines philosophic, nor need we toil and swink as mortals do at such petty tasks as you have named. Then wherefore should I buy, who neither strive nor moil?"

"But you can play *games* on it!" Barry said desperately. "You can play Donkey Kong! *Pac-Man! Everybody* likes to play Pac-Man. . . ."

She smiled slowly at him sidelong. "I'd liefer more delightsome games."

Before he could think of anything to say, a long, long, long green-gray arm came slithering out across the floor from the hidden interior of the house. The arm ended in a knobby hand equipped with six grotesquely long, tapering fingers, which spread wide as the hand reached out toward the woman.

Barry opened his mouth to shout a warning, but before he could, the long, boneless arm had wrapped around her ankle, not once but *four* times around, and the hand with its scrabbling spider fingers had closed over her thigh. The arm yanked, and she tumbled forward in the air, laughing. "Ah, loveling, can you not wait?" she said with mock severity. The arm tugged at her. She giggled. "Certes, meseems you cannot!"

The door shut. There was a muffled burst of giggling within. Then silence.

The salesman glumly shook his head. This is a goddamned tank town, that's what it is, he thought. Just another goddamned middle-class neighborhood, with money a little tight and the people running scared. Place like this, you couldn't even *give* the stuff away, much less make a sale.

The next house was shaped like a gigantic ogre's face—its dark wood forming a yawning mouth and heavy-lidded eyes. The face was made up of a host of smaller faces, and each of *those* contained other, even smaller faces. He looked away dizzily, then resolutely climbed to a glowering, thick-nosed door and knocked right between the eyes—eyes that, he noted uneasily, seemed to be studying him with interest.

A long, green-gray arm came slithering out across the floor from the hidden interior of the house. Its knobby hand was equipped with six grotesquely long fingers.

A fairy woman opened the door—below where he was standing. Belatedly, he realized that he had been knocking on a dormer; the top of the door was a foot below him.

This fairy woman had stubby, ugly wings. She was lumpy and gnarled, and her skin was the texture of old bark. Her hair stood straight out on end all around her head in a puffy nimbus, like the Bride of Frankenstein. She stared up at him imperiously and somehow appeared to be staring *down* her nose at him at the same time. It was quite a nose, too. It was longer than his hand, and sharply pointed.

"A great ugly lump of mortal, an I mistake not!" she snapped. Her eyes were flinty and hard. "What's toward?"

"I'm from Newtech Computer Systems," Barry said, biting back his resentment, "and I'm selling home computers, by special commission of the Queen."

"Go to!" she snarled. "Seek you to cozen me? I wot *not* what abnormous beast that be, but I have no need of mortal kine, nor aught else from your loathly world! Get you gone!" She slammed the door under his feet, which somehow was every bit as bad as slamming it in his face.

"Sonofa*bitch*!" Barry raged, making an obscene gesture at the door, losing his temper at last. "You goddamed flying fat pig!" Barry shouted in frustration.

He didn't realize that the fairy woman could hear him until a round crystal window above his head flew open and she poked her head out of it, nose first, buzzing like a jarful of hornets. "Wittold!" she shrieked. "Caitiff rogue!"

"Screw off, lady," Barry snarled. It had been a long, hard day. "Get back into your goddamned hive, you goddamned Pinocchio-nosed mosquito!"

The fairy woman spluttered incoherently with rage, then became dangerously silent. "So!" she said in cold passion. "*Noses,* is 't? Would vilify *my* nose, knave, whilst your *own* be uncommon squat and vile? A tweak or two will remedy *that,* I trow!"

She came buzzing out of her house like an outraged wasp, straight at the salesman.

Barry flinched back, but she seized hold of his nose with both hands and tweaked it savagely. Barry yelped in pain. She shrieked out a high-pitched syllable in some unknown language and began flying backward—her wings beating furiously—*tugging* at his nose.

He felt the pressure in his ears change with a sudden *pop,* and then to his horror he felt his face beginning to *move* in a strangely fluid way. It was flowing like water, swelling out and out and *out* in front of him.

The fairy woman darted away, cackling gleefully.

Dismayed, Barry clapped his hands to his face. He hadn't realized that these little buggers could *all* cast spells—he'd thought that kind of magic stuff was reserved for the Queen and her court. Like cavorting in hot tubs with naked starlets and handfuls of cocaine, out in Hollywood—a prerogative reserved only for the elite. But when his hands reached his nose, they almost couldn't close around it. It was too large. It was now nearly two feet long, as big around as a Polish sausage, and covered with bumpy warts.

He screamed in rage. "Goddamn it, lady, come back here and *fix* this!"

The fairy woman was perched half-in and half-out of the round window, lazily swinging one leg. She smiled mockingly at him. "There!" she said, with malicious satisfaction. "Art *much* improved, me thinks! Nay, thank me not!" And laughing joyously, she tumbled back into the house and slammed the crystal window closed behind her.

"Lady!" Barry shouted. He scrambled down the heavy wooden lips and pounded wildly on the door. "Hey, look, a joke's a joke, but I've got *work* to do! I'm sorry I swore at you, honest! Just come out here and *fix* this and I won't bother you anymore. Lady, *please*!" He heaved his shoulder experimentally against the door, but it was as solid as rock.

An eyelid-shaped shutter snapped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

'When you find a man who's good in bed and great fun out of bed, it's time to pitch your tent.'

PAULA

PUBLIC EYE

–that's me," laughs Pet of the Month Paula Ann Wood. She isn't really talking about her baby blues, either–though we can't close our own to that. Instead, she's recommending her favorite habit: unabashed people-watching. "I do it all the time–at airports, in shopping malls, in waiting rooms. Sometimes I'll even write down my observations." No doubt people are looking back, storing Paula's 36-24-36-inch riches in their memory banks.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN HICKS

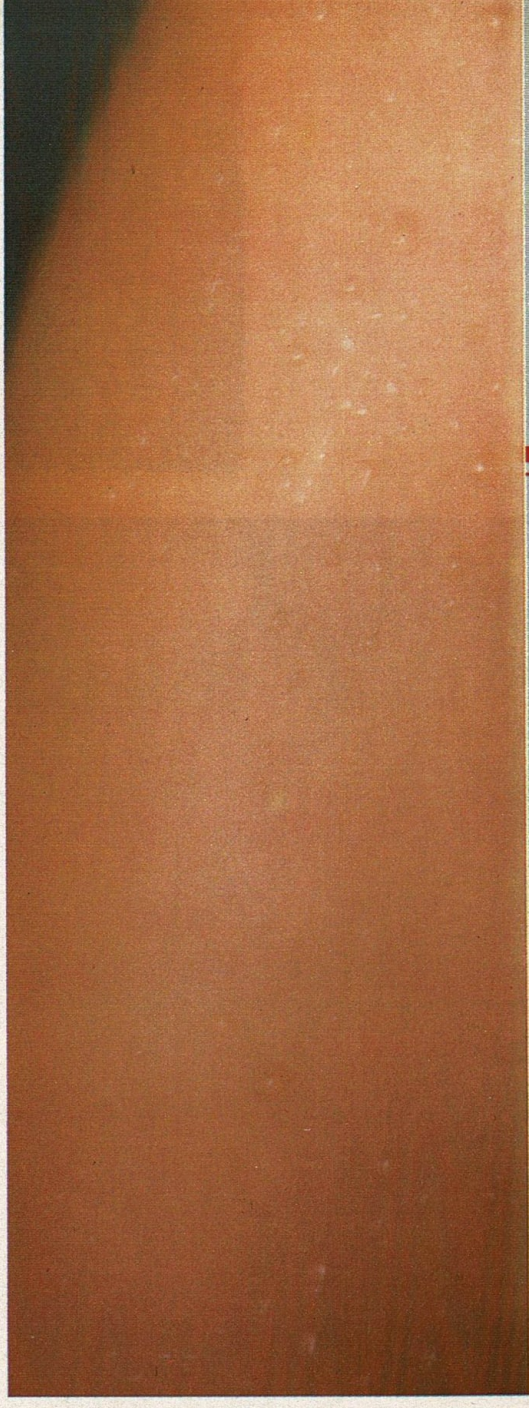
It's obvious our Pet doesn't mind, nor is she shy about sharing herself with us here. "After all, people weren't born with their clothes on. . . ."

Why try to hide it?" On the contrary, Paula's personal motto is "Seek and ye shall find."

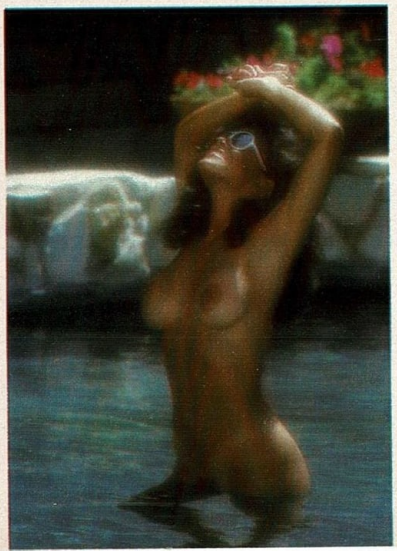
In fact, our gifted soprano intends to launch a professional singing career.

Last year, a choral group invited her to join them on a world tour, but she had to pass it up to finish high school.

My boyfriend always says that even though I sing like a nightingale, I'm not nearly as flighty. . . ." Or fickle, sadly. For two years, our smoky-eyed Pet has been strictly monogamous.

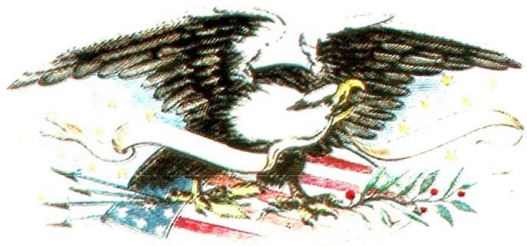


When you find a man who's good in bed and great fun out of bed, it's time to pitch your tent." We predict that single remark might put boy-scouting back in fashion.



Paula is clearly on a roll: last year she was chosen a Miss California finalist; this year she's been chosen Pet of the Month. "Titles make me feel secure–like major credit cards do." But even without them, who among us would doubt her desirability?

MISS PAULA ANN WOOD / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Eight years ago, Saigon fell to the Communists. The final chapter of the Vietnam War—the evacuation of Americans and Vietnamese from the roof of the U.S. embassy, which was vividly captured on TV—was emotionally unsettling. For most Americans, the "decent interval"—the period from 1973, when the last American troops were withdrawn, to the fall of Saigon, in 1975—was not long enough to purge the effects of the war from our national psyche. The end in Vietnam, coming so soon after Watergate and Nixon's subsequent pardon by Ford, was like a blast from a shotgun. President Ford then tried to put the war behind us, contending that it was "over," and there was nothing to be learned or gained from our involvement.

The war was too recent and too painful an event to be examined without opening wounds or delaying their healing. This was part and parcel of the Vietnam-veterans' legacy. Vietnam veterans found themselves associated with the "ills" of American society for having participated in an unpopular war. They were even condemned by some for having lost it. The media portrayed them as baby killers, dope fiends, and psychopaths. It was unfair and untrue, and most Vietnam veterans were deeply offended and hurt, and there was little they could do to correct the media's lies. Consequently, many Vietnam veterans hunkered down and stayed in the closet. It was painful and, at times, professionally costly to acknowledge one's status as a Vietnam veteran, because it often provoked confrontations. The individual was forced to defend the war in order to defend his own experience.

> Americans are trying for the first time to understand the Vietnam War rather than dismiss it as a national tragedy or nightmare.

As time passed, the nation's passion about Vietnam began to cool. Antiwar protesters and activists of the sixties and early seventies traded in their surplus jungle fatigues for Brooks Brothers' suits and gave up their positions on the barricades for jobs on Wall Street. This was only to be expected. In American politics, the causes that promote activism are often overtaken by events and by the fact that American society changes to accommodate the initial cause of the activism.

It took another political crisis before Americans could allow the Vietnam War to begin to recede into the past. The capture and holding of American hostages in Iran served this end. After the return of the hostages, in 1980, Americans could feel some distance from Vietnam, and the public began to reexamine the Vietnam veteran and his situation. From this came the recognition that it was indeed possible to separate the war from the warrior. Today, Vietnam veterans are no longer the pariahs or scapegoats for America's involvement in Vietnam. This change in attitude has been for the good and has been helpful in focusing attention on problems that Vietnam veterans continue to face, such as exposure to Agent Orange and psychological readjustment.

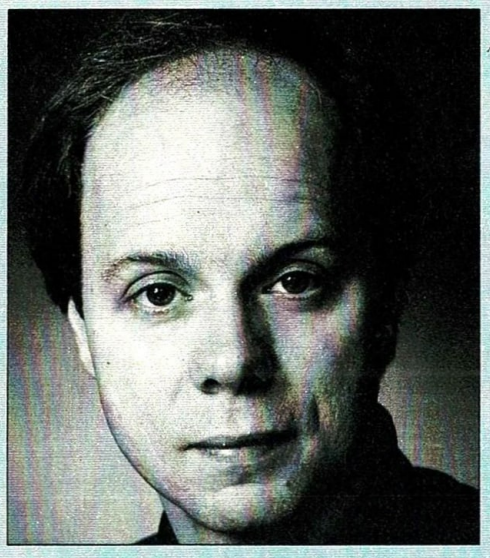
An important corollary to this changed public perception about the veteran has been an increasing attention to the war itself. A 13-part history of American involvement in Southeast Asia has been aired by the Public Broadcasting System. This series, and a spate of books with Vietnam as their background, has spawned a new interest in the Vietnam War and its aftermath. What has happened is that Americans of all stripes and ages are trying for the first time to *understand* the war rather than dismiss it as a national tragedy or nightmare. The antiwar activists of the sixties and the seventies confused the issues with their rhetoric, and although there was a basis to the protests, it was submerged by a lack of factual understanding.

Students on college campuses today were only toddlers at the time of the Tet offensive. They understood little of the war's root causes and were less inclined to condemn out of hand everyone and everything associated with it. At a number of discussions and symposiums on the war, conducted at a variety of universities and community colleges, a common theme has emerged—"I didn't know that." As we confront an uncertain and dangerous future, it is most encouraging that Americans are searching for the facts about Vietnam as a guide to the future and their roles therein.

Some years ago, the Left's rallying cry was "No more Vietnams!" It was almost an article of faith. Today, it seems likely that future generations will know why there was a Vietnam, what it cost in human terms, and perhaps what it will take to prevent a similar situation.—*William R. Corson*

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY JEROME GREER CHANDLER

Jerome Greer Chandler, an aviation writer and award-winning broadcaster, is a contributing editor to *First Class*, the magazine of the International Airline Passengers Association. He is working on a novel about the downing of a civilian airliner.

RID THE SKIES OF AEROFLOT

It's the world's largest airline—and the most secretive. Its blue-winged-hammer-and-sickle insignia proclaims Soviet presence from the Caspian to the Caribbean: We're Aeroflot, Mother Russia's only way to fly. Aeroflot *is* Soviet aviation—everything from ramshackle crop dusters to rakish TU-144 supersonic transports. The airline transported 108 million people in 1982.

Aeroflot has received a lot of press lately. In response to the shooting down of Korean Airlines Flight 007, many Western nations denied Aeroflot's fleet landing rights for a few weeks. In the opinion of many aviation experts, this ban should have been imposed long ago. And it should have been made permanent for reasons that have nothing to do with retaliation, or "mistakes," or a war of words between East and West. Their reasons for wanting a ban have to do with safety.

Soviet aviation is a long story of disaster, shoddiness, and cover-up. It was this way from the beginning. In June 1934, the mammoth, eight-engined ANT-20 *Maxim Gorki* waddled out for its first flight. Designed by Andrei Nikolaevich Tupolev, the father of Soviet aviation, it was an ungainly sight. The airplane was a flying propaganda machine replete with printing press and "sky-shouting" machine. It also contained cabins for a number of hapless passengers. Less than 11 months after its maiden flight, *Maxim Gorki* crashed.

Tupolev, however, was twice honored as a hero of socialist labor. He died in 1972. His timing was perfect. Thirty-nine years after his monster crashed, his son Alexei displayed his own creation at the 1973 Paris Air Show. The TU-144 SST was supposedly the showpiece of Soviet aeronautical genius. The press dubbed the droop-nosed transport Concordski because of its superficial resemblance to its smaller, more graceful rival, the Anglo-French Concorde. On the last day of the show, pilot Mikhail Koslov boasted, "Just wait till you see *us* fly. Then you'll see something." He was right. As 350,000 spectators gazed on, Koslov roared over Le Bourget Airport and executed a spectacular zoom climb. The left wing ripped off, then the tail, then the right wing. Soviet technology rained down on the village of Goussainville, where seven people died and 20 homes were flattened.

The fact is Soviet airplanes aren't put together well. Airliners such as the Ilyushin 62, which was featured on the Moscow-North America run, are crude copies of Western designs. Just as the TU-144 mimics the Concorde, the IL-62 is a blatant ripoff of the British VC-10. This copycat practice would not be so bad if the copies were good. But replication is flawed by slipshod Soviet production practices.

An FAA official, who closely monitored the IL-62 while it was still flying into Montreal and JFK, says, "The whole thing looked like it was put together by someone who didn't know what he was doing." But then, fit and finish aren't everything. The official says the designers of the Ilyushin managed to introduce a

"Soviet aviation is a long story of disaster, shoddiness, and cover-up. If the Russians can't conform to international standards, Western governments should restrict Aeroflot on a permanent basis."

bit of nostalgia into the plasticized world of modern aviation by hanging a chandelier from the ceiling of the main cabin.

In 1976, Japanese and American engineers got a firsthand look at the best technology the Soviet Union had to offer. The opportunity was provided by Lieutenant Viktor Belenko, a crack fighter pilot who defected in his MIG-25 Foxbat. At the time, the Foxbat was considered the world's hottest warplane, but when the engineers went over it they discovered that the interceptor was made of steel—*rusted* steel. (Titanium is the metal of choice for spiffy interceptors.) The welding and riveting was sloppy. The craft appeared difficult to control in a tight turn. The missiles hanging from the wings vibrated dangerously at high speeds, and the electronics were built around 1960s-vintage vacuum tubes. To dissuade pilots from making a rapid exit from this engineering marvel, designers decided to omit an ejection seat. Although no pushover in combat, the Foxbat proved to be more "ticktock" than high tech. But perhaps the most scary fact of all regarding Aeroflot is that in the Soviet scheme of things quality control for the production of military hardware is more stringent than that applied to civilian aircraft.

Although Aeroflot pilots are technically proficient, they are disciplined to fly by the book under rigid, authoritarian supervision. In the United States, accident or near-accident investigations often have confirmed the importance of urgent warnings by crew members. Too many copilots have withheld corrective advice as captains hurtled toward disaster. Phrases like "stop it" and "damn it" have a definite place in the vocabulary of safety, but not in Aeroflot cockpits. The flight deck of a Soviet airliner is another world. The commander sits in the right-hand seat while the captain occupies the left. Except the captain isn't really the *captain*—not as we know him. He just flies the airplane while the commander calls the shots. Life-and-death decisions can be botched in the precious seconds it takes two minds to activate one body.

Then there's the problem of air-traffic control. In the United States, it's the captain who has the final say. In the U.S.S.R. it's the guy on the ground. Says an FAA official of Soviet protocol, "Air traffic has the ultimate authority for everything. If air traffic tells them to go up and hold for an hour, and they only have 45 minutes of fuel, they *will* hold for an hour." The official adds, "When they fly over here, they have some real problems adjusting."

The language of international air-traffic control is English, and the Soviets speak it well, but often without meaning. A high-ranking FAA official, who was on the flight deck of an IL-62 inbound to Kennedy Airport, says flatly that Aeroflot crews can't function in our air-traffic control environment. "I'd clear them to an [airways] intersection," he says, "and they'd go right through it without holding!"

Such is the stuff of collisions. As for refusing to discuss safety on a person-to-person basis, the Russians were this way long before KAL 007 was blown from the sky. A member of the International Federation of Airline Pilot's Associations remembers a meeting with Soviet pilots in Vienna: "Because of [Communist] party restrictions, you can't achieve much through talks with the Russian pilots. You can only work around general issues, pointing out that certain areas have such and such problems, and that the best way to solve these problems is to go directly to the government and suggest improvements."

We don't know the full extent of the gamble passengers take when they board a Soviet-built aircraft, but all indications are that the gamble is considerable. British aviation expert David Learmount, of the magazine *Flight International*, says, "The problem is we simply don't have the complete safety data. We assess reliability in the West by finding out how often something goes wrong. If we can't get complete data on how often things go wrong, then we can only guess as to how likely they are to do so."

Keith Sharer is a top official of the International Civil Aviation Organization in Montreal. ICAO keeps comprehensive records of airline-accident investigations worldwide. But, says Sharer, "the Soviet Union doesn't normally provide accident data to ICAO or, for that matter, to anyone else."

Accident-investigation information is essential to safety. In the West, it's disseminated, dissected, and debated. If the U.S.S.R. really wants to be part of the international aviation community, it should open its files to ICAO. Fewer people would die in airplane crashes as a result. Until the Soviet minister of civil aviation is ready to take this minimal first step, Aeroflot should be prohibited from landing in, or flying over, the 150 ICAO member nations and states. The ban should be divorced from contemporary politics and aimed at safety.

Although the known record of Soviet air catastrophes is sketchy, we know enough to be understandably leery of the Ilyushins, Tupolevs, and Antonovs that regularly travel international air corridors. During five months in 1972, *at least* 538 people died in Soviet-built airliners: two IL-62s, an IL-18 propjet, and an AN-10. One IL-62 crash near Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport underscores the regard Aeroflot has for the lives of its passengers: Among the 176 who died were 38 Chileans and five Algerians. Letters of sympathy were sent to their families along with 300 rubles ($333) in compensation. Had foreign nationals not been onboard, the accident might never have been reported.

Xenophobia, paranoia, or just "plane" embarrassment may be the reason for the Soviet Union's refusal to join in the international community's concerted effort to make the skies safer. Whatever the reason, Western governments should let the U.S.S.R. know that its civilian aircraft will be restricted on a permanent basis. If the Russians can't conform to internationally accepted safety standards, their planes and pilots can stick to flying the "friendly skies" of the motherland.

VIRGIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

open above him. He looked up eagerly, but it wasn't the lady; it was a fat fairy man with snail's horns growing out of his forehead. The horns were quivering with rage, and the fairy man's face was mottled red. "Pox take you, boy, and your cursed brabble!" the fairy shouted. "When I am foredone with weariness, must I be roused out from honest slumber by your hurbleburble?" Barry winced; evidently he had struck the Faërie equivalent of a night-shift worker. The fairy shook a fist at Barry. "Out upon you, miscreant! By the Oak of Mughna, I demand silence!" The window snapped shut again.

Barry looked nervously up at the eyelid-shaped window, but somehow he *had* to get the lady to come out and fix this goddamned *nose*. "Lady?" he whispered. "*Please*, lady?" No answer. This wasn't working at all. He'd have to change tactics and take his chances with Snailface in the next apartment. "Lady!" he yelled. "Open up! I'm going to stand here and shout at the top of my lungs until you come out! You want that? Do you?"

The eyelid flew open. "This passes bearing!" Snailface raged. "Now, Cernunnos shrivel me, an I chasten not this boistous doltard!"

"Listen, mister, I'm *sorry*," Barry said uneasily. "I don't mean to wake you up, honest, but I've *got* to get that lady to come out, or my ass'll really be grass!"

"Your *arse*, say you?" the snail-horned man snarled. "Marry, since you would have it so, why, by Lugh, I'll do it straight!" He made a curious gesture and then slammed the shutter closed.

Again, there was a *popping* noise in Barry's ears and a change of pressure that he could feel in his sinuses. *Another* spell had been cast on him.

Sure enough, there was a strange, prickly sensation at the base of his spine. "Oh, no!" he whispered. He didn't really want to look—but at last he forced himself to. He groaned.

He had sprouted a long green tail. It looked and smelled suspiciously like grass.

"Ha! Ha!" Barry muttered savagely to himself. "Very funny! *Great* sense of humor these little winged people've got!"

In a sudden spasm of rage, Barry began to rip out handfuls of grass, trying to *tear* the loathsome thing from his body. The grass pulled out easily, and he felt no pain, but it grew back many times faster than he could tear it free—so that by the time he decided he was getting nowhere, the gruesome tail trailed out six or seven feet behind him.

What was he going to do *now*?

Gloomily, he gathered up his sample cases and trudged off down the street, his nose banging into his upper lip at every step, his tail dragging forlornly behind him in the dust. Be damned if this wasn't even worse than cold selling in *Newark*. He wouldn't have believed it. But *there* he had only been mugged and had his car tires slashed. *Here* he had been hideously disfigured, maybe for life—and he wasn't even making any *sales*.

And he had had such high hopes for this expedition, too. . . .

Barry never really understood why Titania, the Fairy Queen, spent so much of her time hanging out in a sleazy little roadside bar on the outskirts of a jerkwater south-Jersey town—perhaps *that* was the kind of place that seemed exotic to *her*. Perhaps she liked the rotgut hooch, or the greasy hamburgers, or the foot-stomping honky-tonk music on the jukebox. Perhaps she just had an odd sense of humor. Who knew? *Not* Barry.

Nor did he ever really understand why he had gone *along* with the gag when the beat-up old barfly on his left had leaned over to him, breathing out poisonous fumes, and confided "*I'm* really the Queen of the Fairies, you know." Ordinarily, he would have laughed, or ignored her, or said something like "And *I'm* the Queen of the May, sleazeball." But he had done none of these things. Instead, he had nodded gravely and asked her if he could have the honor of lighting the cigarette that was wobbling about in her shaking hand.

> This was even worse than cold selling in Newark. There he had only been mugged and had his tires slashed. Here he had been hideously disfigured, maybe for life.

Why did he do this? Certainly it hadn't been from even the *remotest* desire to get into the Queen's grease-stained pants—in her earthly incarnation, the Queen was a grimy, gray-haired, broken-down rummy, with a horse's face, a dragon's breath, cloudy agate eyes, and a bright-red rum-blossom nose. No, there had been no ulterior motive. But he had been in an odd mood: restless, bored, and stale. So he had played up to her on a spur-of-the-moment whim, going along with the gag, buying her drinks and lighting cigarettes for her and listening to her endless stream of half-coherent talk—all the while solemnly calling her "your majesty" and "highness," getting a kind of role-playing let's-pretend kick out of it that he hadn't known since he was a kid.

So that when midnight came and all the patrons of the bar froze into freeze-frame rigidity, paralyzed in the middle of drinking or shouting or scratching or shoving, and Titania manifested herself in the radiant glory of her *true* form, nobody could have been more surprised than *Barry*.

"My God!" he'd cried. "You really *are*. . ."

"The Queen of the Fairies," Titania said smugly. "You bet your buns, sweetie. I *told* you so, didn't I?" She smiled radiantly and then gave a ladylike hiccup.

The Queen in her new form was so dazzlingly beautiful that it almost hurt the eye, but there was still a trace of rotgut whiskey on her breath. "And because *you've* been a most true and courteous knight to one from whom you thought to see no earthly gain, I'm going to grant you a *wish*. How about *that*, kiddo?" She beamed at him, then hiccuped again; whatever catabolic effect her transformation had had on her blood-alcohol level, she was obviously still slightly tipsy.

Barry thought about it. A wish? What did he want? Well, he *was* a *salesman*, wasn't he? New worlds to conquer. . .

Now, as he stumbled through the maze of streets of the Fairytown, Barry cursed himself for having been so ambitious. If only he'd asked for something *safe*, like a swimming pool or a Ferrari. Not paying any attention to where he was going, Barry wandered blindly downhill. His feet stumbled over the cobblestones, and only by bone-deep instinct did he keep hold of the sample cases. The street ended in a long curving set of wooden stairs. Mechanically, dazedly, he followed them down. At the bottom of the stairs, a narrow path led under the footing of one of the gossamer bridges that looped like silken, gray cobwebs between the slender hills. It was cool and dark here, and almost peaceful. . . .

"Aaaarrrrgghhhhh!"

Something *enormous* leapt out from the gloom and enveloped him in a single, scaly green hand. The fingers were a good three feet long each, and their grip was as cold and hard as iron. The hand easily lifted him into the air, while he squirmed and kicked futilely.

Barry stared up into the creature's face. "Yop!" he said. A double row of yellow fangs lined a froglike mouth large enough to swallow him up in one gulp. The blazing eyes bulged ferociously, and the nose was a flat smear. The head was topped off by a fringe of hair that looked like red worms, and a curving pair of ram's horns.

"Pay *up* for the use a my bridge," the creature roared. "Or by Oberon's dirty socks, I'll crunch you whole!"

It never ends, Barry thought. He demanded in frustration, "What bridge?"

"A wise guy!" the monster sneered. "*That* bridge, whadda ya *think*?" He gestured upward scornfully. "The bridge *over* us, dummy! The bridge a Morrig the Fearsome! *My* bridge. I got a royal commission says I gotta right ta collect a toll from *every* creature that sets foot on it, and you better

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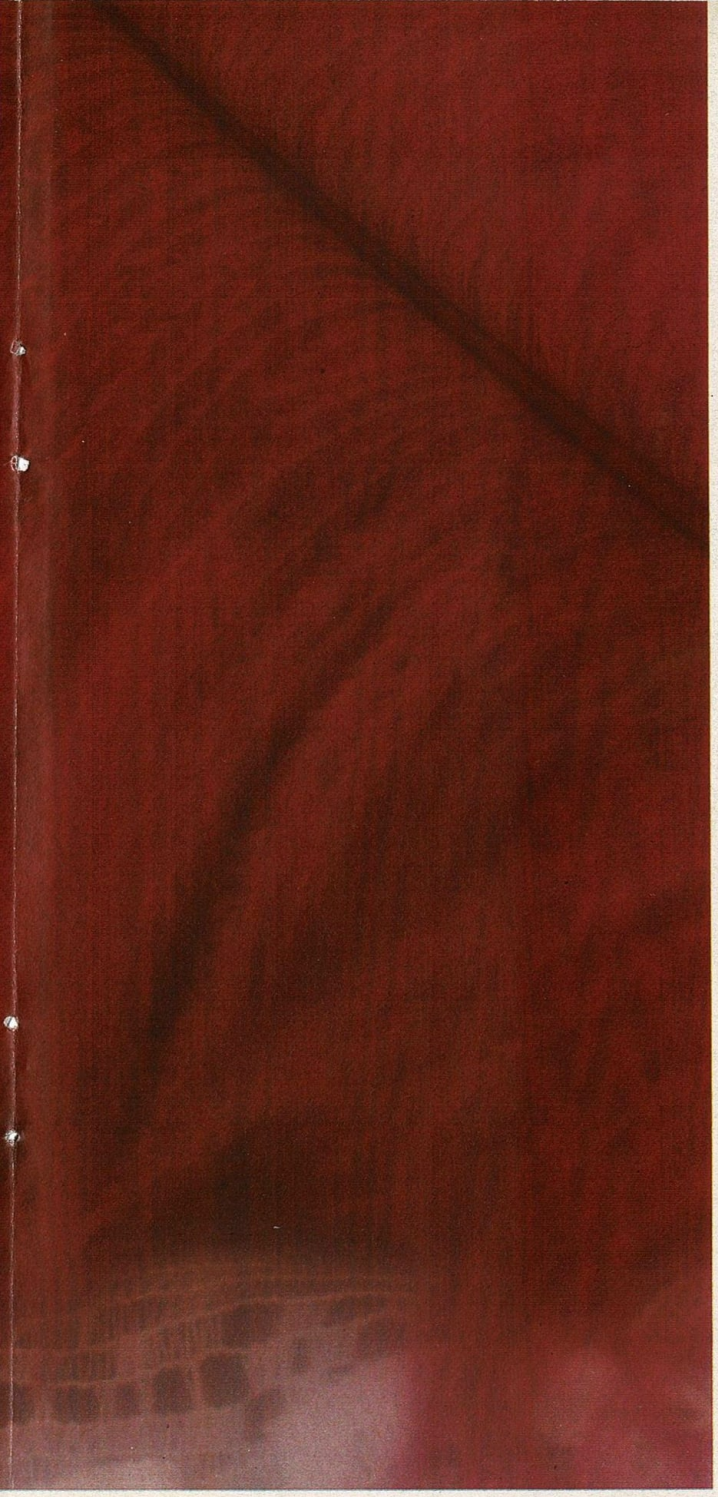
CARA

"I'm really not much of a party girl...private parties for two are more my style."



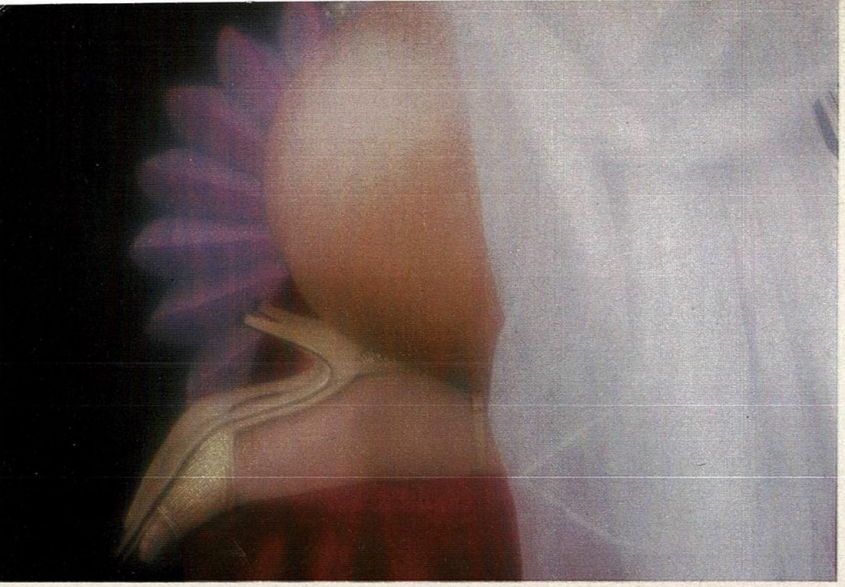
HIDE AND GO SEEK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY PASTERNAK

Though she doesn't live far from Big Sur, Cara Richards is no typical California girl. She prefers a world that is indoors, air-conditioned, dimly lit, and sensual. In a whisper as soft as the feathers that hide her face, she explains how sunny outdoor activities pale beside her favorite sedentary pleasures: good food, good wine, good music. And she allows that making love is another favored pleasure but refuses to rate her priorities. Instead, she repeats a well-known Zen maxim:

" 'When you eat, eat; when you work, work; when you sleep, sleep' ...you know the rest," she says with a smile.

Though fun-loving, Cara's no party girl; she suggests that private parties for two are more her style.

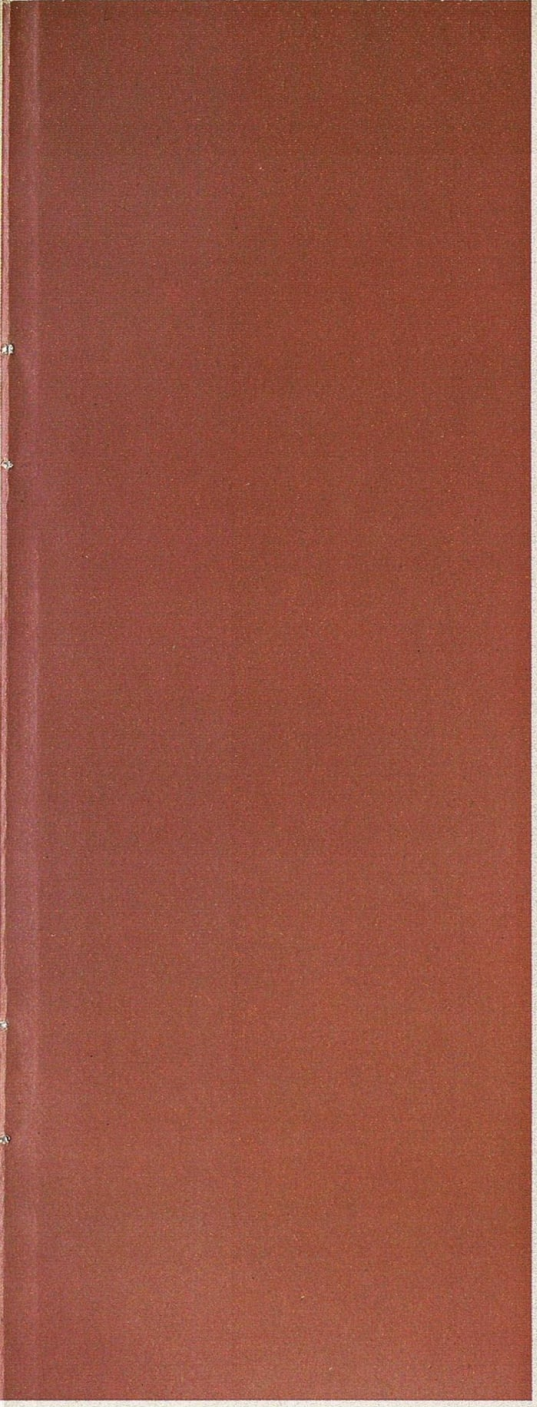


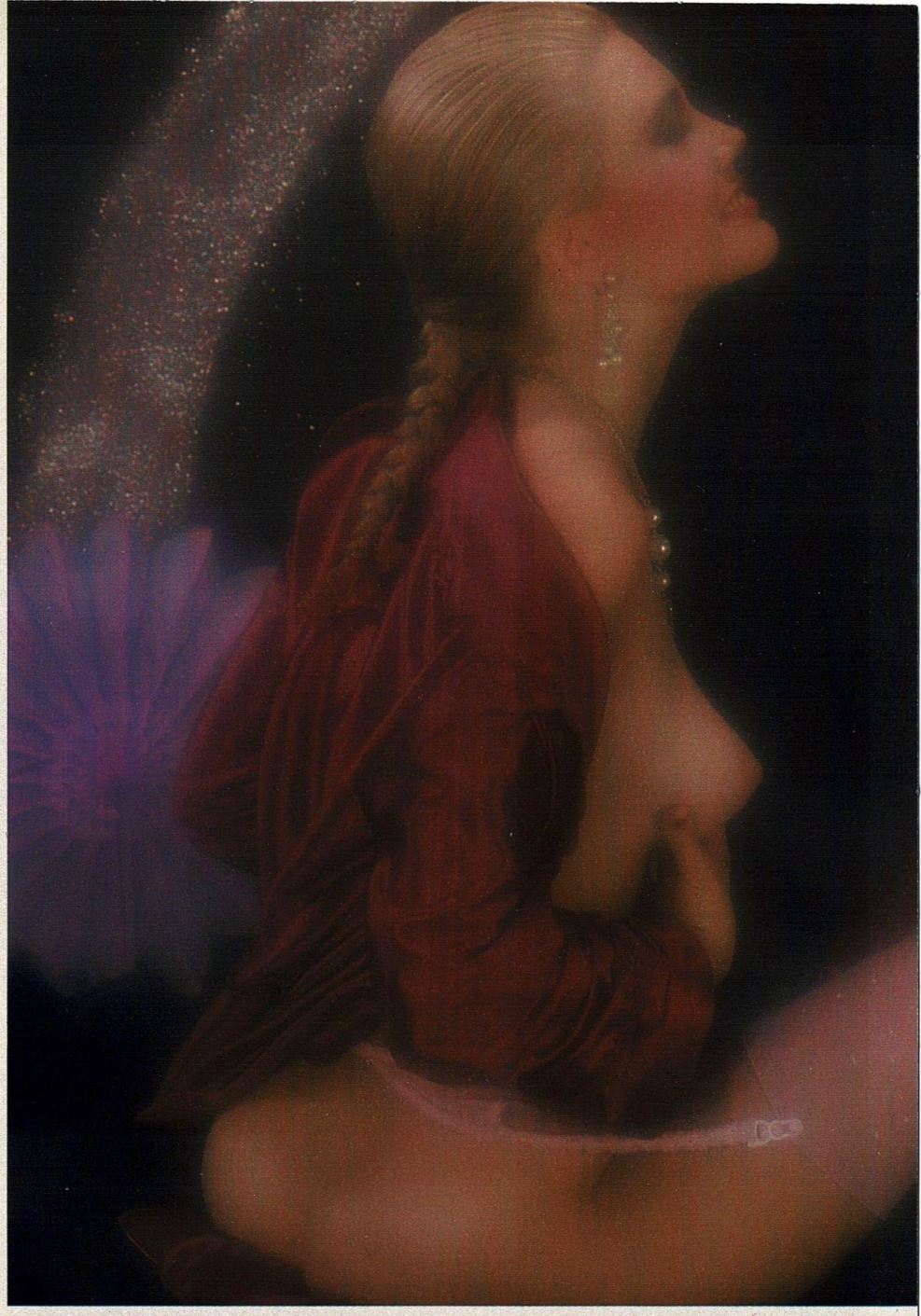
We'd like to get on her party line, but Cara warns that she's got too many calls to answer already. Plus, she has to work for a living—presently as a bookstore clerk....

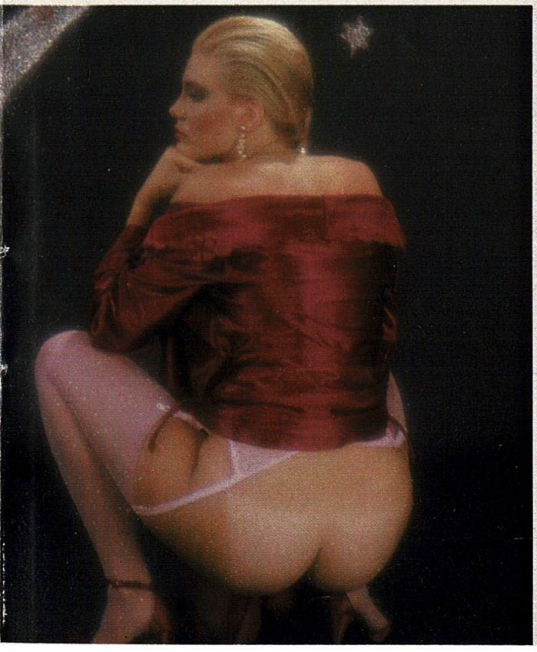
A bit lazy by nature, Cara admits she's sometimes tardy, but knows she'll never be fired. Seems the number of male customers has doubled since she started work. No proof that her riveting 35-23-35-inch figure is the cause, but a body can read between the lines....

And Cara's quick to admit that she's no bibliophile. "There are some experiences in life you simply can't get from books."

A product of her generation, our 21-year-old Pet much prefers video games and, of course, her music. "My stereo sleeps when I sleep," she says, "otherwise, we're both on full blast." Even, we ask, when she's busy making love? "Not quite," says she. Accompanied by a vigorous, well-endowed man, she's got her own brand of rhythm.







PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"My father died a brutal death. The Mafia could have killed him, but I really believe the CIA did the job. I decided to go public in order to clarify some of the things that were printed about him. And I also thought this would be one way of cleansing his soul."

ANTOINETTE GIANCANA

The exact details may never be known, but on the evening of June 20, 1975, Sam "Momo" Giancana, 66, stood at the stove in his snug basement kitchen, an elderly widower in slippers preparing a midnight snack of Italian sausages. It was a hot, muggy night in suburban Oak Park, Illinois, and as was his wont, Giancana chatted amiably with a friend or an associate trusted enough to be admitted to the mob boss's private quarters. A short while later, the caretaker called down to Giancana before turning in and walked downstairs to find him face up in a pool of blood, shot once in the mouth and five times in the neck. The murder weapon, a High Standard Duromatic .22 target pistol fitted with a silencer, left little doubt that it had been a thoroughly professional hit.

Described by spokesmen for the Chicago Crime Commission as the city's most powerful mobster since Al Capone, the short, balding Giancana had been scheduled to testify before the Senate Select Subcommittee on Intelligence only five days later. The point of inquiry was the contract allegedly given to Giancana and his reputed West Coast lieutenant, John Roselli, by the CIA to eliminate Fidel Castro, his brother, Raoul, and Ernesto "Che" Guevara in the late 1960s. The racketeers, who established a base of operations in Miami and who, along with Meyer Lansky, lost millions after Castro had purged Havana of its mob-operated casinos, were to poison the Cuban leader and thus create a vacuum that would make Cuba ripe for counter-revolution. According to Senator Frank Church, the chairman of the Intelligence Subcommittee, Roselli had indeed testified and had "filled in, in much greater detail" the outlines of the aborted assassination plot; as events would have it, however, Roselli himself was found shortly thereafter stuffed into a 55-gallon oil drum, floating in Florida's Biscayne Bay.

The gangland-style slaying of Giancana ended a long and eventful career. The son of an immigrant peddler, the Chicago Don had started at the bottom. On the way up, he did time for burglary and bootlegging, serving as a "wheelman" for the likes of Frank Nitti and Tony Accardo, and by the age of 21 he had been fingered as the prime suspect in three murders. Gambling, narcotics, labor extortion, and vice all followed, as well as syndicate control of the jukebox and recording industries. By the late fifties, even while under federal scrutiny, Giancana's multimillion-dollar empire expanded to include gambling interests not only in Las Vegas and Reno but casinos as far flung as the Dominican Republic, Jamaica, and even Tehran, Iran. Mayors, police chiefs, state legislators, and even congressmen—all were at his beck and call. The gangster's gangster, he was known to the press and public alike as the boyfriend of singer Phyllis McGuire and Judith Campbell Exner, as well as being frequently seen with other show-biz types; he was a high-profile "flier" whose flamboyance, even while under surveillance by then-attorney general Robert Kennedy, may well have led to his demise.

Now, eight years later, Giancana's daughter Antoinette has made public the details of her father's life and the trauma of growing up under his iron rule. Unlike other mob memoirs, her about-to-be-released book, *Mafia Princess*, cowritten with Thomas Renner (William Morrow), reveals a man racked by anxiety and egotism, a brutal man having little in common with Mafia stereotypes of the benign godfather. Instead of Don Corleone we get what Giancana herself calls a domestic Jekyll and Hyde. *Jekyll?* Giancana made huge contributions to the Catholic Church and wanted his daughter to become a nun, worshiped his dutiful wife, and collected antique music boxes. *Hyde?* Besides ordering the execution of scores of friends and enemies, he beat his outspoken daughter and banished her to boarding schools and mental institutions, after driving her to alcoholism and near-suicide. The account is startling, not only for what the mob chieftain's daughter says about syndicate crime in

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MUTH

America but also for its insight into the psychological makeup of one of its most feared dons.

"Other people are afraid to talk, but I'm going public because I have to," she claims, and here, in *Penthouse*'s unique interview, Giancana explains why. Call it self-rehabilitation, or her need to sort out her obviously bizarre past, but what emerges is anything but the expected. She destroys the myth of the godfather as kindly and loving at home despite his brutality on the street. On the contrary, the forces that drove Sam Giancana to ascendancy as *capo di tutti capi* west of the Mississippi, a mobster whose power was equaled only by the likes of Frank Costello and Carlo Gambino, are revealed as the stuff of personality, not legend. To probe the makeup of such a man, *Penthouse* assigned Peter Manso to travel to Chicago, talk with Antoinette Giancana, and take up where her book leaves off. Manso reports:

"A unique assignment, for while Joe Valachi and Jimmy 'the Weasel' Fratianno spilled the beans as mob henchmen, Toni Giancana comes at it from another angle entirely. So different, in fact, is her account that as we talked over the course of three days she'd often break down and weep, startled anew at what a difficult time she'd had. Before his death, her father controlled, or tried to control, her every move, insisting on some angelic purity totally at odds with his own behavior. And he totally rejected her once her divorce from the father of her five children was finalized. Perhaps because Toni was his firstborn and he was denied a son—there are two other children, both female—Sam Giancana was a bitterly disappointed man. Perhaps, too, the death of his wife in 1954 unhinged him further, leading to headline news stories linking him with show-business personalities and eventually open conflict with federal authorities and mob associates alike.

"One thing is certain, however: Toni Giancana tells all, names the names, and destroys forever the fiction that mobsters are pussycats at heart."

Penthouse: Despite the Mafia code of silence—*omertà*—you've just published a memoir about your father, a book that names names and goes into the most intimate details of the Chicago crime syndicate as well as your personal life as the daughter of one of America's most notorious criminals. What's your motivation—money, pure and simple?

Giancana: Primarily, yes. After my father was shot in 1975, I was broke. I was collecting food stamps, and despite Sam's riches I came away with next to nothing. Also, I wanted to clarify how I felt about the man. The relationship was complicated, as was Sam Giancana himself.

Penthouse: But essentially you were going to pen your memoirs and get rich—the lampshades were going to turn to gold?

Giancana: Maybe silver, not gold. A lot of people have written books on the so-called Mafia, but I lived in a household where the Mafia was the real thing. There's some good in every individual, and as much as I hated him, there was some good in my father. We didn't get along at all, and we were estranged for two years before his death. Actually, I'd thought about it before he died—when I was 19 or 20, I remember I once blurted out to my father, just to aggravate him, "I'm gonna write a book." I felt it was my hole card, only it wasn't. He got violently angry and told me to keep my goddamned mouth shut. On occasion I'd even mention that I was going to report him to the IRS, especially when he started bearing down.

Penthouse: So the book is your revenge?

Giancana: My father died a brutal death. I wondered how it happened. I wanted to clarify, rectify some of the things that were printed about the man. And I also thought this would be one way of cleansing my soul, let's say, or my father's soul, as to why he probably did some of the things he did. I wasn't very angry at the time of his death because I hadn't spoken to him for two years. I was divorced and he'd have my ex-husband, Carmen, and the children over at the house while I was left out completely; he'd rejected me. He was saying, "I've proved my point and that's it, let her suffer." My father used to provide envelopes for us once a month—$500, $600—and there were also Christmas gifts: a Mercedes and sometimes money toward the houses we lived in. But after the divorce Carmen got the Mercedes. I kept the Volkswagen bug—six of us in the bug, it was ridiculous.

Penthouse: What was your reaction when you learned he'd been killed?

Giancana: It was very strange. My ex-husband called at five o'clock in the morning, and I knew damn well it wasn't a social call. "I have something to tell you," he said. I said, "Yeah, my father. I think I know." And he said, "I'm sorry, your dad died." I then asked him how.

Penthouse: You knew *before* being told?

Giancana: I had a premonition. Earlier that day I was with my children in the Wisconsin Dells, a resort area with amusement parks and arcades; they have a wax museum there and the kids brought me a pamphlet. I was looking through the pamphlet, and there was a picture of a bust of President Nixon, and someone was putting hair on his head. I started to think that they only do this kind of thing for terribly important people, like presidents and queens, while they're alive, but for other people, they wait until they're dead. But instead of Nixon's head I saw my father's head right there on the page. I became faint, and I looked back at the picture and said over and over to myself, "They only do this when you die." Then the picture turned back into Nixon. It was frightening.

Penthouse: So when you received the call, you knew right away that something had happened?

Giancana: Yes, because Carmen sometimes worked four to midnight, and then he'd go and sit with my father. He was a night owl. Obviously, he was calling from my father's house.

Penthouse: Then what happened?

Giancana: After my initial shock, I asked if I should come to the house. And I was told to stay away.

Penthouse: By Carmen?

Giancana: No, by my two sisters. I was estranged from my whole family. I was the black sheep. So what happened is I had put money away for my fortieth birthday party, and instead I ended up spending it on the kids' suits for the funeral.

Penthouse: So this is your way of saying, "Damn the code, I'm telling it like it is"?

Giancana: Yes, because I don't respect the code. They've never put bread on my table.

Penthouse: Who?

Giancana: The Family! The Mafia! After my hardships, they never came to me and said, "Here's $50, go buy the kids something." I don't know if the East Coast families deal the same way as the Chicago family, but once there's a death, you're completely finished, you're an outcast.

Penthouse: Is it possible that the mob killed him? Certainly, in the last few years of his life he'd been making headlines—hardly keeping the requisite low profile.

Giancana: The Mafia could have killed him, sure, but I believe the CIA did the job. If you don't want to believe this, you could also say an irate girlfriend killed him, but that's farfetched.

Penthouse: The CIA? That suggestion has certainly been made before—the scenario being that your father was shot five days before he was to testify on the Castro assassination plot before the Senate Select Subcommittee on Intelligence.

Giancana: That's true. If the CIA hired Sam and Johnny Roselli to do this job on Castro—

Penthouse: If? Is it a fact?

Giancana: Well, I believe Sam was paid.

Penthouse: What's your evidence?

Giancana: I heard . . . my father did make a . . . Off the cuff, please.

Penthouse: You really want this off the cuff?

Giancana: I heard him laugh one day and say, "I got those people."

Penthouse: "Those people" meaning the CIA or their representatives?

Giancana: Yes. And I remember it being said that $100,000 was passed, though for what reason I don't know. I remember Sam laughing and these were his words: "I got the government for $100,000." Like, "Hey, I made a good deal. Instead of paying them money, they're paying *me*."

Penthouse: When was this? Supposedly the Roselli-Giancana plan to poison Castro was hatched in the fall of 1960: The rationale was that Castro had cost the mob hundreds of millions by kicking their casinos out. Was this when you heard him refer to "getting $100,000"?

Giancana: Yes.

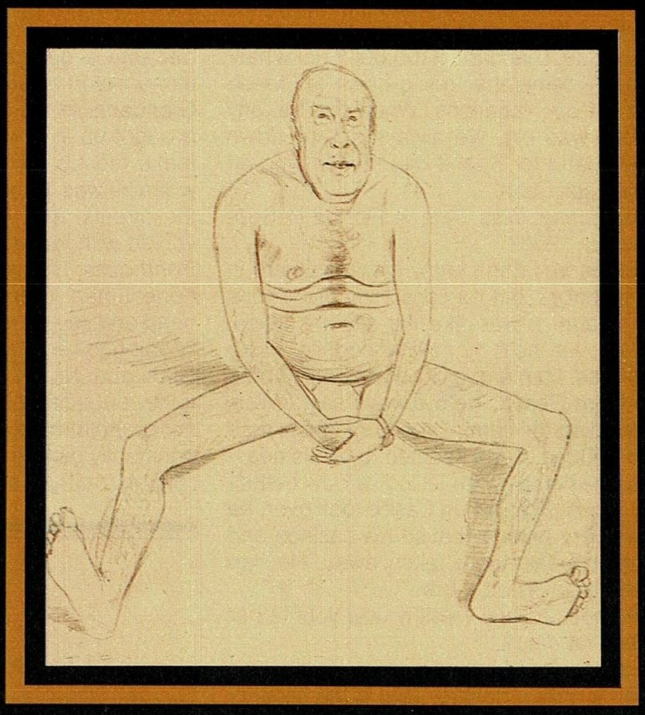
Penthouse: And there's no question that Sam's remark referred to the Castro plot?
Giancana: I'm almost positive. Because why would the government give my father $100,000? He'd just been in jail on income-tax evasion. I mean it's ridiculous. The government is going to come in and give Sam Giancana $100,000? For what? Look, I remember going down to Florida for all our vacations. When the Saxony Hotel was big, we always stayed down there, and for Sam it was the jumping-off place for Cuba.
Penthouse: Was Sam in Florida in September 1960?
Giancana: I don't know if he was there in September, but he constantly made trips to Miami. It was like his second office. Moreover, he'd fly down incognito, using an alias. I remember when he had a home in Palm Beach, he'd always say, "Well, I'm going to Miami," and from Miami he'd go to Cuba. Cuba seemed to be his heaven. I remember him telling us how beautiful it was. Then when Castro took over, he was very bitter because his casinos and shrimp boats were taken away. He had millions invested there.
Penthouse: How wealthy was your father when he died?
Giancana: Almost penniless—a little less than a million dollars. This is the mystery behind his death. Where did my father's money go? Somebody's got it.
Penthouse: Wait a second. You say he had almost a million dollars and you call that "almost penniless"?
Giancana: Well, I would say that his personal worth was more like 5 million.
Penthouse: And you don't know where the rest went?
Giancana: No.
Penthouse: What form did his wealth take here in Chicago? Obviously he had a lot of cash, but did he also own real estate here?
Giancana: No. He just hid cash.
Penthouse: No stocks or securities?
Giancana: No. That could have been investigated by the IRS. They didn't own anything, these guys.
Penthouse: Your father was heir to the legacy of Al Capone, which meant that he was controlling Chicago's numbers racket, jukeboxes, loan-sharking, prostitution, and dope.
Giancana: He was against drugs—he didn't deal in drugs.
Penthouse: You're certain?
Giancana: Yes. My father was an unusual man. Let's bring in his other side. He was very family oriented, he had religious beliefs and convictions. He was a very kind and generous person. As his daughter, I don't think he would deal in drugs because drugs destroy families.
Penthouse: So does shooting someone in the head with a .38.
Giancana: Drugs are gradual, over a long period of time.
Penthouse: Come on! The same sort of thing was said about Carmine Galante, the Bonanno underboss; yet Galante was sent up for 20 years for trafficking in drugs. Aren't you just looking for one area of your father's life that was clean?
Giancana: I'm not going to deny that, but until it's been proved otherwise, I'll flatly deny he was involved with drugs.
Penthouse: Why do you think your father became a gangster instead of, say, a stonemason or an accountant?
Giancana: In the part of the city he was brought up in it was just an easy way to make money. He dropped out of school when he was 11 or 12 and started running the streets, and I guess he just got involved with these people.
Penthouse: But your grandfather was an honest man. Didn't he ever take Sam in hand and say, "Hey, fella, no son of mine is going to be a hood"?
Giancana: No. In fact, he used to bail my father out quite a bit. He was the apple of my grandfather's eye. If it weren't for his constantly getting my father out of prison, raising bail money, etc., he probably would have been a very wealthy man.

> I think my father really wanted to go legitimate, but when you're that high up the only way you get out is either natural death or assassination.

Penthouse: It's been said that Sam Giancana completely controlled Chicago, right or wrong?
Giancana: Complete control? No, the city is too big. But he did control certain things in the city, and I guess he got Kennedy elected. What I mean is that the only way Kennedy could have gotten in the way he did was through the Chicago Democratic machine, which was controlled by organized crime. There was a lot of money to be made. All the things the government does, like hand out money to the cities for various programs, federal grants for construction, that kind of thing, are profitable for criminals as well as politicians. Father was also a staunch Democrat all his life. He also controlled the taverns, the linen industry, the hospitality industry.
Penthouse: What was your father's attitude toward the Democratic-party machine in Chicago?
Giancana: It was something he used—something he believed in because it would benefit him.
Penthouse: In a monetary way, you mean?
Giancana: That's the name of the game in Chicago—it's always money.
Penthouse: Are you saying that Chicago is any different from any other big city?
Giancana: Well, Chicago is the hub of the United States. Rail, trucks, air—geographically our location is the best possible. There are so many ways to launder money here and to transport things back and forth.
Penthouse: Because of this central location, was your father a power to be reckoned with nationally?
Giancana: Yes.
Penthouse: How did city politicians act around your father?
Giancana: They all loved and respected him. As strange as it may sound, Dad had a special charisma. Believe me when I tell you that when we went out together, in quite a few places in Chicago people would walk up and ask him how he was. It was all very respectful . . . unless he gave the finger to people.
Penthouse: What?
Giancana: For example, if we were sitting in a restaurant and somebody wanted to come up, he'd just point his little index finger up, with his hand flat on the table. That meant "No, don't come over. I'm hot" or "I don't want to be bothered, I'm with my family." It was a signal everybody got to know. That was one of the little strange things that he did.
Penthouse: But when he would receive people, was he warm?
Giancana: Very warm.
Penthouse: Could he relate to people who were not yes-men? People with their own independence?
Giancana: Yes, he could. He thought that many of these men who would bow down were weak—they were blanks who couldn't think on their own.
Penthouse: If Sam Giancana had decreed a one-week strike in Chicago, "Nobody works," what would have happened?
Giancana [grinning]: I think the city would have closed. There would be absolutely nothing.
Penthouse: You like that idea?
Giancana: I love it! Yes, I admired my father. As much as I hated him, I admired him.
Penthouse: This theme comes up over and over again in your book—you reveled in your father's power. He was cruel to you, yet you identified with him. Why?
Giancana: I loved it because it made me different. He had clout, I had clout. I'd leave a restaurant, say, and not pay the bill. I was different from the average person sitting at the bar. We had power. And, yeah, I was spoiled. When he wasn't putting me down, Sam bought me lovely presents: cars, clothes, houses.
Penthouse: Whatever you wanted?
Giancana: When I was young, he'd take me and my sisters to New York for a wardrobe. He'd carry $100 bills, no charge cards. One year he spent $3,000 on me. I had a couple of suits from Dior and a pair of matching shoes and a handbag for every outfit.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:



FOLK HEROES, PART 11

Our president appears just fine
When posturing on back-lot vines;
But Tarzan and his simple band
Are lost when things get out of hand.
The world, alas, is just not fair;
The jungle is all too real out there.

Having successfully made the jump from television to movies, one of our biggest fans opens up in a revealing conversation.

JOHN CANDY GOES HOLLYWOOD

John Candy, the Orson Welles of comedy, recently won his second Emmy for writing for an unlikely television program, the former late-night *SCTV*, which has now moved to Cinemax, where two new segments will be shown each month. *SCTV* survives because of support from its cult and critics. But Candy has ventured from his Toronto home base for Hollywood, New York, and the movies. Candy knew he was tired of the seven-day-a-week television

grind as a writer-performer. How many worthwhile shows and celebrities were left to snipe at? Candy wanted to feel the heat from the side of his former targets. His intentions were made clear when he turned down a chance to become a regular on *Saturday Night Live*. Instead, he took a turn as guest host. He returned to *SCTV* this past season for one time only—again, as a guest. Now he is genuinely feeling the heat and enjoying it.

Candy, 32, a native of Toronto, started out with the Toronto and Chicago units of the Second City stage show—the same company that spawned John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner, and Bill Murray. When Second City decided to try its own half-hour syndicated television show, Candy signed up as a writer and a performer. After three seasons, he left to front his own show, *Big City Comedy*. Although the show lasted only one season, it made

a star of Candy—in Canada. Then came featured roles in *1941, The Blues Brothers,* and *Stripes*. Just before *Stripes* was released, *SCTV* became part of NBC's late-night Friday lineup.

It was his weird and often sleazy assortment of characters—Johnny LaRue, Harry ("the guy with the snake on my face"), Gil Fisher ("The Fishin' Musician"), Big Jim McBob ("they blowed up real good"), Mayor Tommy Shanks—and his accurate impersonations of Luciano Pavarotti, Tip O'Neill, Divine, Shelley Winters, and the Beaver that established Candy as a star and a favorite of television's often dissatisfied critics.

Candy is an imposing figure. He stands six feet three inches and easily weighs over 250 pounds. He doesn't get lost in the crowd, and when he pulls one of his practical jokes—he once tucked Chevy Chase into a wrestling headlock at a party, dragging him around for several hours—he's not easily forgotten.

During a six-month stay in Los Angeles last year, Candy was in three movies—a cameo in *National Lampoon's Vacation* and starring roles in *Going Berserk* and the soon-to-be-released *Splash,* directed by Ron Howard, and costarring Tom Hanks and *SCTV*'s Eugene Levy. In *Splash* Candy plays an avid *Penthouse* reader who feels the world should celebrate the publication of his "Forum" letter.

California-based free-lance writer Robert Crane traveled to Toronto to interview Candy on his 20-acre farm. He lives there with his wife and three-year-old daughter in a rambling home complete with satellite dish for staying in touch with the programs he won't be satirizing anymore.

Crane reports: "Candy was an engaging and gracious host willing to answer all questions, although he was usually less than serious. I asked him to describe himself and he said, 'I'm a nice guy who you could come to if you needed a favor. I'm always saying "no problem"—and that's always the problem. I'm always overbooking myself.' "

After shooting a few games of billiards, we settled into a corner of his game room, with a well-stocked bar only feet away. Keeping in mind that *National Lampoon* listed Candy's name among several other comics in a survey that asked its readers who could be the next to die, I started our talk on one of its few somber notes.

Penthouse: Do you think people, specifically entertainers, have learned anything from John Belushi's death?

Candy: Never hang out with girls named Cathy Smith. Also, no matter how successful you are, you can, in fact, die. If you have any feelings at all, you have to realize that it was a tragic way to go and it could happen to you. I don't think John did it intentionally.

People should look at what he gave, how many laughs he brought everyone. Anytime he came on-screen or onstage, people were always ready for a laugh, and he never let them down. What he had was very rare. I'd rather have people think of John as a funny man and as a good man, than as a junkie who died in a hotel room with a big cloud of suspicion surrounding the circumstances. I feel so sorry for Judy [Belushi] still having to go through all this. There are still unanswered questions about what happened. I hope it will all be resolved and we can move on to other things. John would be real pissed off and tired of it by now.

Penthouse: How did you feel when the press dubbed you "the new Belushi"?

Candy: When I first heard it, it upset me only because it reminded me of John's death. People are always going to make comparisons. There's nothing I can do or say that's going to change that, so I can only keep doing my work. I'm not really giving people any ammunition for the comparison between us, so the less said about it the better.

Penthouse: What is it about you that clicked with the public and distinguished you from the rest of the cast of *SCTV*?

Candy: It was probably my name. You can remember it easily. And characters like LaRue. They're a little brash, a little different for television. I think all the characters on *SCTV* were totally different. They were all a bit sleazy.

Penthouse: Is that what made the show so special?

Candy: There were seven strong characters, and it was one of those rare cases in television that if you looked at it from different angles you could see all the players' special influence. Everybody shone on that show. We each were supporting players and we each got a chance to star. It was a unique show. Everyone worked equally as hard.

Penthouse: Is there a lot of Johnny LaRue in John Candy?

Candy: Hell, we all have a bit of LaRue in us. We all like to have a good time, to party. That's why I created him. Here's a guy who has everything: beautiful women, good times, limousines. LaRue is the enjoyable times, the no-no's in all of us.

Penthouse: As far as the rest of the cast goes, who is genuinely funny offscreen?

Candy: Gene [Levy] makes me laugh. He's the slowest man in the world. You'd never want to go to a restaurant with him. He takes forever to order. You could be finished with your meal and Gene will be putting on the last touches of salt. His whole manner is funny.

Dave Thomas is very funny. He has the worst luck with life. He falls, trips, walks into walls. He's always in a plaster cast. Physically, Dave makes me laugh. But Dave has a real sharp edge to him. He hates authority. He'll yell at anybody. He blows real quick. As he's saying it, he's realizing that he shouldn't say it. That makes me laugh.

Joe [Flaherty] is always thinking. He's like the absentminded professor. You could be talking to Joe for ten minutes and he won't be listening to you. He'll be talking about something else. He's always worrying about how the Pirates and the Steelers are doing.

Penthouse: How did you feel when NBC replaced *SCTV* with a rock video show?

Candy: That show got a 35 share, which is more than we ever got. There are a lot of people who just want to watch music. There were die-hard fans who stuck with us in the 12:30 time slot. But there were more people, unfortunately, who'd rather watch videos, even bad videos, of bands. NBC can sit back and say, "Well, we got a 35 share." I say to them, "What about the quality of the show and the Emmys and the way we swept the writing awards two years in a row?" I guess that's not what they want.

Penthouse: So if you were Grant Tinker, how would you change television?

Candy: One of the first things I'd do is create a position for Lech Walesa to come over and organize things a little better. He'd shape things up quickly.

Then I'd go topless—just go without a shirt—to create an image and set an example. "He's not only rolling up his shirtsleeves, but he's also taking his shirt *off*. He's showing everyone he's a hard worker. He's saving his network."

Then I'd put on midget Westerns. And I'd fire everybody with the initial *R*—straight across the board. Anybody whose first or last name starts with *R*—you're fired! *R*'s don't work.

If Mr. Tinker just maintains a certain quality and gives his shows a chance, as he's done with *Hill Street Blues* and *Cheers,* he'll do well. I'd rather go out having a prestigious network that had values and stuck by their guns than to just sell out and try to compete, because there's no way you can compete with what's going on. There's too much programming.

Penthouse: Is your affiliation with Second City and *SCTV* now totally severed?

Candy: No, I'll probably guest on the pay-television version of *SCTV*. I'd love to be part of a cast film after the television show is over. But we'd have to have a good deal and a good idea.

Penthouse: Now that you're concentrating on movies, are you hoping they make you into a star?

> To change television, I'd ask Lech Walesa to come over here and organize things a little better. He'd shape things up quickly.

PHOTOGRAPH ON PAGES 120-121 BY RON BATZDORFF/BUENA VISTA

Candy: It depends on what you mean by "star." If it means a great deal of success and wealth, it sure helps. But I think your work speaks for itself. I don't know what it takes. I'd rather be working for a long time than be tagged a star and have everybody shoot at you all the time. Whenever you reach that level, people always want to pull you down because you're there and they're not. People want to get you off that level real fast. I'd rather walk the fence. It's a safe, chicken-shit attitude.

Penthouse: Do you have to "go Hollywood"—be at the right parties, eat at the right restaurants—to make it?

Candy: I don't know where *it* is. Some people feel that it's very important to jump in with both feet and immerse themselves in the business and the glamour of what it is or what it is supposed to be. For some it works. They can lunch at a fashionable spot and drive over to the next place, have dinner there, move on down for late-night drinks at another fashionable spot, and that's their whole day. Then they get up to get their trade papers at their favorite breakfast eatery. They never work. They're always traveling around. I always wonder: How do they pay for it? Then you find out they're working at the restaurant, in the kitchen.

I peddle my wares down the street a bit, but I'm a little less obvious. Some people go all out with a garish attitude, flaunting and pushing. People smell blood very quickly in Los Angeles. If you're hurting and not working, you give out some kind of aura that just exudes "This guy's in trouble." Then people stay clear of you. The best projects come when you least expect them. As soon as I start pushing anything in my life or my career, it goes sour. If I take things on a day-to-day basis, they seem to work out a lot better.

Penthouse: Does all the attention ever make you lose your perspective?

Candy: I try not to but I'm sure I do. Having a house in the country makes it a little easier. When I live in Los Angeles for any length of time, there is a tendency to live only show business. How boring. It's a one-factory town. People you think you know, you don't know. People you trust, you shouldn't trust. You don't know if you're trusting yourself, or if you're doubting yourself all the time. Am I telling the truth now? I'm not quite sure. I think I'm being honest with myself. No, no, you're lying. Sybil starts coming out.

Penthouse: It's pretty easy to get paranoid.

Candy: Absolutely. The question is, "So what are you doing now?" If you're not doing anything, you have to start inventing things. Like, "Yeah, I've got a development deal at Universal." You have to start creating these things, and then you start believing them. You don't have any deals, but you're talking as though you do. There are people who make money just doing development deals. You walk through the studios and see all the offices and think, my God, they only make 14 movies a year, yet all these offices are jammed. Why aren't they doing 200 or 300 movies a year with all these people? They're paying them. Everyone's got 20 development scripts and none of them ever gets done.

Penthouse: Does it ever get to you, does show business ever seem meaningless?

Candy: No, not when I'm paying the bills every month. I'm not going to bite the hand that feeds me. I do feel, though, that show business has lost its meaning. Drop your pants and that's show business today. It doesn't mean what it used to mean. Today everyone wants a piece of the pie. I know I'll always work when I see some of the bad acting in television commercials. I know that if everything falls apart on me, if my career just drops off, I can always go out there and sell a refrigerator or gum or dandruff shampoo better than a lot of guys on television.

Penthouse: Would you ever do a film or television show just for the money?

Candy: Have I? Yes. Recently? No. I haven't had to do that. There are times when you need to and you have to take care of your family. Sometimes you do have to sell those refrigerators. Or, you can be a true artiste and starve. There are those who do that and I have great respect for them.

> My advice for good sex:
> A lot of mud and vegetable oil.
> Never say "no" but
> be careful when you say "yes."
> And be careful
> your wife doesn't find out.

Penthouse: Would the public ever accept a serious John Candy?

Candy: I'd sure like to be given the opportunity to find out. But all characters have a humorous side to them—otherwise, they're not real people. Most of Peter Sellers's characters were straight. Clouseau was as straight as an arrow. He didn't want to be funny. He didn't like people watching him put his foot in a bucket. He tried to be the suave sophisticate, the smoothie. Sellers was a great straight actor. I would love to get roles like that.

Penthouse: Let's switch gears. Was your first sexual experience traumatic?

Candy: Yes. I was assaulted in an Oldsmobile 88. Traumatic because I wish it could happen that way every day. I've racked my brains trying to find her. I wish they were all like that.

Penthouse: Do you have any tips for good sex?

Candy: A good healthy attitude. A lot of mud and vegetable oil. Fifteen eager virgins and a strong constitution. A lot of vitamin E.

Don't be afraid to ask questions while in the middle of sex. No one's an expert. Always be prepared to learn and explore new things. Never say "no." But be careful when you say "yes." And be careful your wife doesn't find out. Be in good shape. There's nothing worse that pulling a muscle or getting a torn hamstring. It's going to throw your timing off.

Penthouse: How important is your weight to your comedy?

Candy: I still think I could be as funny if I were 100 pounds lighter. I could be more versatile if I lost the weight. When your face is slimmer, there are more ways you can change it with makeup. Psychologically, I would feel better if I was lighter.

Penthouse: But that is how the audience identifies you.

Candy: Sure, the weight works for me. People identify me and know me as being big, and I don't think there's going to be any radical change coming up. I don't think I'm going to do *Rocky XII*. I'd like to keep my weight down for health reasons. But it's what you exude, what you put out, what the quality of your work is. I try to do a good job every time. I really don't think about my weight, I think about my character.

Penthouse: What attracted you to life on this farm?

Candy: I was sitting on the toilet one day reading want ads at our rented house in Toronto, and we were about to have a baby. It was time to move and I had some money for a down payment. I always thought it would be a great kick to live in the country and not have too many neighbors around. I found this place in the classified ads.

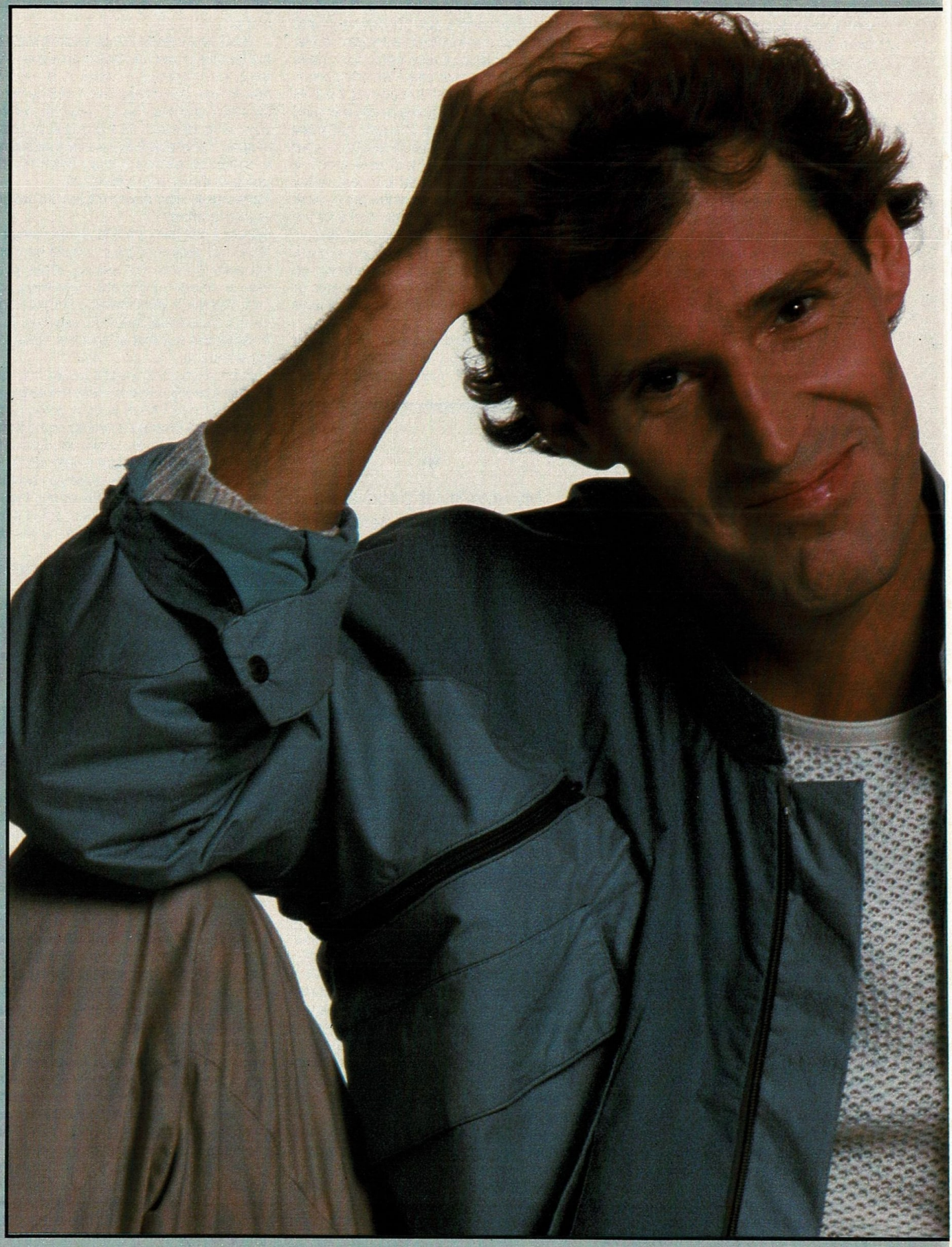
Penthouse: Could you ever live in the city again?

Candy: I guess if I had to, but I sure wouldn't want to after this. It is true that you need a dose of the city every once in awhile. But when I'm not working I'd rather be here.

One of the things I want to do, because my wife and I don't have the time to raise livestock, is to get movable life-size fiberglass animals and then move them every day. A horse jumping over a fence. A bird sitting on a partly submerged water buffalo. A giraffe's neck coming out of a bush.

Penthouse: Could you ever walk away from show business?

Candy: I don't think so. I don't know anything else. I'd never make it as a farmer. I'll never be a good surgeon—I'd make an all-right surgeon. In a pinch, I could do it part-time. I couldn't do it full-time. As a horticulturist, I'd bomb. I just don't have the thumb. So the idea of the nursery is gone. I can't sell cars. I don't know that much about them. I can't play pool that well. So I'll never make it as a hustler. And let's face it, I'll never make it as a pro golfer.

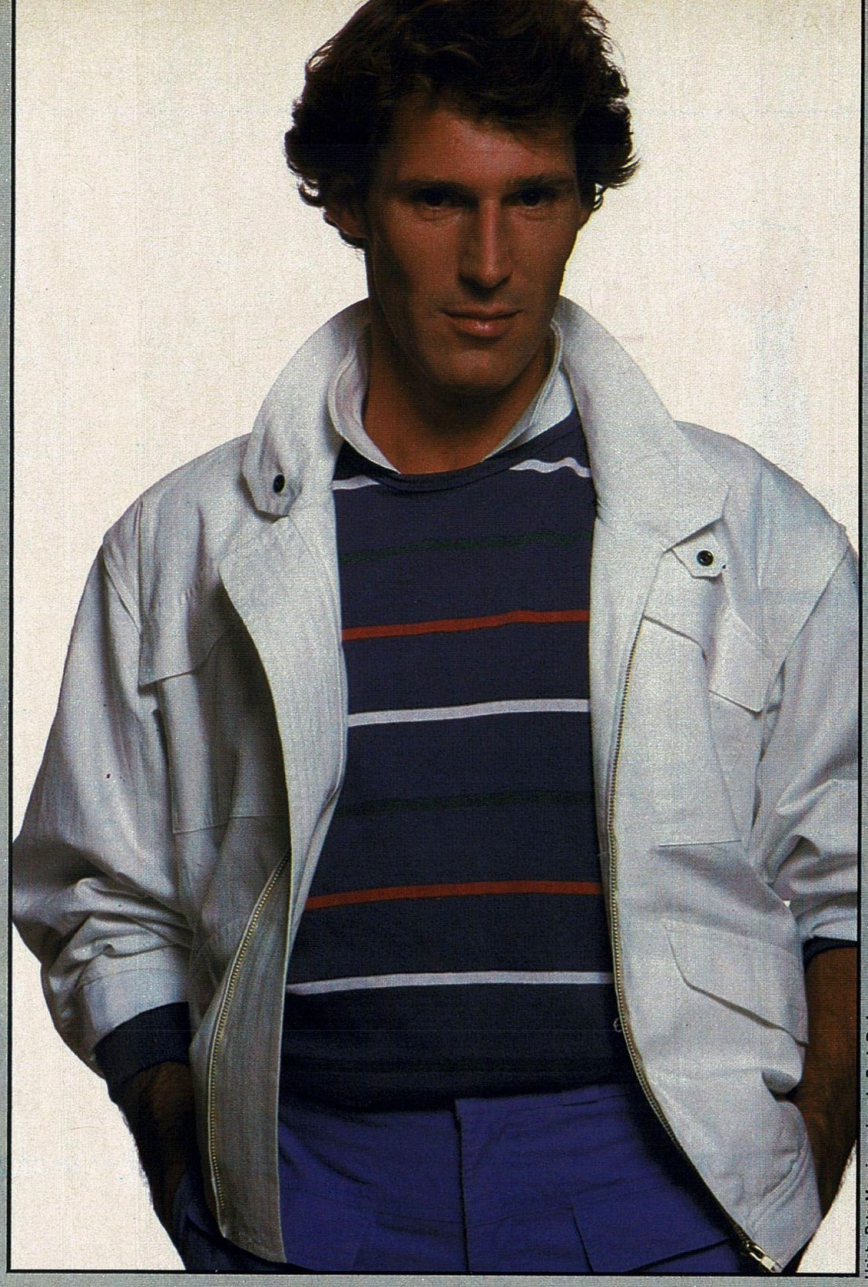


SPRING INTO ACTION

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Making strides with spring's new direction in active outerwear is actor Ben Cross, who has been seen most recently in *The Citadel*, a PBS series, but who is probably best known for his starring role as the solemn, driven runner in *Chariots of Fire*. Offscreen, however, Cross is actually relaxed, quick-witted, and continuously optimistic.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT SCHULZ



Hair by Peter Maguire; makeup by Paula Dorf

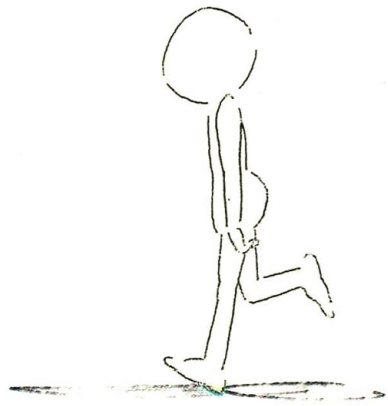
His outlook on fashion is practical and intelligent. "I think clothing is getting more exciting," he says emphatically. "I don't think men are worried about their masculinity being questioned because of the clothing they wear." As for his own fashion preferences, Cross disarmingly adds: "Even though I may spend time dressing, I like to look as though I just threw something on."

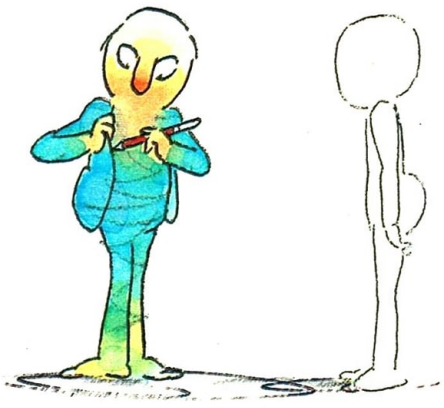
Although he has portrayed an Olympic athlete, Cross does not have any special regime or diet. He claims that he is fit because of the demanding roles he selects.

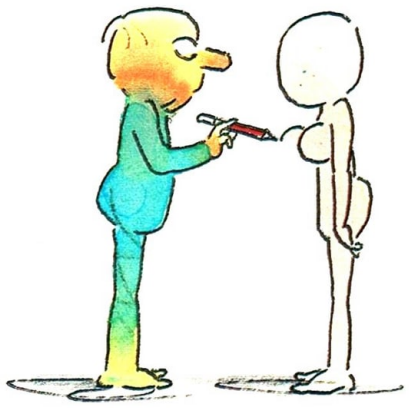
The future holds many options for Cross. Having successfully completed filming of *The Far Pavilions*, which will be aired on HBO in April, Cross is scrupulously selecting future roles, in addition to working on his own film script. For Cross there doesn't seem to be a tangible finish line, just a steady climb upward.

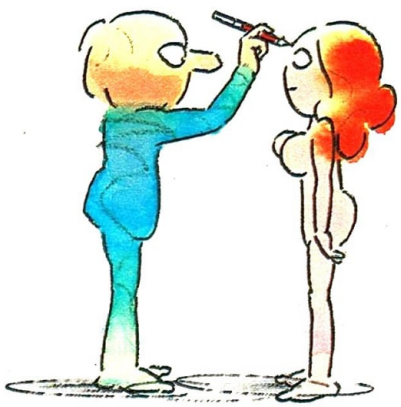
A trend toward the relaxed and uncomplicated dominates active outerwear this spring. Emphasis is on comfort and function, eliminating design strictly for design's sake. Colors are dusty pastels, bold nauticals, and new neutrals such as cinnamon, taupe, salmon, and a combination of whites. Light layering and loose shapes made from linens and cottons create an overall look that is simple yet sophisticated. (Opening page) Cotton blouson jacket with dolman sleeves and fly-front closure by Zanobetti for Achilleus Sport (about $140); khaki jeans by Zanella for Achilleus Sport (about $95); round-neck cotton sweater from Clothes by Bob and Jane (about $70). (Opposite page) Hip-length cotton canvas jacket (about $140) shown with crewneck linen-and-cotton sweater (about $110) are both by Calvin Klein. Cotton-twill trousers are by Randy Allen (about $60). (Above) Canvas jacket (about $85) and washed-canvas, royal-blue pants (about $42.50) are by Henry Grethel. Cotton pullover by Resilio Sportswear (about $37.50).

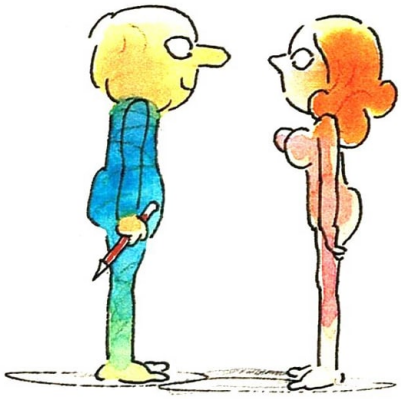
For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 155.

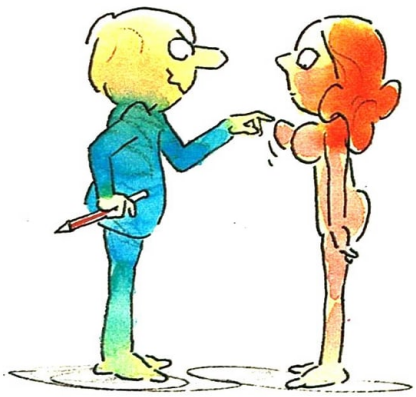


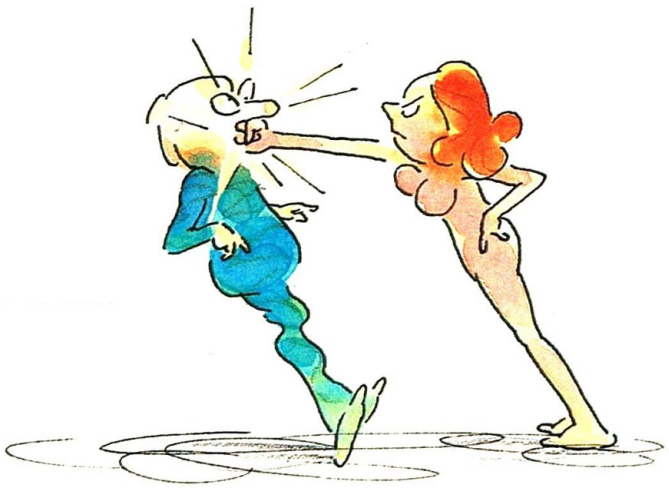




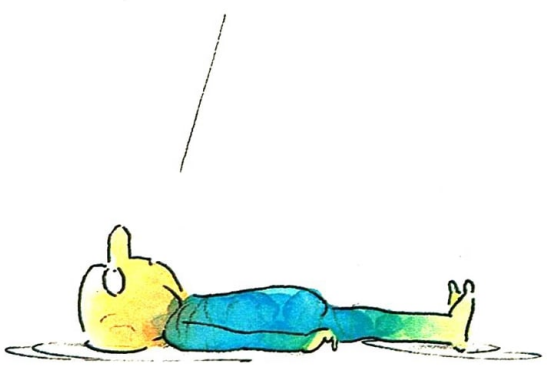








It's harder to make
a woman than you think



Cummings

VIRGIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

believe that means *you*, buddy. I got you dead to rights. So cough up!" He shook Barry until the salesman's teeth rattled. "Or *else*!"

"But I *haven't* set foot on it!" Barry wailed. "I just walked *under* it!"

"Oh," the monster said. He looked blank for a moment, scratched his knobby head with his free hand—then his face sagged. "Oh," he said again, disappointedly. "Yeah. I guess you're right. Crap." Morrig the Fearsome sighed—a vast noisome displacement of air. Then he released the salesman. "Jeez, buddy, I'm sorry," Morrig said, crestfallen. "I shouldn'ta oughta have jerked ya around like that. I guess I got overanxious or sumpthin. Jeez, mac, you know how it is. Tryin' to make a buck. The old grind. It gets me down."

Morrig sat down discouragedly and wrapped his immensely long and muscular arms around his knobby green knees. He brooded for a moment, then jerked his thumb up at the bridge. "That bridge's my only source a income, see?" He sighed gloomily. "When I come down from Utgard and set up this scam, I think I'm gonna get *rich*. Got the royal commission, all nice an' legal, everybody gotta *pay* me, right? Gonna clean *up*, right?" He shook his head glumly. "*Wrong*. I ain't making a lousy *dime*. All the locals got *wings*. Don't use the bridge at all." He spat noisily. "They're cheap little snots, these fairyfolk are."

"*Amen*, brother," Barry said, with feeling. "I know *just* what you mean."

"Hey!" Morrig said, brightening. "You care for a snort? I got a jug a hooch right here."

"Well actually . . ." Barry said reluctantly. But the troll had already reached into the gloom with one long, triple-jointed arm and pulled out a stone crock. He pried off the top and took a long swig. Several gallons of liquid gurgled down his throat. "Ahhhh!" He thrust the crock into Barry's lap. "Have a belt."

When Barry hesitated, the troll rumbled, "Ah, go ahead, pal. Good for what ails ya. You got troubles too, ain'tcha, just like me. I can tell. It's the lot a the workin' man, brother. Drink up." While Barry drank, Morrig studied him cannily. "You're a mortal, ain'tcha, bud?"

Barry half-lowered the jug and nodded uneasily.

Morrig made an expansive gesture. "Don't worry, pal. I don't care. I figure all a us workin' folks gotta stick *together*, regardless a race er creed, or the bastards'll grind us *all* down. Right?" He leered, showing his huge, snaggy, yellow fangs in what Barry assumed was supposed to be a reassuring grin. "But, say, buddy, if you're a mortal, how come you got a funny nose and a tail?"

In a voice shrill with outrage, Barry told his story, pausing only to hit the stone jug.

Morrig nodded sympathetically. "They really worked ya over, didn't they?" He sneered angrily. "Them bums! Just *like* them little snots to gang up onna guy who's just tryin' ta make an honest buck. Whadda *they* care about the problems a the workin' man? Buncha booshwa snobs! Screw 'em all!"

They passed the stone jug back and forth again. Barry sighed. Morrig sighed too. They sat in gloomy silence for a couple of minutes, and then Morrig roused himself and said, "*What* kinda scam is it you're tryin' ta run? I ain't never heard a it before. Lemme see the merchandise."

"What's the point?"

"C'mon," Morrig said impatiently. "I wantcha to show me the goods. Maybe I can figure out a way ta move the stuff."

Listlessly, Barry snapped open a case. Morrig leaned forward to study the console with interest. "Kinda pretty," the troll said. He sniffed at it. "Don't smell too bad, either. Maybe make a nice planter, or sumpthin."

> He never understood why the Fairy Queen spent so much time in a sleazy little roadside bar in south Jersey. Perhaps that kind of seemed exotic to her.

"*Planter*?" Barry cried. He could hear his voice cracking in outrage. "I'll have you know this is a piece of high technology!" He wilted. "Except that nobody *needs* that kind of thing here."

Morrig shrugged. "What do *you* care how they use 'em? You oughta sell 'em first, and then let the *customers* find a use for 'em afterward. That's logic."

Fairy logic, perhaps, Barry thought. "But how can you *sell* something without first being able to convince the customer that it's useful?"

"Here. Lemme show ya." Morrig tossed off a final drink, gave a bone-rattling belch, and then lurched ponderously to his feet, scooping up both sample cases in one hand. "Ya just gotta be *forceful*."

The troll started off at a brisk pace, Barry practically having to run to keep up with his enormous strides. They climbed back up the curving wooden steps, and then Morrig somehow retraced Barry's wandering route through the streets of the Fairytown, leading them unerringly back to the home of the short-tempered, Pinocchio-nosed fairy who had cast the first spell on Barry—the Hag of Blackwater, according to Morrig.

Morrig pounded thunderously on the Hag's door, making the whole house shake. The Hag snatched the door open angrily, snarling, "What's to—GACK!" as Morrig suddenly grabbed her up in one enormous hand, yanked her out of the house, and lifted her up to face level.

"Good evenin', ma'am," Morrig said pleasantly.

"A murrain on you, lummox!" she shrieked. "Curst vile rogue! Release me at once! At *once* you foul scoundrel! I'll—BLURK." Her voice was cut off abruptly as Morrig tightened his grip, squeezing the breath out of her. Her face turned blood red, and her eyes bulged from her head until Barry was afraid that she was going to pop like an overripe grape.

"Now, *now*, lady," Morrig said in a gently chiding tone. "Let's keep the party polite, okay? You know your magic's too weak to work on *me*. And you shouldn't a oughta use no hard language. We're just two workin' stiffs tryin' ta make a honest buck, see? You give us the bad-mouth, and, say, it just might make me *sore*." Morrig began shaking her up and down, back and forth, his fist moving with blinding speed, as if she were a pair of dice he was about to shoot in a craps game. "And you wouldn't want ta make me sore, now, would you, lady?" Morrig bellowed. "Would you?"

The Hag was being shaken so hard that all you could see of her was a blur of motion. "Givors!" she said in a faint little voice. "Givors, I pray you!"

Morrig stopped. She lay gasping and disheveled in his grasp, her eyes unfocused. "There!" Morrig said jovially, beaming down at her. "That's better, ain't it? Now I'm just gonna start all over again." He paused for a second, and then said brightly, "Evenin', ma'am! I'm sellin' . . . uh . . ." He scratched his head, looking baffled, then brightened, "compukers!" he said. He held up a sample case to show her; she stared at it. "Now I could go on and on about how swell these compukers are, but I can see you're *already* eager ta buy, so there ain't no need ta waste yer valuable time like that. Ain't that *right*?" When she didn't answer, he frowned and gave her a little shake. "Ain't that right?"

"A . . . aye," she gibbered. "Aye!"

Morrig set her down, keeping only a light grip on her shoulder, and Barry broke out the sales forms. While she was scribbling frantically in the indicated blanks, Morrig rumbled, "And, say, now that we're all gettin' along so good, how's about takin' your spell offa my friend's nose, just as a gesture a goodwill? You'll do that little thing for me, *won'tcha*?"

With ill grace, the Hag obliged. There was a *pop*, and Barry exulted as he felt his nose shrink back to its original size. *Part* of the way home, anyway! He quickly collected the completed sales forms and re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

© HARD TIMES, INC. *ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT* VOL. 3, NO. 2

THIS IS ART???

WIDE WORLD

An artist described as a "German Christo" covered a New York street with 300,000 newspapers last fall in a half-million dollar "happening" witnessed by 100 "high rollers" from Germany. The "Paper River" that flowed through Manhattan for about two blocks was the highlight of a weekend arranged for the visiting Germans by conceptual artist H. A. Schult and his promoter and companion, Elke Koska. Schult wore a velvet suit and a gold-lamé tie, all enveloped in an ersatz leopard-skin coat. Ms. Koska wore a huge wig of curly red hair, rainbow makeup, and gold eyelashes–and paper stars on her face. The German contingent included art patrons, teachers, businessmen, students, and others. Ms. Koska said the entire production cost about $500,000. The guests and other sponsors paid most of the bill.

Police closed off the street during the project. At the far end of the street, the lights of the World Trade Center glistened. Schult said that juxtaposition was important. "The people will see the line of paper that goes directly to a symbol of Western capitalism," Schult said. "To show people the problems of our time–that is the idea." (*Newsday*)

Herr Schult is definitely one of the problems of our time.–Editor

WELCOME SWISS TOURS

IN THE HEART OF DARKEST SWITZERLAND

These intrepid explorers are participating in a Swiss Mule Safari, plodding across the Valais canton–Matterhorn country–on a seven-day trek costing approximately $400 per person. Groups are limited to 25 participants, with one mule provided for each two people (so that one person walks while the other rides). *(New York Times)*

Do they also get the opportunity to hunt wild bankers and watchmakers?–Editor

THE FIRST CIRCUIT COURT OF HAWAII EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL

All these people are crowding into a Hawaii courtroom to watch one of seven films on trial for obscenity. The police seized the films during raids on movie theaters, and Judge Bertram Kanbara ordered a showing of them to determine whether or not they should be banned. Over 100 people lined up for what may be their last chance to see a dirty movie in Hawaii, at the government's expense. After viewing the first film, the judge said that he would rule on the films after all seven are shown. *(Honolulu Advertiser*–submitted by Charles Memminger, Waipahu, Hawaii)

And when those seven movies are over, the judge wants the cops to go and seize some more.–Editor

DAVID YAMADA, THE HONOLULU ADVERTISER

DOUGHNUTS MADE HIM A SEX FIEND

A 33-year-old plainclothes officer in Tucson, Arizona, allegedly followed a young woman home, held her at gunpoint, and then tied her hands with electrical cord. After cutting off her blouse and bra, he fondled her breasts and ran off.

His attorney, however, got him off on a plea of guilty to second-degree burglary–because he claimed that doughnuts were really at fault. The attorney planned to call a psychiatrist to testify that eating too many doughnuts had made the officer's blood sugar level fluctuate wildly, causing blackouts and violent behavior. *(National Enquirer* –submitted by John M. Barker)

Watch out for the Pillsbury Doughboy!–Editor

THE LONG NOSE OF THE LAW

The security guard at the Marriott Marcose Beach Resort in Florida received a strange complaint from one of its guests: a Mr. Gregory Mershad claimed that someone had stolen $1,000 worth of cocaine from his hotel room. Said Mr. Mershad, "I want my cocaine back or I want the hotel to give me $1,000." The security guard promised to investigate the theft and then went to phone the Sheriff's Department. Somehow, investigators recovered the bag of cocaine and went back to Mershad's room. The security guard introduced the deputy, who was wearing his gun and his badge and carrying a two-way radio, to Mr. Mershad. Mershad took the bag of cocaine from the deputy and said, "It's mine, but there's a lot missing," and thanked him. After Mershad signed a property receipt for the cocaine, he was arrested. "That's the last time I'm going to trust a security office," said Mr. Mershad. *(Sarasota Herald Tribune*–submitted by Sam Ralph, Sarasota, Florida)

Mr. Mershad is currently planning to report the loss on his income tax return.–Editor

Watch That Pothole!

WIDE WORLD

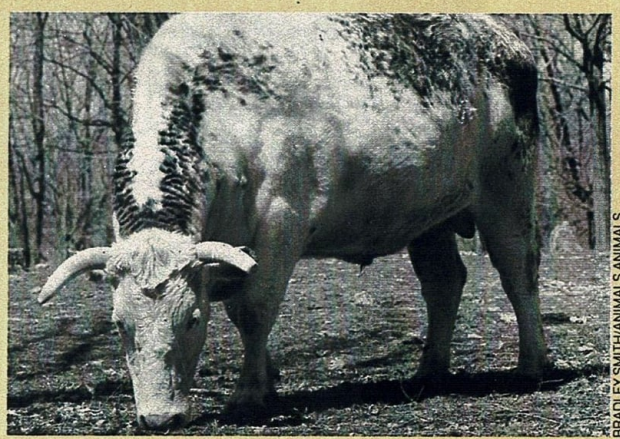
Police inspect the scene of a pavement collapse in Holyoke, Massachusetts, after Arthur Lavoie's car was swallowed up when the street caved in beneath his wheels. Lavoie was not injured. (*The Register*, Orange County, Calif.–submitted by Carl Croft, Tustin, Calif.)
Is that why they call it HOLY-oke?– Editor

FELON OF THE MONTH

Baton Rouge, La. (AP)–A man described by a federal district judge as "the most inept counterfeiter I ever heard of" was sentenced to five years' probation for cutting the corners off a $20 bill and pasting them on a $1 bill. Judge John Parker said he saw no sense in mutilating a genuine $20 bill to make a bogus one. (*New York Times*–submitted by Bob Weil, N.Y.)
That's one judge who never cuts corners.–Editor

A LOT OF BULL

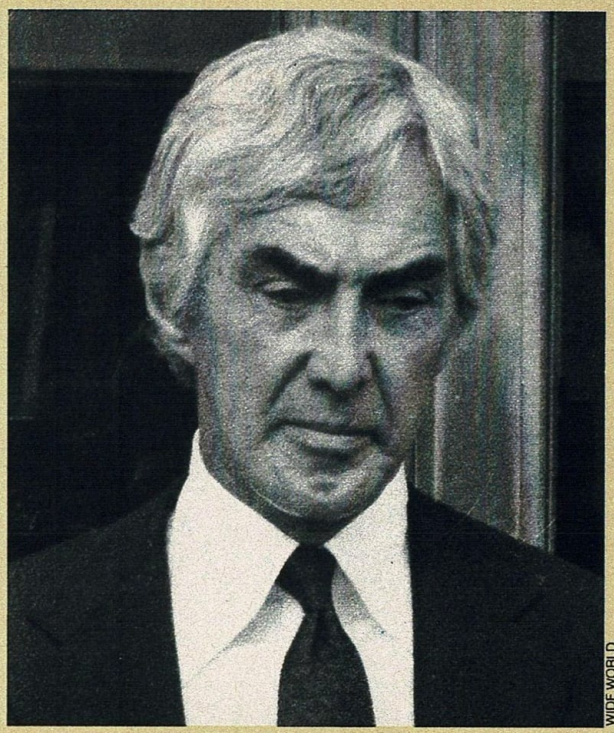
A high-tech form of cattle rustling occurred last fall in New Jersey when several 150-pound canisters of frozen bull semen, worth $50,000, were stolen. Charles van Meter, owner of Crescent Farms, in Columbus, New Jersey, said that hard times in the dairy-farming industry sparked the thefts. "Everything is in a pinch right now," he said, "and somebody is trying to make a fast buck." (*Newsday*)
Sounds to us like somebody's trying to milk a good thing. –Editor



BRADLEY SMITH/ANIMALS ANIMALS

JUST YOUR AVERAGE GOOD SAMARITAN

"I really want to give the rest of my life to working in areas that are important to the country, but still for profit. I don't mean I'm going to be a social worker.... But no amount of money or success remotely approaches the feeling you get inside from doing a good thing for somebody." (John Z. De Lorean, in 1976, as quoted in Gail Sheehy's book *Passages*)



WIDE WORLD

SURPRISE!

Santa Ana, Calif. (AP)–John Iglesias says he found a 21-page booklet titled *Erotic Sexual Positions*, with photographs of couples engaging in intercourse, in a box of Cracker Jacks that he had bought for his sons. A spokesman for the manufacturer said the person who had inserted the material was not caught, but new security measures were in effect. (New York *Daily News*–submitted by T. L. Sonnenschein, N.Y.)
Why? Do they have something against sex education?–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

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PENTHOUSE

VIRGIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

turned the receipts. "You can let go of her now," he told Morrig.

Sullenly, the Hag stalked back into her house, slamming the door behind her. The door vanished, leaving only an expanse of blank wood. With a freight-train rumble, the whole house sank into the ground and disappeared from sight. Grass sprang up on the spot where the house had been and started growing furiously.

Morrig chuckled. Before they could move on, another fairy woman darted out from an adjacent door. "What bought the Hag of Blackwater, so precious that straight she hastens to hide herself away with it from prying eyes?" the other fairy asked. "Must indeed be something wondrous rare to make her cloister herself with such dispatch, like a mouse to its hole, and then pull the very hole in after her! Fain am I to know what the Hag would keep from my sight. Let *me* see your wares."

It was *then* that Barry had his masterstroke of genius. "I'm sorry," he said in his snidest voice, "but I'm afraid that I can't possibly show it to *you*. We're selling these computers by exclusive license of the Queen, and of course we can't sell them to just *anyone*. I'm afraid that we certainly couldn't sell *you* one, so—"

"What!" the fairy spluttered. "*No one* is better connected at court than I! You *must* let me buy! An you do *not*, the Queen's majesty shall hear of this!"

"Well," said Barry doubtfully, "I don't know. . . ."

Barry and Morrig made a great team. They were soon surrounded by a swarm of customers. The demand became so great that they had no trouble talking Snailface into taking his spell off Barry as part of the price of purchase. In fact, Snailface became so enthusiastic about computers that he bought *six* of them.

In the end, they only quit because they had run out of sales forms.

Morrig had a new profession, and Barry returned to Earth a happy man.

Soon Barry had (with a little help from Morrig, who was still hard at work, back in Faërie) broken all previous company sales records many times over. Barry convinced the company that the flood tide of new orders was really coming from heretofore untouched backwoods regions of West Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and everyone agreed that it was simply *amazing* how many hillbillies out there in the Ozarks had suddenly decided that they wanted home-computer systems.

Business was booming. So when, months later, the company opened a new branch office with a great deal of pomp and ceremony, Barry was right there in a place of honor.

The sales staff stood respectfully watching as the company president himself sat down to try out one of the gleaming new terminals. The president had started the company out of his basement when home computers were new and he was only a college dropout from Silicon Valley, and he was still proud of his programming skills.

But as the president punched figures into the keyboard, long, curling, purple moose antlers began to sprout from the top of his head.

The sales staff stood frozen in silent horror. Barry gaped, then, recovering swiftly, he reached over the president's shoulder to hit the cancel key. The purple moose horns disappeared.

The Old Man looked up, puzzled. "Is anything wrong?"

"Only a glitch, sir," Barry said smoothly. But his hand was trembling.

He was afraid that there were going to be more such glitches.

The way sales were booming—a *lot* more.

Evidently, the fairyfolk had finally figured out what computers were *really* for. And Barry suddenly seemed to hear, far back in his head, the silvery peals of malicious elfin laughter. It was a *two*-way system, after all.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A SEXUAL TERRORIST?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

To some men sex isn't a pleasure; it's a weapon. They go to bed to make war, not love.

Men who use sex in an aggressive way are not true sadists. You won't find them wielding whips, chains, tit clamps, and handcuffs in the bedroom. But they are more numerous—and more insidious. Their deft use of sex as a psychological stiletto can be infinitely more painful and destructive than a night full of S & M frolics—at least to their unwitting female companions.

Men engage in sex for any number of reasons: Maybe they're in love; maybe they're just horny. But these aggressive men aren't happy having sex unless they feel they're dominating and erasing the sexual ego of their partners. They see sex as a struggle for power—a struggle they intend to win at all costs. Many psychologists feel this extreme sexual competitiveness can be traced to suppressed hostility toward one's parents—especially the mother. In her excellent book, *The Sexual Self,* Dr. Avodah Offit, assistant professor of psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College, says, "Perhaps the strongest dynamic involves unconscious hatred of the parents who raised them to be so fierce and loveless."

Yet, outside the bedroom most sexually aggressive men are nice guys. They show few signs of being aggressive. "The odd paradox," says Dr. Offit, "is that people who use sex for conquest, to hurt and disappoint others, are often not the obviously bellicose, shouting, demanding human beings we usually identify as aggressive. The sexually driven man is an ingenious persuader." So ingenious, in fact, that he usually has extraordinary success at picking up and bedding women. The sexually aggressive man comes across as open and self-deprecating and warm—not arrogant. Women eat it up and willingly enter the relationship not realizing there are going to be some unpleasant surprises in store for them.

Answer the questions honestly and you may find out whether or not you're a sexual terrorist. Discovering that you are could be distressing, but it could also be the first step toward a more mature view of sex.

1. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most women are boring once you get to know them."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

2. Look back at the women with whom you've had sexual relations. Have you usually liked them—or at least respected them—before you went to bed with them?
   (a) yes
   (b) some yes, some no
   (c) no

3. Do you lose respect for a woman *after* you've had sex with her a couple of times?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes, but not always
   (c) occasionally
   (d) rarely or never

4. How do you feel about this statement: "If a man's wife doesn't satisfy him sexually, the best solution is for him to go out and find a woman who will."
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree moderately
   (c) disagree moderately
   (d) disagree strongly

5. Have you ever had sex with a woman who was asleep at the time?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Have you ever had sex with a woman who had passed out from liquor or drugs?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Have you ever had sex with a woman after she said she didn't want it and who actively protested?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Even when women say they don't want sex, they usually do. Actually, I think women are hornier than men."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

9. How do you feel about this statement: "Most women use sex as a way of getting favors from men. They figure if they give you a good lay, you'll be nice to them, buy them things, etc."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

10. Do you think it's important for a man to have sex as often as he can and with any woman who'll let him?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

11. The woman you're with has obviously gone to special trouble dressing up to look nice. Are you most likely to:
    (a) Tell her she looks good.
    (b) Tell her she shouldn't have bothered because she doesn't look any better than she did schlepping around in her old clothes.
    (c) Say nothing.

12. After you've gotten to know a woman well, do you often demand sex when she's doing something that can't easily be put aside, like cooking or painting or working on papers she's taken home from her job?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually
    (d) I never let women get to know me well. I discard them before things get serious and complicated.
    (e) I've had sex with very few women, and the relationships have never progressed to the point where you could say I knew them well.

15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.

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"Most sexually aggressive men seem open and warm. Women don't realize unpleasant surprises are in store."

PSYCHOGRAPH

13. How do you feel about a woman who initiates sex?
    (a) I like it.
    (b) I like it as long as I can initiate sex as well.
    (c) I dislike it.
    (d) I dislike it and will usually find a way to show her that.

14. When do you usually have sex?
    (a) when I want it
    (b) when my partner wants it
    (c) sometimes (a), sometimes (b)
    (d) My partner and I usually seem to want it at the same time.

15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with the following statement: "The most important thing in sex is to achieve your own satisfaction. If I pursue my pleasure and the woman I'm with pursues hers, everything will work out fine."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

16. When you're attracted to a woman do you try to overpower her by buying her expensive gifts and entertaining her lavishly?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no

17. Did you feel a lot of rivalry with your brothers and sisters when you were growing up?
    (a) yes
    (b) some
    (c) no
    (d) I'm an only child.

18. Which of the following statements comes closest to reflecting your experience?
    (a) My parents put a lot of pressure on me to succeed.
    (b) I think my parents expected me to use my talents to their full potential, but they didn't have unrealistic expectations and didn't try to force me to do things I wasn't capable of.
    (c) I don't think my parents put enough pressure on me to succeed. They undervalued my abilities.
    (d) My parents didn't give a damn what I did.

19. How competitive are you?
    (a) very competitive
    (b) more competitive than most, but not as fanatically competitive as some
    (c) about average
    (d) not very competitive

20. How do you feel about extramarital affairs?
    (a) I don't approve of them at all.
    (b) Theoretically speaking, I believe they weaken a marriage and I wouldn't go out of my way to pursue them, but to be realistic, if I were presented with the opportunity to easily have an affair, I wouldn't turn it down.
    (c) Affairs are one of the realities of marriage. Everybody has them and they don't have to damage a marriage.
    (d) I think they're great. Having sex only with one's wife can get pretty boring.

21. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Like it or not, in this life you have to crush your enemies before they crush you."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

22. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
    (a) I'm a very impatient person. Little things can make me launch into tirades of anger.
    (b) I suppose I'm about average. I'm not the most patient person, but I don't have a real short fuse either.
    (c) I'm quite even tempered. I've got a lot of patience. Although I may be angry inside, I rarely show it.

23. Imagine this situation: You are extremely wealthy. You don't need any extra money. How would you feel about your wife working?
    (a) It's fine by me.
    (b) It would be all right as long as she didn't lose sight of the need to have a home life as well.
    (c) I wouldn't like it.

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 115; the lowest, 23.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-1, b-3, c-5
3. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
4. a-5, b-4, c-3, d-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-1
7. a-5, b-1
8. a-5, b-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-1, b-5, c-4
12. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-5, e-1
13. a-1, b-2, c-4 d-5
14. a-5, b-1, c-3, d-2
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-3
18. a-5, b-2, c-1, d-1
19. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
20. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
21. a-5, b-1
22. a-1, b-3, c-5
23. a-1, b-3, c-5

If you scored 100 to 115 points:
You show most of the characteristics of the sexually aggressive man. When you go to bed with a woman, you don't see her as a lover but as an opponent to be dominated and made subservient to your will. Needless to say, this is not an ideal basis upon which to construct successful relationships with women.

80 to 99 points:
You too appear to show a strong tendency toward sexual aggression, but not to the almost pathological extent as men in the category above. If you could tone your aggression down some, you might find it easier not just to catch women, but to keep them.

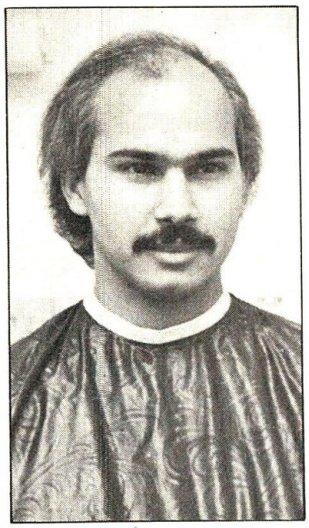
59 to 79 points:
You show what might be called a "normal" amount of sexual aggressiveness. But you probably keep it well under control and are able to construct rewarding, long-term relationships with women.

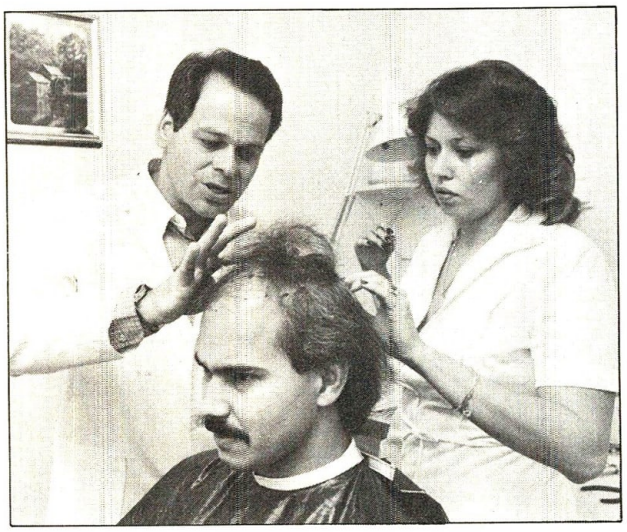
39 to 58 points:
You show relatively little sexual aggressiveness. You are the type of man most women would select if they were entirely logical in their sexual choices. Unfortunately, logic is often the first casualty of sexual arousal in both sexes, so you may have trouble attracting women.

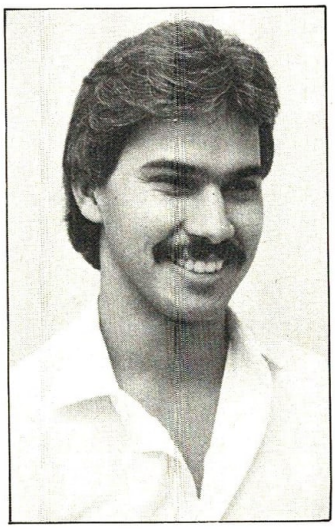
23 to 38 points:
You appear to exhibit virtually no signs of sexual aggressiveness. Somehow you've managed to develop without taking on the evolutionary baggage of anger that is so much a part of male sexuality. We hope for your sake that the women in your life appreciate how special you are.

advertisement advertisement advertisement

Dermal Retention Becomes A Real Growth Industry







Patient (left) before dermal retention; center, the patient, Juan Andujar, undergoes the procedure at Universal Hair Labs, performed by Dr. Max Mollick and a female assistant.

BALD HAIRDRESSER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

By LEN LEAR

As a man who has tried everything on my own thinning locks except the sweat of a moose, I was always skeptical of these "dermal retention" ads as Menachem Begin is of President Reagan's claim that AWACS planes in Saudi Arabian hands would be "good for Israel."

With this in mind, I recently visited Universal Cosmetic Hair Laboratories, 209 Professional Building, Route 130, Cinnaminson, N.J., 08077, after calling (609) 829-9603 which has performed thousands of dermal retention procedures during its nine year existence.

Not A Transplant

"This is not the same thing as a hair transplant or a hair piece, or medical implants", explained a medical assistant. "It is designed for people who still have some hair. We take a hair sample from the customer and then make the new preparation to blend perfectly with it. The new preparation is made of a combination of human and synthetic hair."

While I waited for a nearly bald customer to go through the procedure, a handsome young man walked into the Universal waiting room with a head of thick, wavy hair.

A Recent Example

"This was done here last week," explained Dr. Jack Rydell, a 25-year-old chiropractor from central Jersey who showed himself (before the procedure) with a balding pate.

"I started losing my hair when I was 19. Some men don't care about this, but I do. I looked into hair transplants, but they're too messy, and they cannot thicken hair which I wanted to do. They can never give you a natural look. Now my hair looks just like it did when I was 18."

Dr. Rydell said he is completely satisfied with his "new hair", which may cost anywhere from $1200 to $3800. I ran my own fingers through his hair, which looked and felt exactly like thick hair. I yanked, but it did not come off.

Several Retainers

Losing my skepticism quickly, I watched as Juan Andujar, a 28-year-old hairdresser from New Jersey, who was largely bald on top, underwent the dermal retention process. Dr. Max Mollick, a staff physician of Universal Cosmetic Hair labs made several retainers throughout Andujar's dome. He then inserted the artificial hair replacement, and a hair stylist styled it, the whole process taking about 3 hours. Andujar was obviously pleased with the results.

Dr. Max Mollick is a radiologist who has performed thousands of surgical procedures. When asked about the possibilities of infection, "We've seen cases of minor infections but they've been very rare, certainly no greater in any other type of surgery. And there is a lifetime warranty with this procedure.

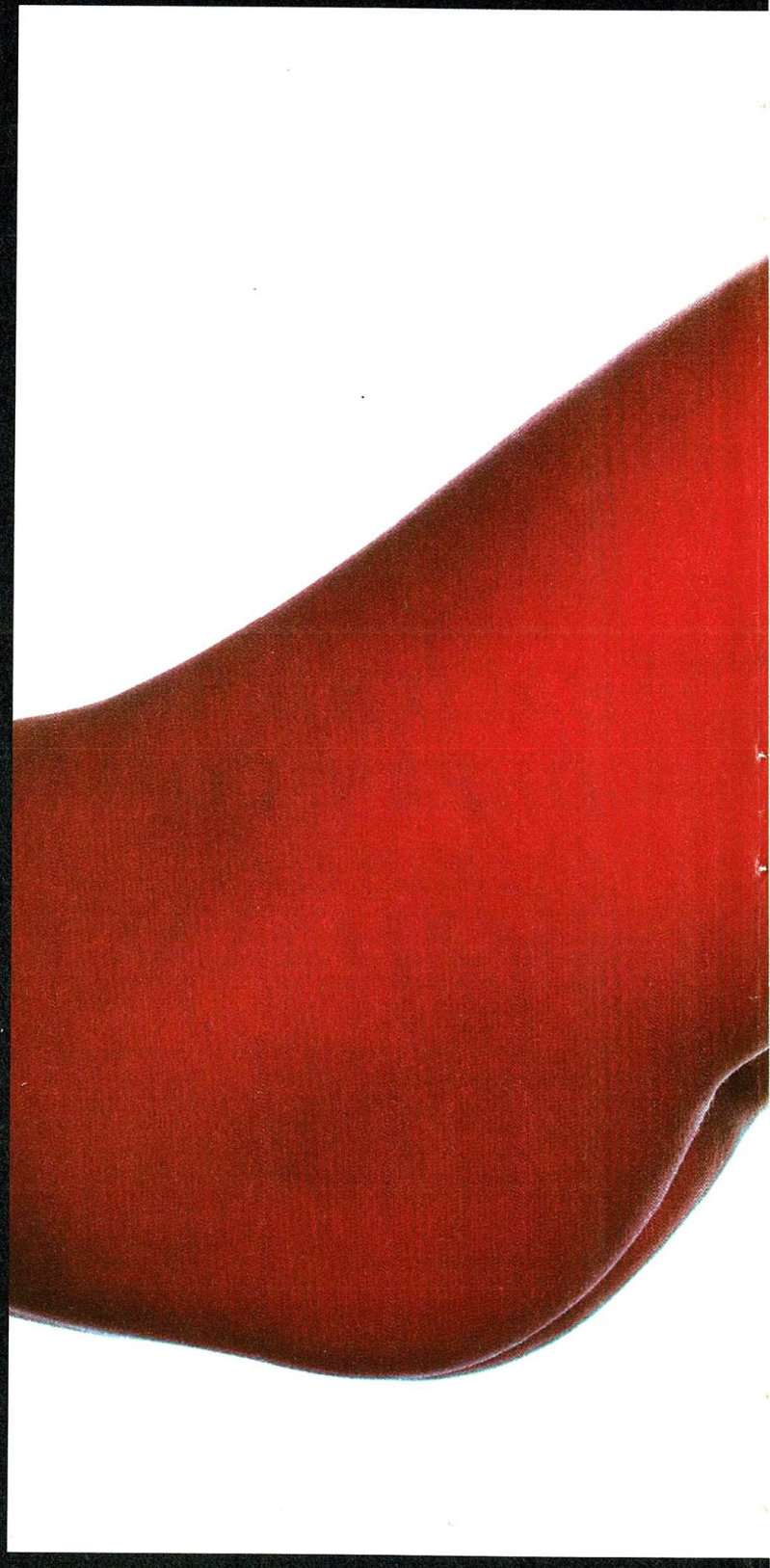
The retainer material used in THE DERMAL RETENTION PROCESS has been used extensively in many parts of the world in major heart surgery, for those of you who care about such things, it is an isotactic crystalline stereoisomer of a linear hydrocarbon polymer containing little or no unsaturation. Such retainer material is not absorbable nor is it subject to degradation or weakening by the action of tissue enzymes. It is resistant to involvement in infections. There are no known contraindications ... and for you doctors with your medical Baedeckers handy, for further data you may refer to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, March 10, 1962, Vol. 179, pp. 780-782; BRITISH JOURNAL OF SURGERY, Vol. 52, No. 5, August 1967 or write UNIVERSAL COSMETIC HAIR LABS.

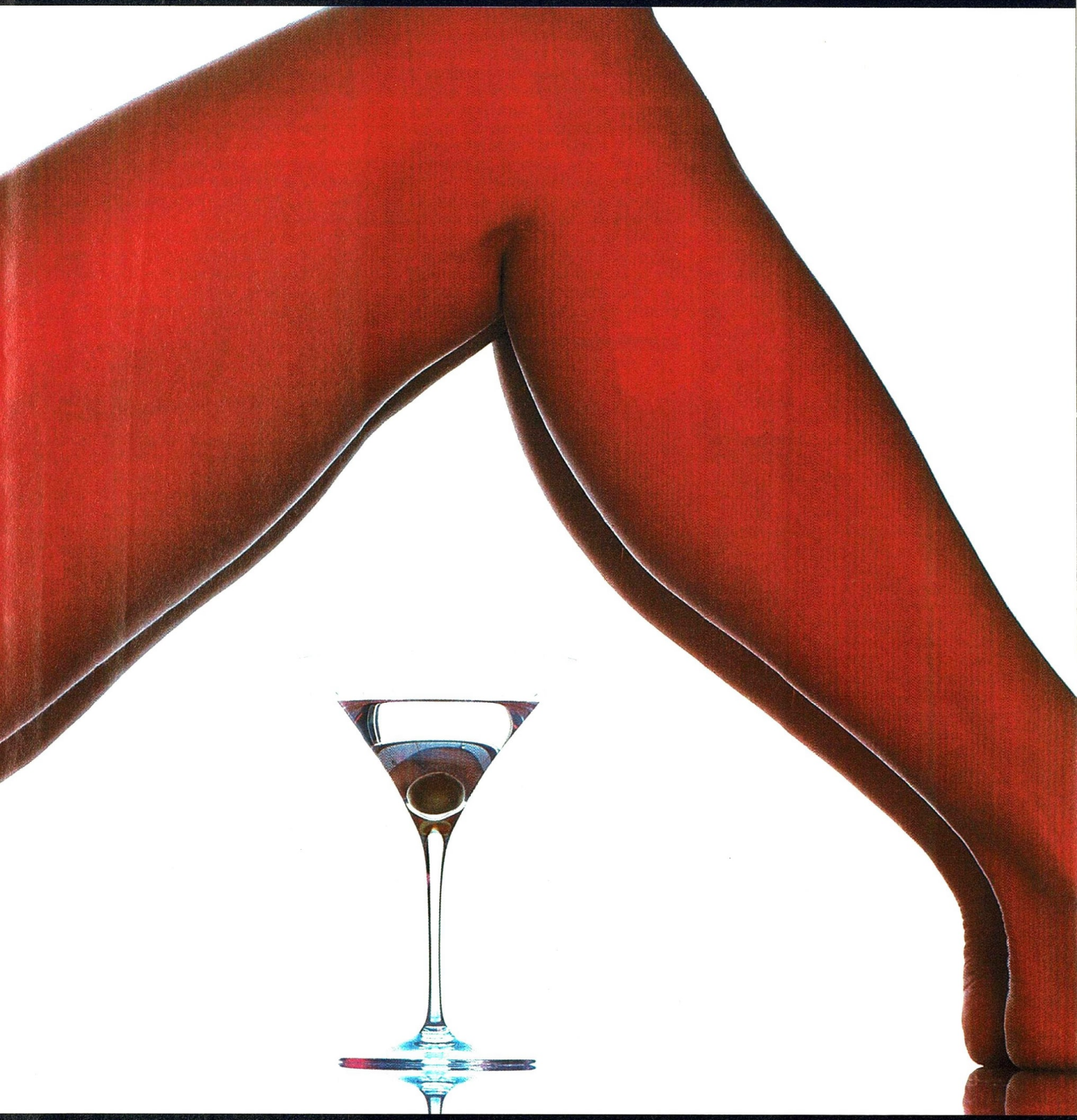
THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

BY LAURENCE SHAMES

A salute to the cocktail—a particularly notable example of our native ingenuity and achievement.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHEL TCHEREVKOFF





As American as the hot dog, as American as apple pie.

So go the clichés. But really, how accurate are they? The hot dog, after all, is nothing but a German sausage, for God's sake, slapped on a roll. And as for apple pie, well, the French were making *pomme* concoctions long before Johnny Appleseed ever hit the road. No, if you want to look for a dish that's *really* American, you've got to think in terms of something that's not eaten but drunk. Gustatorily speaking, the highest and most characteristic achievement of the American genius has been the invention and perfection of the cocktail.

Cocktail—the very word often suggests frontier swagger and Revolutionary verve. And, in fact (or at least according to legend), the term had its origin in an act of patriotism. During the American Revolution, a taverner named Betsy Flanagan was visited by members of George Washington's army. Wishing to nourish the heroes, and having an empty larder, she resolved to steal some chickens from a neighbor—the theft being justified by the fact that said neighbor was a Tory swine. The larceny accomplished, the ballsy Ms. Flanagan capped the feast by serving the soldiers spirituous drinks festooned with the tail feathers of the purloined fowl. Thus the institution of the cock's tail, or cocktail, was hatched.

In the intervening couple of centuries, the cocktail has been an ever-present fixture on the American scene and has spawned an impressive amount of lore. As early as 1806, a magazine reported that the cocktail, served up by politicians at timely moments, was "an excellent electioneering potion." In the mid-nineteenth century, Nathaniel Hawthorne created a comic character who was "famous for nothing but gin cocktails." And by the gilded age, bibulous millionaires like Armour and Vanderbilt were already popularizing the notion of the cocktail as the fitting solace of the harried businessman. Nor did Prohibition squelch America's ingenuity at finding new ways to get alcohol down the gullet. On the contrary, bootleg liquor tended to taste so bad that it demanded a multitude of disguises, and more new drinks were invented during the tenure of the Volstead Act than at any other time.

It is fitting, perhaps, that much having to do with the creation and naming of cocktails is tipsily illogical. The old-fashioned, for example, was named that from the moment of its birth, when it was quite new-fashioned. Some years ago, an Italian bartender, working in Italy, concocted a drink out of all Italian ingredients, served it to his Italian customers, and called it an Americano. This bartender, perhaps, was seeking an obscure revenge for the confusion over the naming of the martini. Early conjecture had indicated that this cocktail was named after the Italian vermouth with which it is often made; later, however, pundits revealed that the drink had actually been christened in honor of a fellow named Martinez, who had a speech impediment.

Of course, one is free to accept or reject as much of this cocktail mythology as one likes. But the very fact that the mythology exists is proof of what a central place the cocktail occupies in our culture. The cocktail is a social ritual as thoroughly entrenched as, say, dancing or putting on a necktie—and it is similarly subject to the vagaries of fashion. We all know that cocktails come and cocktails go, and the same drink that today stands as an emblem of suaveness and sophistication may next year seem as quaintly out of vogue as two-toned shoes.

Consider, for example, the fate of the rye highball. (According to some archaic definitions, a highball is not, strictly speaking, a cocktail. For our purposes, however, a cocktail is liquor adulterated by anything other than a single chaste ice cube.) Back in the forties, people were always drinking rye highballs. You read about it in detective novels; you saw it in the movies. The recipe was simple: half a tumbler of rye, a grudging splash of water or soda (ginger ale for wimps), and maybe a couple of ice cubes. The ritual that went with the rye highball was equally basic: Smoke six or eight cigarettes, talk in punchy one-line dialogue, and make a lonely sound with the ice cubes when you want a refill. It was a perfectly satisfactory drink.

> "The cocktail is a social ritual as thoroughly entrenched as dancing or putting on a necktie—and it is similarly subject to the vagaries of fashion."

So whatever happened to it? Basically, the rye highball got swamped by the fashion for clear liquors that swept the United States in the early fifties. Suddenly it was no longer cool to drink brown things. The cognoscenti were embracing the martini and the gimlet. Those wishing to flaunt their discernment ordered drinks made with a specific brand of gin. This ploy, while impressive, could be easily one-upped by eschewing gin altogether and making the leap to vodka. Either way, the cocktails got drier and drier as the decade progressed. God forbid that you could taste the vermouth!

Paradoxically, the ideal of sophisticated imbibing got closer and closer to the skid-row fashion of guzzling the stuff straight from the bottle.

This style also passed away—at about the same time that conventional ideas about machismo were really taking a beating. By the early seventies, there was something suspect and almost brutally austere about a guy who took his pleasure in something 94 proof, or in a liquor that was brown and angry. And so a new wave of nice-guy drinks started making inroads. At their worst, these beverages almost did away with liquor altogether, as in the case of the white-wine spritzer, a deplorable soft drink whose only advantages were that bartenders charged enough for it to justify your holding a seat, and drinking it made you look like a sensitive, unmacho kind of guy.

Fortunately, however, the linking of sexual politics with alcoholic preferences was just a passing phase, and it seems that we have already moved to yet another era. This era, it would seem, is characterized, happily, by a tolerant heterodoxy. Is there, at the present moment, a dominant cocktail or a pre-eminent style of getting alcohol into the bloodstream? I think not. Wine is by far the fastest growing segment of the liquor market, and while it's perfectly yummy to sip a glass as an aperitif (hold the Perrier, please), the juice of the grape is hardly knocking the grain out of the box. Those good old brown liquors are still hanging in there in spite of the vinous onslaught and the burgeoning popularity of previously underappreciated beverages such as rum and tequila. Nor are the clear potions being passed over. True, gin has slipped just a mite since the heyday of the martini, but vodka is still edging up on the charts.

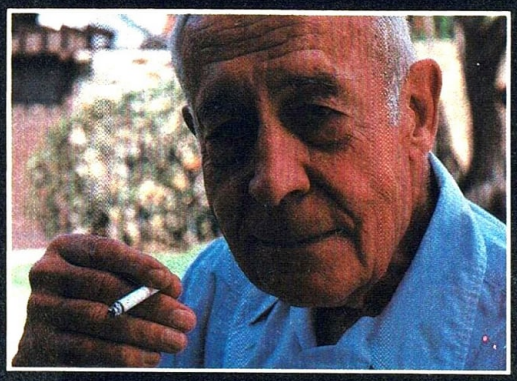
On top of that, the recent spate of cream liqueurs is bringing about a wholesale reappraisal of the previously anathematized sweet drink. And on top of that, the European *aperitivos,* with their strange colors, bracingly bitter undertastes, and sometimes intimidating names, are getting to be less of an exotic novelty and are moving closer to the mainstream of American taste. In short, the fashion in drinking at the present moment seems to be: If it tastes good, do it.

Which raises an interesting conjecture. As we've seen, fashions in drinking were inextricably linked to the overall tone of given historical moments. So how do we reconcile the supposed conservatism and tightness of the eighties with the fact that styles in imbibing are perhaps more free-wheeling and liberal than they've ever been? Perhaps the answer is that the eighties aren't really as conservative as they seem. The rhetoric, to be sure, is tight. But maybe, at the all important level of personal choice, people are doing exactly what they damn well please—without the need of making a blabbed philosophy out of it.

Well, it's just a notion—take it for what it's worth. At the least, it may serve as a topic of discussion over cocktails.

COMING IN THE MARCH Omni

INTERVIEW

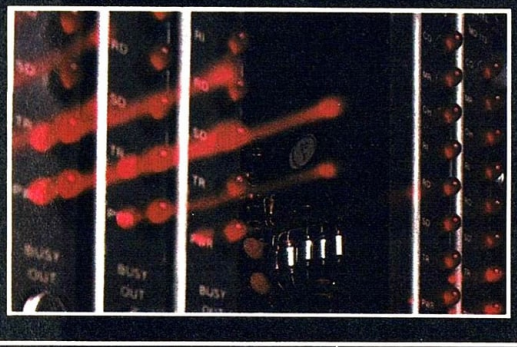


Fellow scientists have called Roger Revelle "without peer" on problems requiring a balanced judgment of the earth's geology, chemistry, biology, and physics. His career has been entwined with the destiny of the Scripps Institution, which he joined in 1931 and later directed. Scripps made Revelle into an oceanographer, and Revelle made the ocean into big science. He was science adviser to President Kennedy, and for 20 years directed Harvard's Center for Population Studies. Today Revelle is an expert on the greenhouse effect, and in this Interview he tells us what to expect from the weather in the next 30 years and offers some views about motions in the oceans.

STARSCAPES

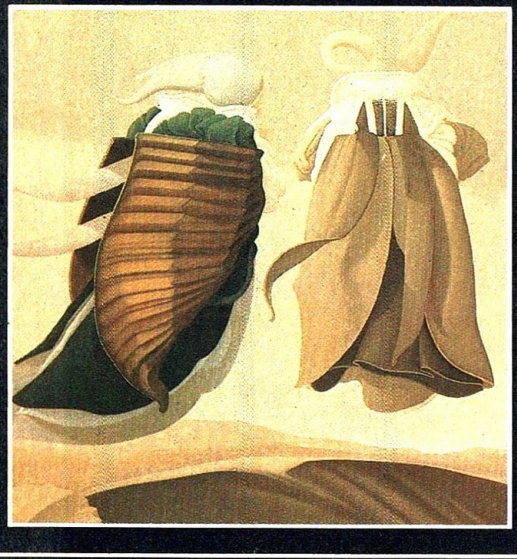
Long before NASA hurled camera-laden probes to the edges of our solar system, our views of space depended on an entirely different eye: the imagination of Chesley Bonestell, who for 35 years has been the dean of astronomical artists. Bonestell combines glazes and stippling with a fine sense of perspective to produce paintings so realistic that it is hard to tell his Fifties Saturn portraits from *Pioneer* photos. Tour the universe through the mind of Chesley Bonestell in *Omni*.

NETWORK NATION



If Earth has truly become a global village, its epicenter may well be Newark, New Jersey. That's where you'll find EIES, short for the Electronic Information and Exchange System, the longest-running and most prestigious computer network in the world. The brainchild of computer scientist Murray Turoff, EIES has served a multitude of roles—from electronic meeting hall to a kind of new-age party line over which people forge both intimate and what Turoff calls cognitive relationships. For a remarkable glimpse into the future of networking, see the March *Omni*.

FICTION



Frank Herbert's *Dune* spawned the most successful science-fiction series ever. In March, *Omni* will publish an exclusive excerpt from the newest installment, *Heretics of Dune*. In it, a girl finds the courage and power to control the great Shaitan, a giant sandworm indigenous to her planet. Our second fiction piece is by Jere Cunningham, author of the horror novels *The Legacy* and *The Abyss*. He successfully combines his expertise in horror with traditional science fiction to create a terrifying story called "Fire." Archaeologists on the planet Xerxes discover an artifact that breeds obsession and creates dissension within the group. *Omni*'s third fiction selection also deals with obsession, but in a very different tone. Harvey Jacobs's darkly humorous "My Rose and My Glove" is about a businessman who is suddenly seized by the need to reclaim his toy motorcycle, which he traded to a friend long ago for a Howdy Doody ring. The friend agrees—but for a price.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

to the guard at the gate again. "We have to put a stop to this. We don't allow that sort of thing in this condominium," she squealed.

He beeped me on the walkie-talkie, and the sound crackled loudly—but the pair at the pool were so wrapped up in what they were doing that they either didn't hear or didn't care. He pulled off her bikini bottom and went slurping at her cunt as if it would run away. She was moaning and groaning as he sucked, and I let him get a few more licks in before I raced up to them for the benefit of the old biddy watching (with binoculars) and told them to stop.

He let out a yelp and rolled into the pool while trying desperately to pull up his trunks. She simply stood up, displaying a lovely body with long, exquisite legs. She quietly knifed into the pool, swam to the other side, and turned to watch him. Her dark-haired companion was having a hell of a time getting his trunks on. His hard-on wouldn't go away, and the poor guy simply couldn't get his swimsuit over it. I began to laugh, and so did she. She called to me, "Toss me my suit, please."

I picked it up and walked around the pool to hand it to her. She wasn't hesitant about showing me her huge, luscious tits that were floating like buoys in the water. She put on her skimpy bra, then climbed out of the pool naked from the waist down and struggled into her bikini bottom.

By this time, her friend had his trunks on, but the huge tip of his dick showed over the edge of the trunks. She grabbed it with her hand and led him along to the elevator. I imagined what would go on up in their apartment.

On another occasion I got a call to check out a ruckus in the steam room. I wandered over and peeked in. My jaw nearly hit the ground! There were at least six couples in a circle sucking away at each other in a daisy-chain formation. God, I couldn't believe it! There they were, mouth to cunt to cock to mouth, etc. I was so surprised that all I could do was bang on a nearby pipe and yell, "Knock it off. Go back to your apartments and make out." A little later I saw the couples emerge from the steam room with robes and towels held tightly to their bodies. It was about one o'clock, and I raced over to a vacant card room where I jacked off to relieve the tension.

About a week later, I was on the gate and my partner was the rover. That night a young lady drove up to the gate in a Porsche. She was the neatest thing you could imagine, with a French accent even!

"Could you please direct me to this address, officer?" she asked, handing me a piece of paper. I knew that whoever ordered this lovely morsel wouldn't want to be kept waiting. She parked her car by the side of the guardhouse and came in. Blond, slim, and delicate, she wore a silky white gown that only enhanced her loveliness. I looked up from the phone book and got a beautiful smile with more sparkle than any toothpaste ad. I noticed a small diamond implanted in her right front tooth.

I found the guy's number and dialed it for her. Thinking he might be embarrassed, I turned the phone over to her, and she got the information she required. As she was leaving she introduced herself. "My name is Catherine, and you are without a doubt the kindest man in Laguna Beach to go to all this trouble." Then she dashed off to her client.

After she left, I couldn't get her off my mind. And that diamond, Jesus, can you imagine?

Then, about two hours later she drove up again. "It isn't often that I feel this way," she said, "but for you I have something special." She parked the car and came into the guardhouse. She unzipped my pants and removed my rapidly growing cock. She then got down on her knees and proceeded to give me the greatest blowjob ever. She slurped and sucked and manipulated my rod as it had never been manipulated before. She peered up at me dreamily with her heavily made-up eyes. She smiled at me and the diamond glittered. She bit gently on my penis, pretending that she was munching on it. Then she gobbled and chewed—but, oh, so gently. With this much finesse, I could see how she would be in heavy demand.

Suddenly, I felt I was going to come. I tried to pull away, but she held me to her, and I finally came with a monstrous gush. She swallowed the whole glob of come and kept sucking, deep-throating me until I knew not a single drop would soil my uniform.

Then she zipped me up and hurried out the door saying, "Thank you, you lovely man. *Bon soir!*" All I had strength to do was weakly wave as she drove off.

Later that day I was called into the security chief's office and given my walking papers. I wondered how I had been seen. The guardhouse area was well lit, but the windows were tinted. The boss's secretary gave me the answer. Someone with binoculars had been watching, but it made no difference to me. Catherine, that waiflike creature with the diamond tooth, was etched in my memory for a lifetime.—*Name and address withheld*

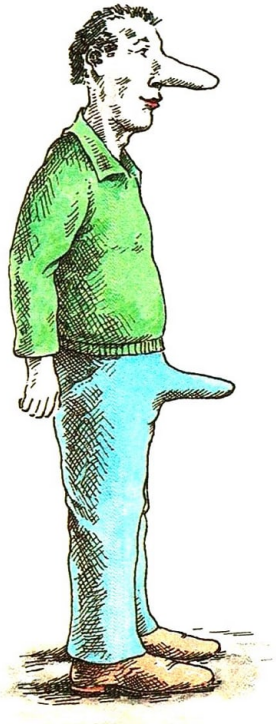
For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

Sigmund Freud

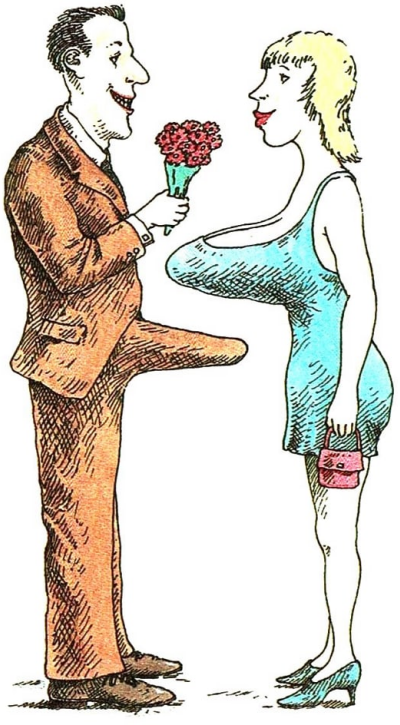
HIMAGES

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT KAUFMAN

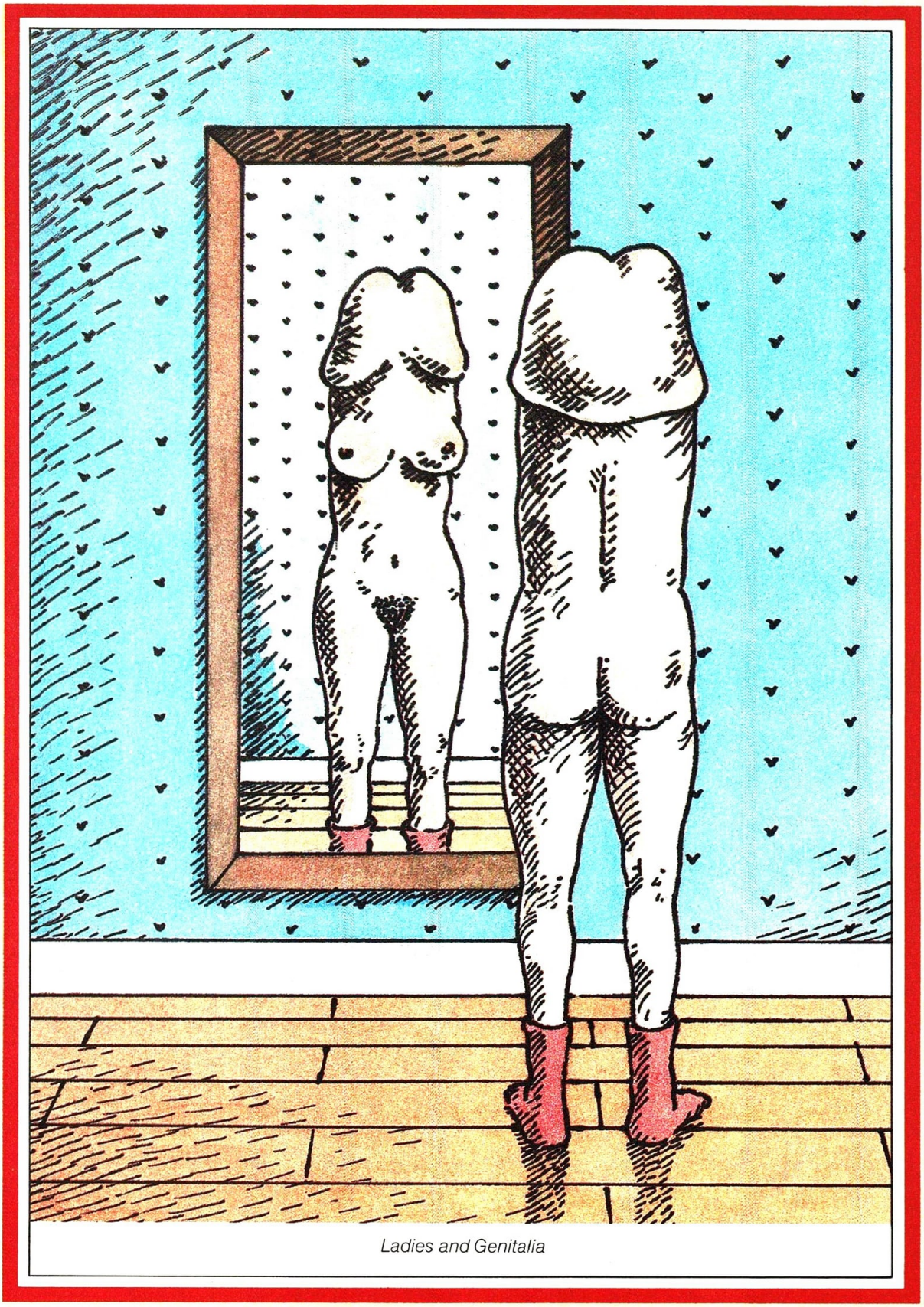
Pussy Foot



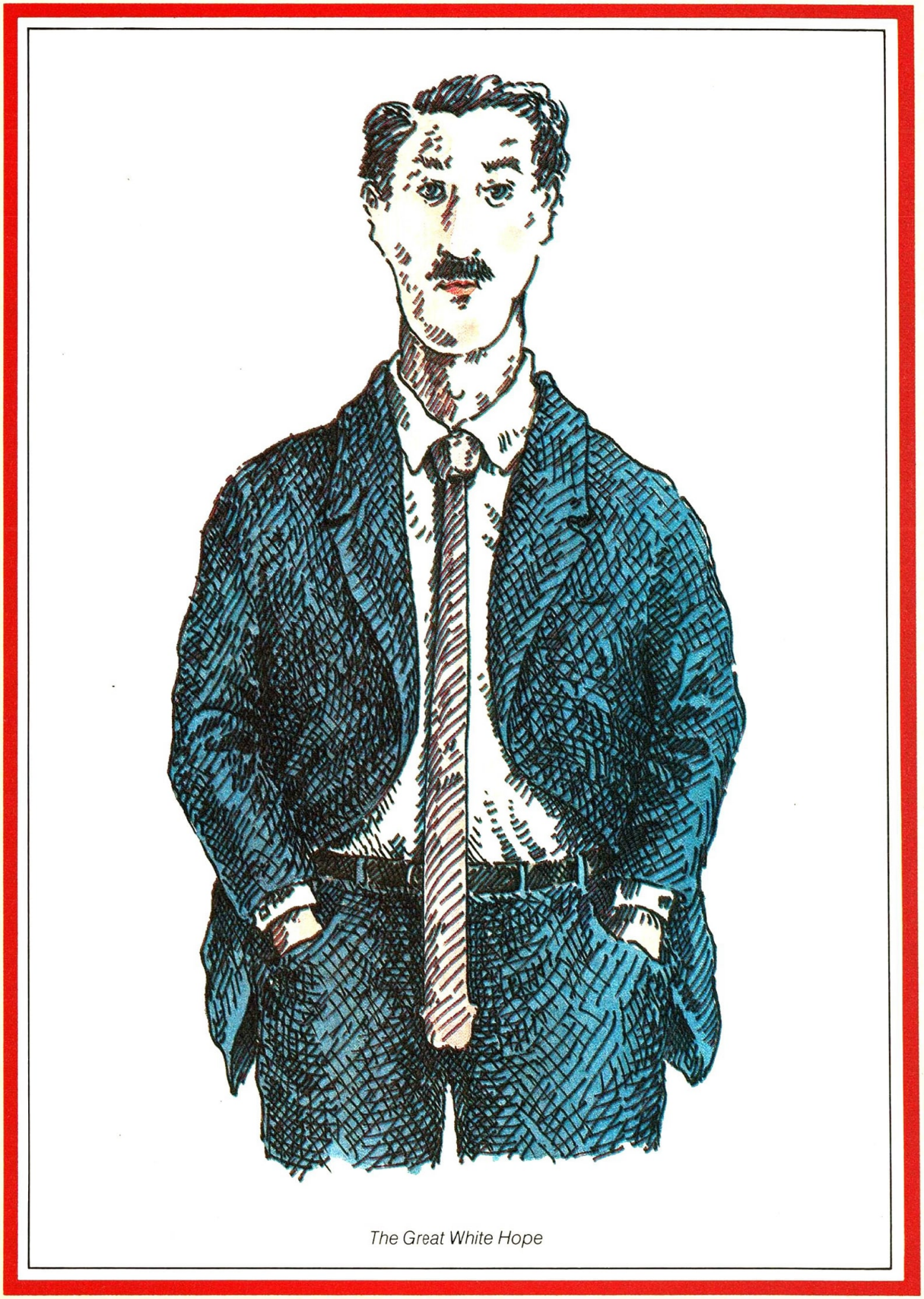
Double Trouble



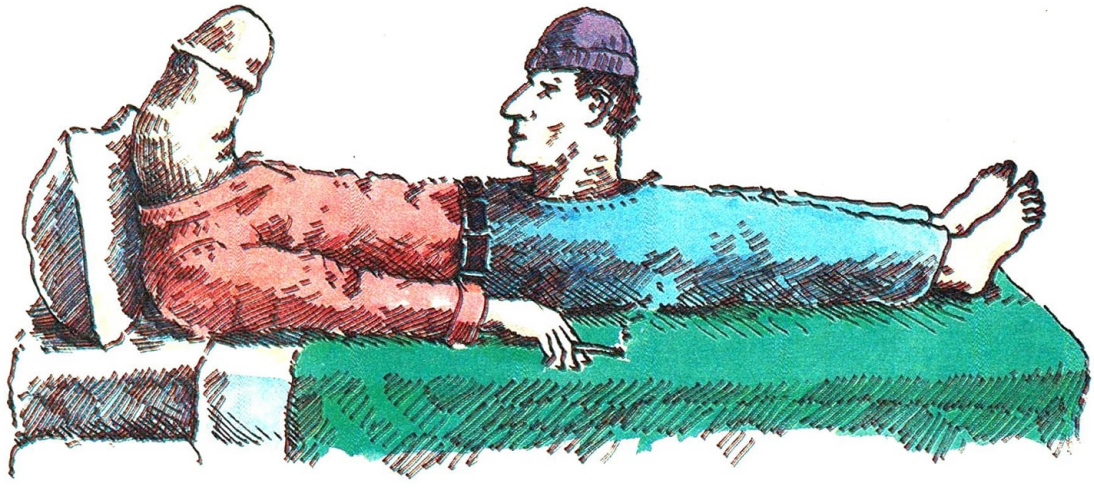
The Shape of Things to Come



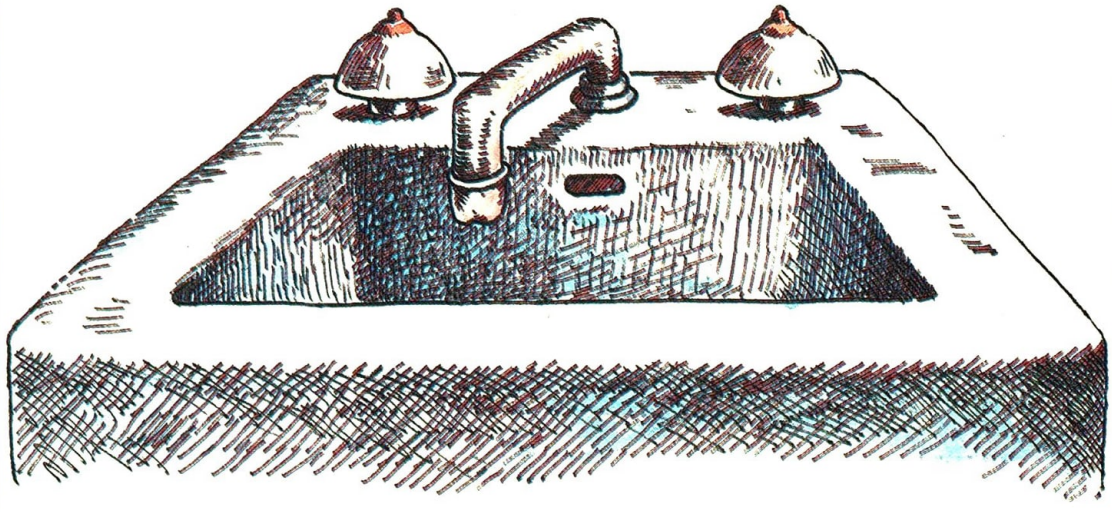
Ladies and Genitalia



The Great White Hope



Head Trip



Ode to Farah Faucet

JUSTICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

him dead. They made off with his money, credit cards, and watch.

Just hours later, the police picked up Gregory Dillard and Jerome ("Danny") Hall. They were carrying Mr. Boatwright's credit cards, money, and gold watch. A box of bullets was found in their car. They were the same type—.38 caliber—as the one that had killed Mr. Boatwright.

The police questioned Dillard and Hall, reminding them over and over of their constitutional rights, until, as Mrs. Boatwright later put it, "it sounded like a joke." Finally, Hall said he would not continue to answer any of the detectives' questions until he called his mother, who would notify his lawyer. Hall made the call and the questioning proceeded. At another point, the detective told Dillard and Hall that they were facing the gas chamber. After a short while, they confessed, each implicating the other in the shooting.

The trial judge threw out the confessions, saying the defendants were coerced into confessing. Since the taped confessions could not be used as evidence, both were acquitted on the murder charge.

Dillard was later arrested on a rape-murder charge but was released when no one could make a positive identification. He was recently convicted of tampering with a mail truck, a crime punishable by up to 30 years in prison. Hall is now a fugitive on a drug charge.

How did we end up with a system in which the slightest technicalities of the law are judged sufficient to allow the foulest crimes to be wiped from the slate as if they never happened? As one British parliamentarian has put it, Americans now live with a criminal-justice system in which "guilt and innocence are no longer the issue." The courts have become so obsessed with technical niceties that it now seems to matter less whether a person actually *committed* the crime, and more whether the police and courts acted properly in apprehending and prosecuting the criminal.

This trend began in the early 1960s, when the U.S. Supreme Court, under Chief Justice Earl Warren, began the "selective incorporation" of the Bill of Rights into state criminal procedures. Although few people realize it, the Bill of Rights, as originally written, applied only to the *federal* government, not to the states—where most criminal trials take place. The states themselves were free to adopt any, or all, of the principles of freedom of speech and the right to a fair trial. Most states did, but not all of them.

The Fourteenth Amendment, passed during the Reconstruction, asserted that no state could "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," or deny "equal protection of the law" to anyone within its jurisdiction. For decades afterward, judges and scholars argued whether this meant that the states were subject to the Bill of Rights. By the 1950s, however, the law still held that the states were not rigidly bound by the first ten amendments.

In the 1960s, the Warren Court began to change this. It initiated a deliberate effort to apply the Bill of Rights—particularly the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Amendments—to criminal procedures in the state courts. However, there was a problem. The Court had very little authority to enforce its decisions. It had no "power of the purse" over the state courts, and it could not dictate new statutes to state legislatures or intervene directly in court procedures. All the Supreme Court could do was to *release convicted felons* in the hope that the states would get the message and start tightening up their procedures.

As Richard Neely, chief justice of the West Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals, put it in his recent book, *How Courts Govern America*:

> The streets began to swarm with released criminals. All the agents of the criminal-justice system concluded that the courts had finally gone stark-raving mad and envisioned a world of wall-to-wall felons. At first, police officers and prosecutors did not believe that the U.S. Supreme Court meant what it said, so they continued to do business as usual. . . . [T]he Supreme Court was forced to reverse hundreds of convictions, release the accused, and over a span of ten years indicate that it was really serious about individual rights. . . .
>
> What society paid for this improvement in government civility was a higher incidence of crime.

To an extent, these Court-mandated reforms were long overdue. In many areas of the country, crimes often were routinely "solved" by beating confessions out of the nearest available suspects. Local judges and law-enforcement officials regularly failed to issue search warrants. The police were given free reign to go anywhere and do anything in trying to root out evidence. To some degree, the havoc in the justice system over the last 20 years can be viewed as a transition period. During this period, the states have been setting up procedures to warn defendants of their right to remain silent and to call an attorney. The states have had to "learn" that defendants have a right to be tried by a jury of their peers and a right to a speedy trial.

But it is important to realize where this transformation has led us. The criminal-justice system is no longer set up to protect the ordinary, nonviolent citizen from the depredations of the violent few. The system is now geared toward preventing accused criminals from being deprived of their constitutional rights, no matter how heinous the crime or how trivial the state or police blunders.

Ralph A. Rossum, professor of political science at Memphis State University, said

"The mountain doesn't want a symbolic virgin sacrifice—it wants ex-Secretary Watt."

in his book *The Politics of the Criminal Justice System:*

> According to the due-process model, an accused is not guilty of a crime merely because he has, in fact, committed the offense. . . . [E]ven if a murderer were to kill his victim in plain view of a large number of people and were then to declare to the police upon his arrival, "I did it and I'm glad," the criminal-justice system must presume the suspect to be innocent. . . . The doctrine of legal guilt requires more than mere factual guilt.

Thus, the state has to try to prove a person committed a crime once it has been committed. If the state makes any mistakes in procedure, or impinges on the accused's right to a presumption of innocence, then the accused has a right to go free.

Basically, the system now works this way:

People have the "right" to commit crimes. There is nothing in the Constitution, after all, that says you can't murder someone. The right to commit a crime is protected as if it were a form of personal expression, something akin to freedom of speech. As with free speech, the state cannot exercise any "prior restraint," meaning it cannot try to prevent anyone from doing anything *before* he or she commits a questionable act.

Bail laws, for example, now require that the only consideration taken into account in granting bail must be the "defendant's likelihood to appear at trial." Any attempt to detain a person because he might commit *more* crimes is an illegal form of "preventive detention." Thus, murderers, rapists, and kidnappers are often set free hours after they have been arrested for a crime, and they may remain at large for months or years before coming to trial—often intimidating witnesses or harassing friends and relatives of the victim.

Once a crime has been committed, states do have the right to try to convict and punish the criminals. They can pass laws saying that murder, rape, arson, armed robbery, and other forms of violence are punishable. They can issue warrants, make arrests, investigate, prosecute, and even put people in jail or execute them for committing these crimes.

But the contest is a very uneven one. The state, because it is presumed to have much greater powers than the accused, is required to restrain itself in a number of ways. The prosecution, for example, cannot appeal an acquittal by a jury, while a defendant can appeal a jury conviction for years. The prosecution cannot legally withhold evidence that would work in the defendant's favor, but the defendant can withhold evidence that would work in the prosecution's favor. If the state violates any of the accused person's constitutional rights in the process of investigating a crime, the state "goes on trial," while the crime itself is essentially forgotten.

Nor does it matter that the two offenses may hardly be commensurate. A person may be charged with the ax murder of four people, but if the state makes a mistake—say, in describing on a search warrant the car used in a crime—that leads to the discovery of the murder weapon, it is the *state* that will be judged to have committed an offense. The murder charge may well be dismissed.

At the heart of this system lies the bugbear of law enforcement, the so-called exclusionary rule. First applied to the state criminal courts by the Supreme Court in 1961, it states that if the police violate a defendant's Fourth Amendment rights against "unreasonable searches and seizures," *all* the evidence collected in these searches must be excluded from the trial, no matter how incriminating it may be.

In typical cases, the exclusionary rule has worked this way:

- In a Michigan case in 1976, the owner of a trailer became suspicious when he hadn't seen the couple to whom he had rented it for quite some time. He went to the trailer and found a large box emanating a strange odor. He removed the box from the trailer, opened it, and found a man's body. He called the police, who reopened the box and then charged the dead man's wife with the murder of her husband.

The woman was convicted and sentenced to life in prison. She appealed the case on the grounds that the police didn't have a warrant or her permission to search the box. The court of appeals agreed with her and ruled that the body, discovered without a warrant, should have been excluded as evidence in the first trial. The prosecution is appealing the exclusion and she has been released on a $1,000 bond.

- In a case that goes before the U.S. Supreme Court this year, a Denver woman said that she had seen a man peering into her neighbors' windows. An hour later, she saw him at the bus stop next to her house with a TV and video game under his arm. She called the police and the man was arrested for burglary. The TV and video game proved to be stolen from a house on the next block. The Colorado Supreme Court ordered a retrial, excluding the TV as evidence on the grounds that the police never had any "probable cause" to arrest. (The prosecution is appealing this decision to the U.S. Supreme Court.)
- In a California case several years ago, police had obtained a warrant for the arrest of two suspected heroin dealers, a husband and wife. They found the couple wheeling a baby carriage in the park. The police searched the couple but found nothing. Then one of the officers searched the baby's diapers. There was the heroin.

The California courts overturned the conviction on the grounds that the baby was too young to give its consent to the search. (Presumably, the police should have waited until the baby turned 18.) Without this permission, the search was invalid, and the evidence was excluded. Once again, charges were dropped.

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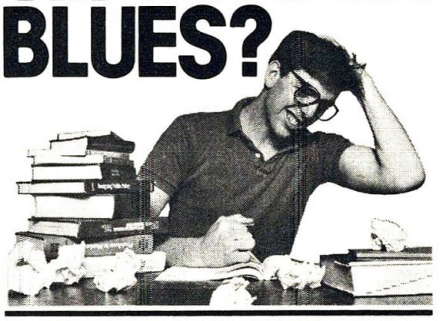

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The exclusionary rule is widely regarded as one of the principal reasons for the crazy-quilt pattern of American justice. It is unique to American law. No other country has adopted it, not Britain, not Canada, not Australia—which all have traditions of protecting the public against intensive police searches and seizures.

"The exclusionary rule can severely distort reality, because it eliminates hard, objective evidence—guns, stolen goods, bloody clothing, even dead bodies," said Steven Schlesinger, professor of political science at Rutgers University. "With confessions, there's always an element of doubt, and the jury is always free to reject evidence if it thinks a confession was coerced. But with the exclusionary rule, the jury simply doesn't get to hear the facts of the case."

"A trial is supposed to be a search for truth," said Ernest van den Haag, professor of jurisprudence and public policy at Fordham University. "But we've made it into a procedure for trying to punish the police."

The exclusionary rule is *not* in the Constitution. It is a judicially invented means of enforcing the Fourth Amendment's guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures," with "no warrants . . . issue[d], but upon probable cause." Critics point out that it offers no compensation to *innocent* victims of illegal searches and only rewards the *guilty* by excluding evidence that might convict them. Chief Justice Warren Burger, a long-standing and outspoken critic, called the exclusionary rule "a mechanically inflexible response to widely varying degrees of police error," and added that society pays a high price for it in increased crime.

Justice Burger probably would trade his right arm to eliminate the exclusionary rule (or have the rule replaced by some judicial procedure in which innocent victims of illegal police searches could be awarded monetary damages in compensation). But he has never been able to muster the votes to have the Supreme Court change the ruling. Congressional attempts to eliminate the stipulations of the exclusionary rule in cases of violent crime, or to allow a "good faith" exemption in cases where the police make a reasonable attempt to conform to constitutional procedures, have also failed.

Meanwhile, defense attorneys, scrambling to fulfill their court-enforced mandate to get the best deal for their clients, continue to broaden the exclusionary rule. They have punched holes in the notion of "probable cause" and pounded away at the smallest procedural errors that can be used to invalidate warrants and throw out even the most damning evidence. For example:

• In *Commonwealth v. Sheppard*, being argued before the U.S. Supreme Court this term, a Massachusetts man's conviction for murdering his girlfriend was overturned when it was discovered that the district-court judge *used the wrong legal forms* in drawing up the search warrant that led to his arrest. Police asked the judge for the warrant on a Sunday, and since the courthouse was closed, he improvised with some other warrant forms he had at home. The Massachusetts Supreme Court, in overturning the conviction, also pointed out that the judge, in his haste, *forgot to staple a key affidavit to the search warrant.*

• In a drug bust in Texas in 1981, the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals ruled that narcotics agents had no "probable cause" in entering and searching a room after one of the defendants told an undercover officer that a white powder on a table inside the room was "speed." The court said that police had failed to consider the possibility that "speed" might be a new brand of laundry detergent.

Search warrants and arrest warrants have been routinely thrown out of court because of small errors of description—even typing mistakes.

> The justice system is now geared toward preventing accused criminals from being deprived of their rights, no matter how heinous the crime or how trivial the police blunders.

"We've seen warrants invalidated because we had one number wrong on a license plate, or because we mixed up the digits on a street address, or because the house was described as green with white shutters instead of white with green shutters," said Carrie Bittick, head of the National Sheriff's Association. In one key case in Florida, charges were dropped against an accused murderer because his unusual name was misspelled by a clerk.

"One of these days, a mass murderer is going to get off scot-free because somebody made a typing mistake on a search warrant," said Robert Preston, founder of Florida's Justice for Surviving Victims. (Preston's sister was shot and killed five years ago by a complete stranger.) "Then people are going to wake up and realize the kind of system we're living with in this country."

The great irony is that in many ways court reforms and the endless refinements of procedure over the past 20 years have taken us further away from the system of law devised by the Founding Fathers.

"[T]he essential feature of a jury trial obviously lies in the interposition between the accused and his accuser of the commonsense judgment of a group of laymen," wrote Supreme Court Justice Byron White, an opponent of much of the court's recent leniency toward criminals.

White's view is widely shared.

"The foundation of the law is the commonsense wisdom of ordinary people," said Professor Raoul Berger, retired senior fellow in American legal history at Harvard University. "I always feel uncomfortable when my legal reasoning begins to carry me away from commonsense decisions. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., meant this when he declared the foundation of the law was 'not logic, but experience.' The Founding Fathers knew this," continued Professor Berger. "They were very suspicious of judges and knew that judges and lawyers inevitably became entangled in their own legal subtleties, which lead them further and further away from common sense.

"The purpose of the Bill of Rights was to ensure that the jury prerogatives of the old common-law tradition were carried over into the new American Republic. A jury is randomly picked from the community precisely because it is *ignorant* of legal precedents, and because it represents a fresh breath of public opinion blown through the musty rules and precedents of court procedures."

But the main effect of nearly all the recent constitutional "reforms" has been to take power *away* from the jury and put it more and more into the hands of lawyers and appellate judges. "Information is screened and withheld from juries so that the individual jurors are often the least-informed people in the entire courtroom," said Berger. "In addition, with the continuing emphasis on procedural niceties, more and more cases are being argued in the appellate courts."

Thus, while crime continues to run rampant, the lawyers and judges continue to wall themselves up behind a bastion of courtroom procedures designed to keep information *out* of the hands of jurors and to keep the common wisdom of the people *out* of judicial proceedings—a plain violation of a system that was supposed to be designed "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

"Let the jury decide," is the charge of Edward M. Ross, superior court judge of California, who, like many other jurists, is quietly bucking the system. "That's what they're there for, and that's why we're taking their time. I say we should put as much information as possible in front of the jury, and let them make their own decision. The jury system may not be perfect, but it's much better than whatever is in second place."

But legal procedures are moving in the opposite direction and so it is not surprising that the criminal-justice system is in such a mess. No wonder crime continues to run rampant. No wonder criminals are freed on the flimsiest of technicalities. No wonder people are afraid.

COURT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

justice be done—the criminal-court judges of America.

Why aren't judges doing their jobs? Because most of them are incompetent to begin with. The sad fact is that the vast majority of criminal-court judges in this country are either lazy, incompetent, or political hacks whose interest in justice extends only so far as the minimal effort required to pick up a paycheck. It is for this reason that career criminals such as Maddicks escape justice for so long.

Most legal scholars, including Harvard Law professor and criminal-law expert Alan Dershowitz, believe that the competence on all levels of the judiciary leaves a lot to be desired.

"Some judges are very good, a lot are very bad," says Dershowitz. "Many are party hacks who have run for office and been beaten. In my opinion, more than half the judges on the federal and state level are unqualified and incompetent."

Part of the problem lies in the power of judicial immunity—the legal concept that protects judges from "good faith" errors, which makes them almost as exempt from any control as anointed monarchs. Some judges, once they put on what lawyers refer to scornfully as "the black nightgown," take on a new personality and begin to act as if they have a "divine right." Many, in fact, begin a lifetime ego trip. Their personal likes and dislikes figure more in their decisions than does the law.

Where do criminal-court judges come from? From the political clubhouses, generally. In a cartoon that appears in many an attorney's office, a judge is seen glowering at a young defendant and saying: "You show me some respect, young man. I had to kiss a lot of ass to get this job."

"The most dangerous place in the world to be is outside a political leader's office when a judicial vacancy occurs," says one prominent New York criminal trial attorney. "You can get stomped to death by the rush of lawyers who can't make a living any other way."

Judge Alan I. Friess spent only three and a half years on the New York City Criminal Court bench, but he gained more notoriety than most judges do in decades on the bench. Friess finally resigned last year, not, he says, because of a judicial investigation under way against him, but because he was "burned out."

On November 27, 1980, while sitting in night court in Manhattan, Friess arraigned a female defendant named Elisia Fominas on charges of murdering and dismembering her three-year-old daughter. She told Friess that her husband had forced her to commit the grisly act because she was afraid he would kill her if she didn't. Fominas also said she was ill and friendless.

Normally, a judge would have ordered her held in a hospital prison ward for possible psychiatric examination, but Friess—moved by her story, he said later—took Mrs. Fominas home with him and, with a woman friend present, provided her with lodging, a Thanksgiving dinner, and later, a lawyer to represent her.

The following night, he excused himself from the case and shortly after that, as word of what happened leaked out, his actions generated a full-fledged and widely-publicized controversy. A judicial inquiry commission later concluded that Friess was "motivated by compassion and concern for the welfare and safety" of the woman, but it chastised him for creating "the appearance of impropriety and [bringing] the judiciary into disrepute."

It turned out that this was not the only time Friess had brought the judiciary into disrepute. Later, it was discovered, he had once tossed a coin to decide a jail sentence for a pickpocket, and on still another occasion he had asked for a "show of hands" in the courtroom to decide which of two litigants to believe. But after Friess resigned, another more serious action came to light. A man arrested for murdering a woman in the Bronx had been released by Friess only three months earlier on a technicality. The defendant had been arrested on October 12, 1982, and held without bail by another judge after being accused of shooting and seriously wounding a deliveryman in Manhattan. The district attorney was required by law to file an indictment within six days after it had been handed up by a grand jury. Because of the violent nature of the crime, the district attorney's office asked Friess to continue to deny bail until the paperwork could be completed on the formal filing of the indictment. Friess refused and reduced bail to $7,500. The defendant posted it eight days later. The defendant then disappeared and was not found until arrested three months later, on charges of murder.

The district attorney's office, in a monumental understatement, described Friess's action in freeing the defendant as "an unfortunate decision."

How does a man like Friess get on the bench in New York? Basically, the same way that judges get on the bench almost anywhere: politics. In New York, as in most places, the choice—despite all efforts to make it look otherwise—is a political one. There is a modicum of review by local bar associations, but Friess, for example, was "approved" by Tammany (a term that the Manhattan Democratic organization eschews as a relic of the past). Friess was appointed on the recommendation of New York City's Mayor Koch after being screened by a legal committee headed by a former Tammany leader.

Such judges, obviously, don't only preside in New York. In Miami, for example, Joseph Durant, a former circuit-court judge, was "retired" at the polls last year by the voters of Dade County, because a local newspaper would not let the public forget his leniency. Durant, rightly or

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wrongly, was viewed as a man who would give away the courthouse. His detractors were the police and the state attorney's office, where Durant had once worked as a prosecutor. Durant handed down to two former Miami Dolphin players, Don Reese and Randy Crowder, one-year jail terms and probation after they were convicted of selling cocaine. The police screamed that any other defendant would have gotten at least five years, especially, they said, in light of the fact that the two football players were involved in more than just providing drugs for themselves, friends, and teammates. As a result of this sentence, one national newsmagazine labeled Durant "Let 'Em Go Joe."

Durant said he found solace in the words of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: "There is no place in this world for men of principle." Durant said he always found drug laws unrealistic, a view that did not coincide with the dominant view of the people of the state of Florida. On the Reese-Crowder case, Durant said, "They served a full year, but more importantly, they straightened themselves out. [And] they went around the country lecturing to kids about the evils of drugs and drug usage. And this was not part of any probation, but on their own volition."

Durant, in effect, said his problem was not so much that he was not a good judge, but that perhaps he was too streetwise.

That's a complaint voiced by another jurist in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where in July 1980 Judge Christ T. Seraphim was suspended from the bench for three years following a judicial inquiry into his behavior. This particular jurist was accused of verbally abusing litigants, and he was charged by several women with behaving like a dirty old man. The judge, according to testimony given to the inquiry panel, had a penchant for fondling women he had just met and for making indecent proposals that they accompany him to Florida or other exotic places.

His defense? He was only fooling, he said. "When I heard they thought I was serious," he told the inquiry panel, "I thought it was astonishing."

But the women were the ones who were astonished. A 24-year-old Marquette University journalism student said that the judge, following an interview for a school assignment, took her to lunch at his club where he regaled her with dirty jokes, told everyone she was his fiancée, and then "put his arm around me and grabbed my chest. . . ."

Still another woman, a secretary, said the judge sat down next to her on a bus, put his arm around her, and asked her to come to work for him. When she left the bus, she said, Seraphim followed her into the courthouse elevator and began "kissing me on the face and nibbling on my ear. . . . I tried to open my mouth to protest and that's when he put his tongue in my mouth."

The Wisconsin Supreme Court also heard testimony about Seraphim's actions in the courtroom. One public defender said Seraphim gave harsher treatment and sentences to the poor and ethnic groups. "They suffered disrespect, higher bail, and harsher sentences," the lawyer told the inquiry panel. Once, when a public defender was seeking a new trial for a man convicted of robbery in Seraphim's court, Seraphim told him: "I never make errors . . . the only ones who make errors are the ones who reverse me."

When the hearing ended in 1980 the Wisconsin Supreme Court suspended Seraphim for three years, saying that while none of the charges by themselves warranted disciplinary action, taken together they constituted misconduct. "The conduct of those who aspire to be judges," the court's finding said, "both on and off the bench, but particularly on the bench, must be such as to warrant the respect of the public and the confidence of litigants that they will be treated fairly, impartially, and considerately . . . the nature and frequency of his [Seraphim's] violations of the rules and noncompliance with the standards of the code of judicial ethics are such that they cannot be overlooked or treated lightly."

> The sad fact is that most judges are either lazy, incompetent, or political hacks whose interest in justice extends only so far as the effort required to pick up a paycheck.

Yet Seraphim is now back on the bench, doing business as usual in Milwaukee.

The public perception is that *federal* judges are chosen from a high caliber of candidate, because final choices must be approved by at least one of the two U.S. senators from the state involved. But in Los Angeles, there is one U.S. District Court judge, Andrew Hauk, who has become known as "the Roy Bean of Southern California."

Though now officially retired, he still sits as a judge with special status. He is a hard man to gauge, a man of many moods. He has referred to certain Hispanics as "faggots from Cuba" and once, during a women's sex-discrimination suit, said that women "have a monthly problem which upsets them emotionally and we all know that. . . ." One attorney, who asked to remain anonymous, said Hauk once became enraged when the government sought to put into evidence photocopies of bank records rather than the originals. Hauk started screaming he wanted the originals and yelled, "Get the FBI down to San Diego, use fast cars, guns, whatever you need."

He was born Aloysius Andrew Hauk 71 years ago in Denver and was appointed to the federal bench in 1966. Hauk served as counsel for the Union Oil Company before becoming a judge. Considered a political conservative, he is a close friend of former California Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown, father of Jerry. When Hauk comes into court, it is said, what happens there depends on his mood or digestion. Motions at times are not just denied but referred to as "weird." For attorneys unhappy with his rulings, he points to the ceiling, indicating upstairs, where the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals is situated, and says, "If you don't like it, take it up. . . ."

Several years ago, Hauk ordered several elderly women involved in a tax case from his courtroom. They were wearing buttons identifying themselves as members of an antitax group calling itself *Posse Comitatus*. They left the courtroom but remained in the hallway. Hauk then ordered the marshals to remove them from the building. As the marshals grabbed one of them, the woman swung back, apparently in a reflex action, breaking the skin on the marshal's hand with a ballpoint pen. She was charged with assault with a deadly weapon on a federal officer and hauled off to a jail cell in lieu of $100,000 bail. In ensuing days, after a flurry of phone calls and a reminder from a federal prosecutor that the judge would be subpoenaed to appear in any grand-jury hearing on the matter, Hauk dismissed the charge.

One lawyer feels that Hauk lacks whatever it is in most people that keeps them from acting or speaking on impulse. "We all want to say and do things, but we hold back or act diplomatically or make our views known without showing disrespect," he said. But, he added, Hauk seems to lack that.

Attorneys are loath to talk on the record about judges, because of the power judges have over them. But five years ago, the Beverly Hills Bar Association, of all groups, did a survey of some 268 lawyers to determine their attitudes. There were 30 questions about judges' performance, qualifications, and treatment of cases. The association in its final report noted: "It is clear from the statistics that most of the attorneys who participated in the judicial-evaluation poll are pleased with the performance of the federal bench. The one noticeable exception is Judge A. Andrew Hauk and just as the respondents are united in their approval of most of the federal judges, so are they united in their disapproval of Judge Hauk."

Some of the sharpest criticisms of Hauk have come from the appellate courts, which have overturned his convictions, saying that he badgered witnesses and

took over the prosecutor's job. In one case, Hauk accused an attorney, Gary Goodpaster, of condoning perjury by a witness. This was one exchange:

Hauk: And nobody threw you around the station, did they?

Witness: No.

Goodpaster: Your honor, if I may—

Hauk: Be quiet; nobody hit you, did they?

Witness: No.

Hauk: All right, you can proceed. I don't like this sort of nonsense. I want the truth.

In reversing this case, the appellate court said: "The trial judge went too far." Although a judge does have the right to question a witness, the appeals court ruled, he cannot conduct the questioning in such a way as to indicate that he believes the witness is lying. "Most certainly," the appeals court said, "he cannot take on the role of the prosecution. . . . We conclude the cumulative effect was so pervasive and prejudicial as to require a new trial."

Perhaps the final word on Hauk may have been spoken by himself. "Some people call me eccentric and criticize me for that," he said. "Be that as it may, we do whatever we are supposed to do and hope to our satisfaction, or as I have often said the equitable dissatisfaction of everybody, which is the main job of a judge, his equitable distribution of dissatisfaction."

Whatever judicial ukase has been attributed to others, few judges can match Juvenile Court Judge Lloyd Burwell, of Ironton, Ohio. He was finally ordered by a federal court to stop putting juveniles in an adult county jail, a practice that led to at least one young girl being sexually assaulted. Burwell, according to those who know him, is one of those old-fashioned people who believes in "spare the rod, spoil the child." Ohio's rural Lawrence County, which is in the southern part of the state near the Kentucky border, had no juvenile-detention center despite a state law requiring each county to erect such a facility. So Burwell really had no choice, his supporters say.

But Burwell went too far. It was his policy to order children to spend one day in jail for each day of truancy, saying of his court, "I want this to be the last place [juveniles] want to come." Court records show that he jailed more than 100 youths in three years for truancy and more than 400 others for delinquent behavior.

Burwell, as one local resident put it, "really got his ass into a crack" in the winter of 1981 when he jailed two teenage girls, one of whom said she was sexually assaulted by a guard at the jail and by two male inmates. The sad part is that she should not have been in the jail in the first place. This, according to court records, is what happened.

The two girls took a car belonging to one of their parents and headed south. The father who owned the car was told by police that there was nothing the police could do to bring his daughter back, unless he signed a complaint. Then a warrant for her arrest would be issued. The father reluctantly agreed to this, and the girls were arrested in South Carolina. Placed in a halfway house, they called their parents, and the parents picked them up. The parents asked that the auto-theft charge be dropped.

But that apparently was not enough for Burwell. After being interviewed by probation officers, the girls were called into court by the judge and lectured. He then ordered them jailed. The father of one of the girls objected but the judge assured him that his daughter would be safe.

Burwell later insisted that the parents agreed to the jail time, but the father denied it. The girls were jailed on a Friday in February 1981, and the next day the judge visited them in jail. Not satisfied that they had "learned their lesson," he decided to leave them there.

The following Tuesday, he ordered them back to court, lectured them again and then sentenced them to ten days, suspended the sentence, and put them on probation. But the day before, something had happened.

A male jailer and two male inmates entered the juvenile section and "sexually abused" the two, it was charged. The jailer was never accused of rape but was charged with a count of "sexual aggravation," for which he was later convicted.

In any case, when word of the assault reached Burwell, he ordered the two girls brought from their nearby high school for questioning. The father, upon learning of what happened, reportedly told a friend, "I could have killed him [the judge]."

Later, the ACLU filed a lawsuit in federal court in Cincinnati. The county, in an out-of-court settlement, agreed to pay $37,000 to one of the girls, and Burwell was ordered not to confine any more juveniles to the adult prison.

As the Burwell case and other cases demonstrate, there is a persistent habit among the judiciary to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen. In case after case, monumental judicial error has resulted in tragedies that are later "corrected," most often by a slap on the wrists of judges who made the errors in the first place. This is small compensation for the victims of murderers who have been released and immediately kill again, or for the victims of burglars who are back on the streets stealing an hour after walking out of a courtroom.

There are, to be sure, many complex problems afflicting America's criminal-court system, among them the difficulty of making punishments fit crimes, the extent of rights of the accused, the admissibility of confessions, and a long list of similarly complex questions.

But none of these problems will even begin to be addressed until the quality of the average criminal-court judge improves dramatically. Simply put, there are too many bad judges out there.

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Pictures in Play

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

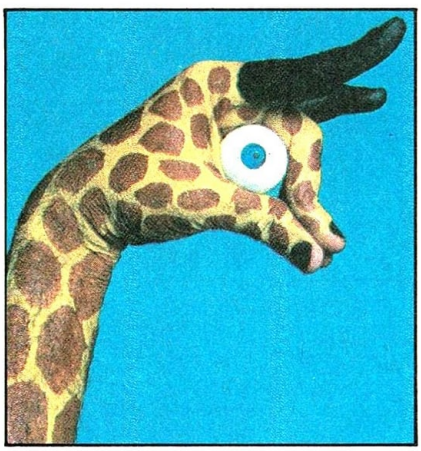
Games are where you find them—in giant sporting arenas or tiny ticktacktoe grids, in cards, dice, or at the ends of your arms. People have made things out of their hands for centuries—hand shadows, puppets, and magic tricks. But no one, we think, has found more original ideas in his hands than Mario Mariotti, the Italian artist whose handsome handiwork appears below. The works are from Mariotti's books *Hanimals* and *Humands,* published in the United States by Green Tiger Press in San Diego.

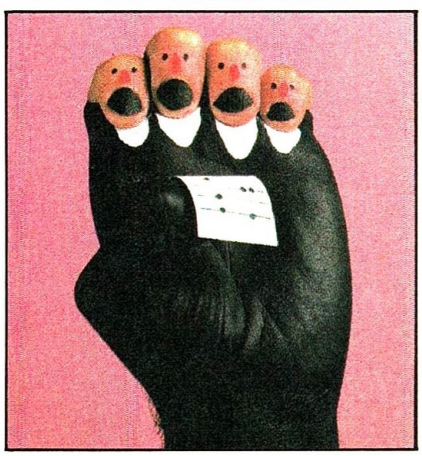
In Mariotti's hands, Mariotti's hands are transformed by imagination and water-based paint (and the original photography of Roberto Marchiori) into roosters, lovebirds, zebras, dogs, snakes, octopi, giraffes, and elephants. In his hands he finds an entire orchestra—from the conductor to the string section; from flute, piano, and percussion players to a digital choir (with thumb soloist).

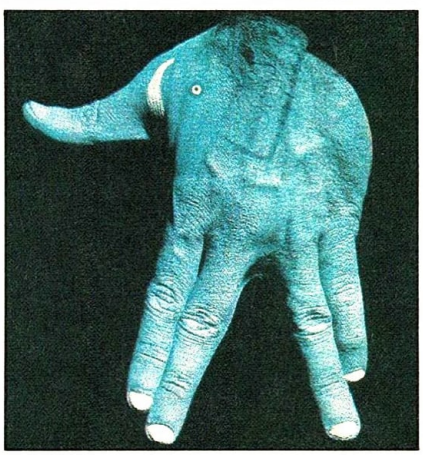
The ability to fill in gaps and see ordinary things in an unordinary way is part of the creative impulse: We turn a doorknob into a cartoon face, we see a horse's head in a cloud, or a bear in a constellation of stars. Ambiguity makes our minds fill in the missing parts so that we can make sense out of the whole.

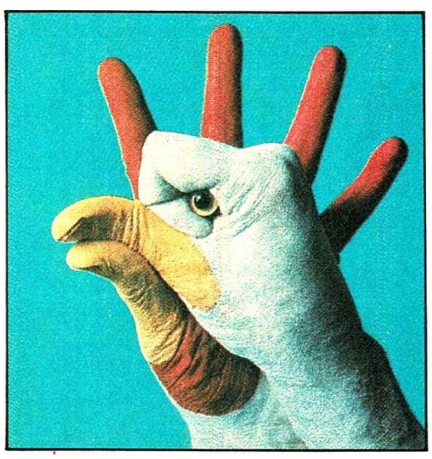
We can even see a single image in different ways. Anyone can see the red maple leaf on a white field in the center of the Canadian flag. But shift your attention to the white area as foreground on a red background and you can see the profiles of two angry men, forehead-to-forehead, looking down into the leaf from the top. Is it possible to see both the men and the leaf at the same time? Most observers say no: Your mind can shift rapidly back and forth from one to the other, but only one image can be perceived at any instant.

Another sort of picture-play works in the opposite direction. Instead of taking one familiar thing (like a hand) and changing it to look like another (a bird, say), the artist starts with a familiar image and distorts it so that it is barely recognizable. The idea is to find out just how little information is necessary for the essense of an image to get across. A similar idea lies behind the two domino portraits on page 158. If you look at them close up they don't make sense, but from a distance two familiar faces come into view and from a great distance you can see fine details in the faces. They are









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GAMES

the works of Ken Knowlton, formerly of Bell Labs, now with Stanford Research Institute.

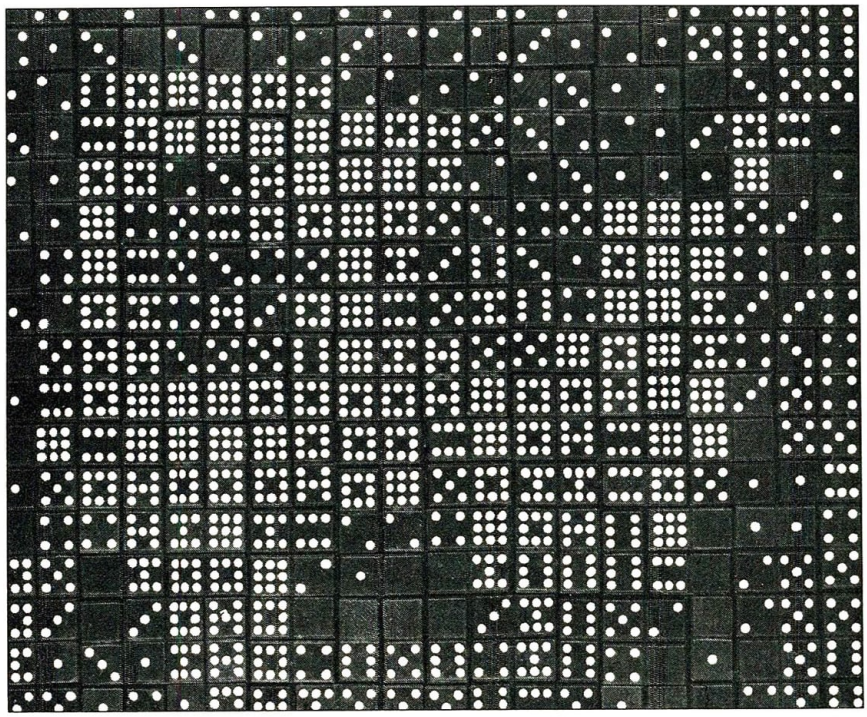
These two works, published here for the first time, in reality measure 20 inches by 22 inches and you have to stand several feet away from them to see any images. At the size printed here, (the images are cropped somewhat) the faces are recognizable from a foot or so away. If you look at them from a closer distance, you will see only spots and rectangles. (See answers below.)

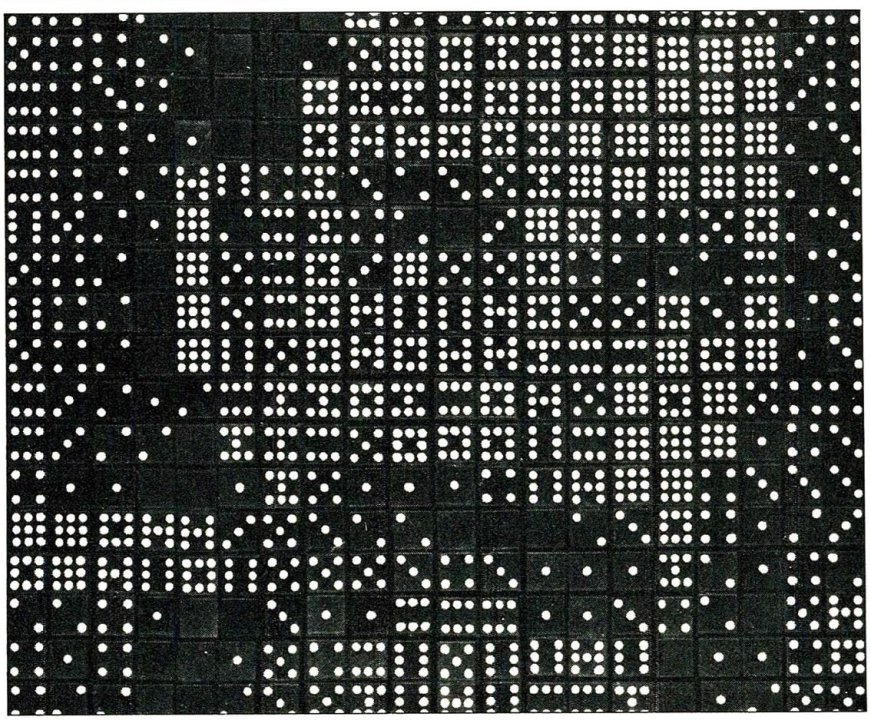
Knowlton takes his dominology seriously. It would be easy to make a picture out of dominoes if you could use any one you needed for a particular shade of gray and discard all the rest. You would use blank-blank tiles for the blackest areas, nine-nines for the lightest, and so on. "That would be *too* easy," Knowlton says. Instead, he restricts himself to using only *whole sets* of dominoes. In these portraits, double-nine sets were used. Each set contains one each of every possible combination from zero-zero up to nine-nine, or 55 dominoes in all. If you use whole sets, you must find a best place for every tile, even the difficult ones such as the zero-nine and the one-eight. Knowlton has used as many as 1,300 dominoes in some of his creations. For the portraits on this page, he wanted to see how few sets he could use and still get a recognizable picture. That turned out to be four sets, or 220 dominoes in each picture.

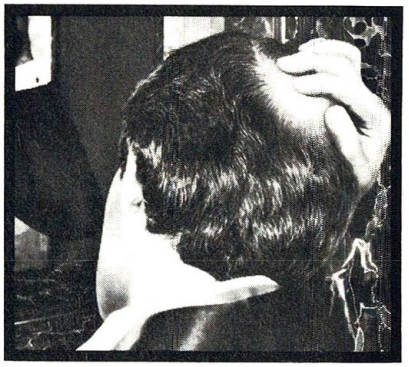
Once the initial image is broken down into squares of different shades of gray, the hard part comes: finding the optimal place and best orientation—horizontal or vertical—for each piece. Keep in mind that whenever you shift one domino from horizontal to vertical, or vice versa, other dominoes have to change elsewhere in the puzzle to keep the rows and columns even. Knowlton has created a computer program to take care of this monstrous task and has even received an official United States patent for it.

Answers

DOMINOES. The portraits are of Charlie Chaplin and Groucho Marx.







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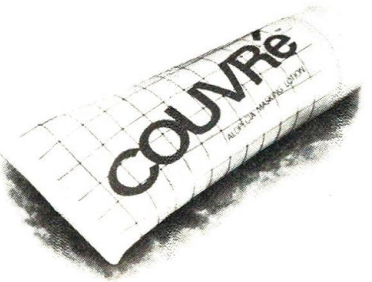

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Sweet chastity
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
OTTO, LONG LOST TWIN BROTHER OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, HAS RETURNED TO CASTLE DREER. TO ESCAPE THE TEDIUM OF HIS POETIC RECITATIONS AND THE MOOD OF SOPORIFIC BOREDOM THAT HAS CREPT INTO THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CASTLE, SWEET CHASTITY HAS BEEN PURSUING HER OWN SOLITARY PASTIMES.....
WEREWOLVES ARE AN ENDANGERED SPECIES!
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STOP THIS CRUELTY!
DO YOU REALIZE THAT IF THESE BLOOD SPORTS AREN'T STOPPED NOW — YOUR CHILDREN WILL NEVER SEE A LIVE WEREWOLF IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT?

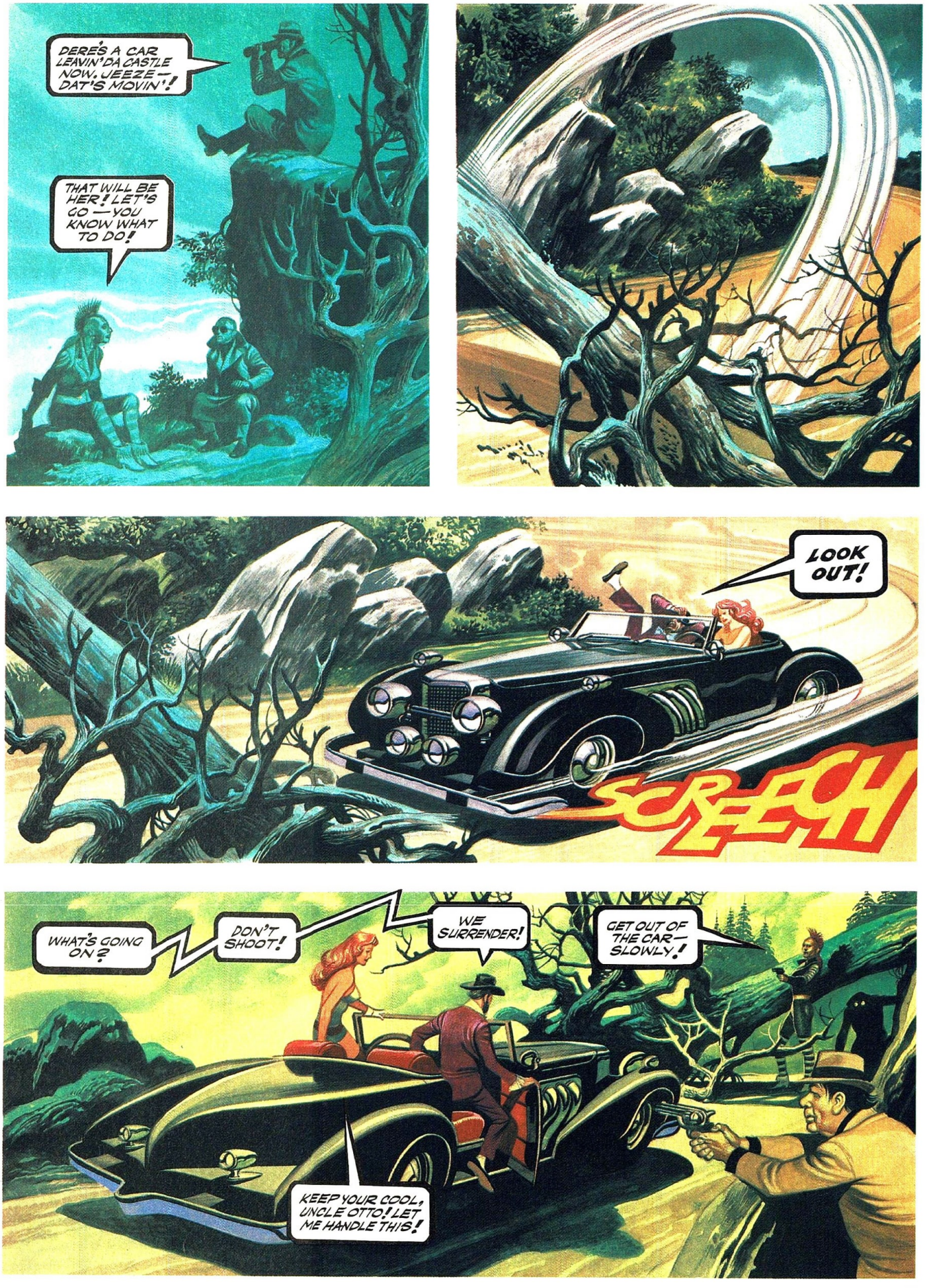
SHE IS UNAWARE THAT HER MOVEMENTS ARE BEING CLOSELY MONITORED.....
WHY DON'T I JUST GO DOWN DERE AN' GRAB HER, SPECS ?
DON'T UNDER-ESTIMATE HER, MOOSE!
SHE'S JUST A DAME! A BROAD! A SKOIT! I CAN HANDLE IT!

WE DON'T NEED ALL DIS MAKIN' NOTES AN' WATCHIN' STUFF! ALL YA NEED FER A SNATCH IS A FAST GETAWAY CAR!
LOOK-WE DO JUST AS THE BLACK WIDOW SAYS! WE'RE SOLDIERS! JUST TRY TO REMEMBER THAT, MOOSE-WE CARRY OUT ORDERS

SHE ISN'T A CREATURE OF HABIT, MS-THERE'S NO PATTERN TO HER DAYS
WHY DON'TCHA JEST LEAVE IT TO ME? I'LL GO DOWN AND GRAB DA BROAD FER YA! NO SWEAT!
WILL YOU TELL THAT BIG CRETINOUS ANACHRONISM TO SHUT HIS MACHO MOUTH! THIS ISN'T SOME CRUMMY B MOVIE! THIS IS A REVOLUTION!

LOOK-MOOSE DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM. HIS WAYS MAY BE A BIT OLD FASHIONED, BUT HE'S A PRO— AND YOU NEED A PRO FOR THIS CAPER!
OKAY! OKAY! BUT KEEP HIM IN LINE. I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW AND WE DO IT MY WAY! ANY MORE HASSLE AND WE STICK HIM IN A TRAILER PARK FOR SENIOR CITIZENS AND WE DO THE JOB OURSELVES!
GIVE HIM A BREAK- HE NEEDS THIS JOB TO SUPPLEMENT HIS MAFIA RETIREMENT PENSION!
SMARTASS WOMEN BOSSES! SNIFF BIG WOIDS! IT WUZN'T LIKE DIS IN DE OLD DAYS! ME AN' BUGSY... AN' LUCKY... AN..

MEANWHILE, AT CASTLE DREER
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!
OH YEAH! YOU WEREN'T UP AT 5 A.M.!
I'M DRIVING INTO THE VILLAGE, TOOMBS — SHOULD ANYONE ASK AFTER ME!
CHASTITY, MY DEAR, COULD I BEG A LIFT? I FANCY A QUIET CRUISE THROUGH THE LOCAL HOSTELRIES!
gay days
OF COURSE, UNCLE OTTO.
'MORNING, UNCLE VINCENT — HAVE A NICE DAY!


DERE'S A CAR LEAVIN' DA CASTLE NOW. JEEZE— DAT'S MOVIN'!
THAT WILL BE HER! LET'S GO—YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LOOK OUT!
SCREECH
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DON'T SHOOT!
WE SURRENDER!
GET OUT OF THE CAR— SLOWLY!
KEEP YOUR COOL, UNCLE OTTO! LET ME HANDLE THIS!

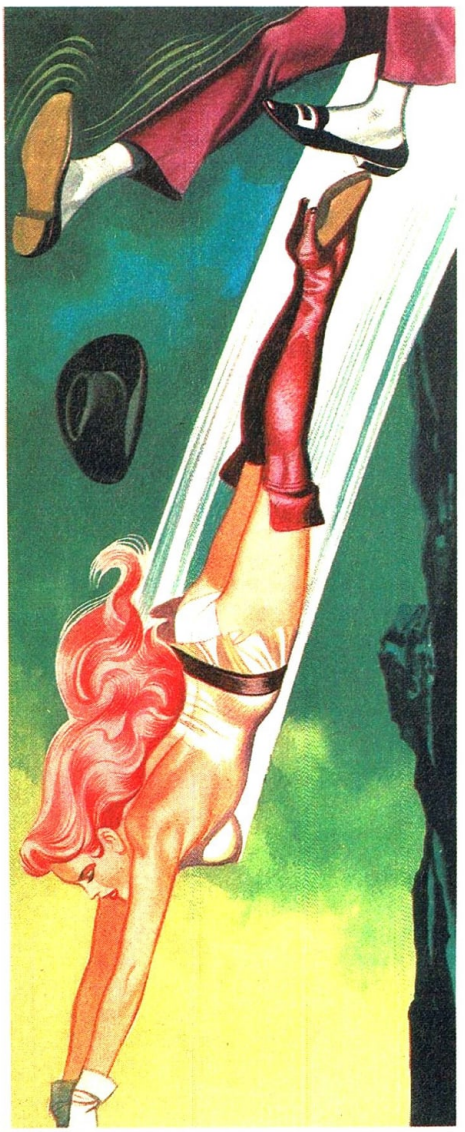
STAY CALM, UNCLE OTTO...
....WHEN I GIVE YOU THE WORD—JUMP FOR IT!
DOWN THAT CLIFF? OH, MY GOD! I CAN'T!

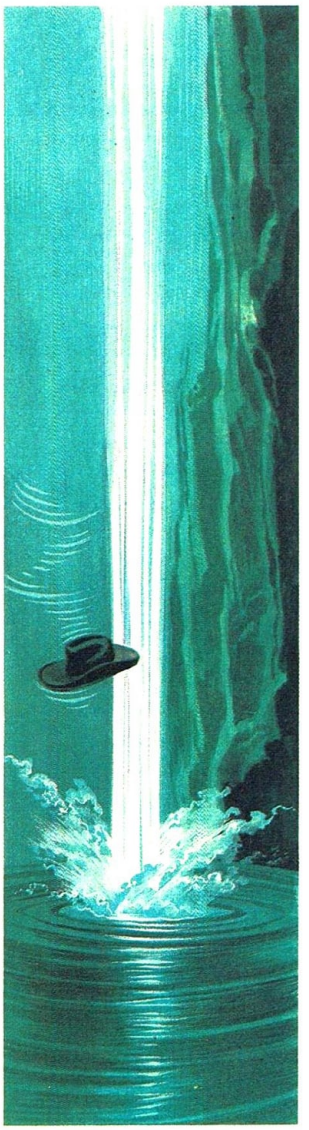
JUMP FOR IT!

GET HER— ALIVE!
IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN —JUMP!

BUT OTTO'S LEGS FAIL HIM. HE STANDS— ROOTED TO THE SPOT!

JUMP, YOU FOOL!
EEYAAGH!





DON'T LEAVE ME!
DON'T LEAVE ME!
DON'T LEAVE ME!
OH, NO!
THAT'S A PRETTY STUPID REQUEST! IT ISN'T THAT WE ARE UNSYMPATHETIC TO HIS PLIGHT — BUT WHAT DOES SHE EXPECT HER TO DO? WE'LL SEE NEXT MONTH!

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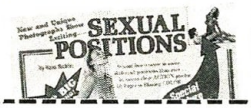

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DESERT ONE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

out one of our own men first confirming that all arrangements for their support had been completed; everything we were relying on had to be where it was supposed to be. That the CIA originally opposed Meadows's secret trip to Iran for this purpose—without suggesting a workable alternative—only stiffened our determination about taking precautions before committing our men to the ground. Being soldiers rather than spies, we did our best—but with little success—to encourage the agency to send its own men for the needed intelligence. Eventually, it helped train Meadows in cover stories, escape procedures, and other undercover techniques.

Meadows's "everything is ready" was the best possible augury that the arrangements would go as smoothly as on his previous missions. Desert Two's surface was not important, because only helicopters would land there. It had to be much closer to Tehran, yet remote—and it was. The site had been picked out with the aid of maps and aerial photographs. It was in a hilly area north of Garmsar, about a kilometer from a paved road and 100 kilometers southeast of Tehran. After our flight there in the Sea Stallions, we planned to hide the aircraft farther up in the hills, under nets, then hide ourselves until the following night. Desert One was essentially a refueling loading stop; Desert Two was a concealed staging area. Both were necessary because of the distances involved: The helicopters' range did not permit a strike in one go from farther away.

After dark, trucks would arrive at Desert Two to deliver us to Tehran. They had been bought by an Iranian exile who had volunteered his services to the CIA, and would be driven by American soldiers of Iranian descent, who spoke Farsi fluently.

Meadows had previously checked the trucks and every mile of the drive. He had also reconnoitered the entire route through Tehran's streets to the embassy, looking for potential obstacles missed in satellite photographs. There were none. In the wildly improbable event that we would be stopped at a roadblock where an Iranian armored division happened to be passing, we would not get through. Otherwise, we would make it to the embassy, and once there our success was even more assured.

We had trained in an exact mock-up of the twenty-seven-acre compound. Meadows's many strolls past the walls told us where every guard was posted. For the breach, the east wall on Roosevelt Avenue was chosen. When the trucks came to a stop there, seventy-five or so troops in the rear would brace for our charge. We would go over the wall on aluminum ladders padded for silence. The entire force would be over in seconds, even though each man would be carrying an average

of ninety-five pounds, including ammunition, into the dense greenery on the other side—where there were no guards. The action to follow was timed to the second.

Our principal weapons were machine guns, assault rifles, and submachine guns. Splitting into teams of as few as one or two, the men—individual specialists working at the tasks they did best—would race to their assignments. Some, with heavy machine guns and antitank weapons, would be stationed at the gates—to stop any reinforcements the Iranian Army might try to send in. Others would be positioned outside the dozen embassy buildings: the chancery, the ambassador's residence, the staff bungalows, and the warehouses. I had a grenade launcher and my task was to deal with any fire from the high-rise buildings overlooking the compound in the event that student terrorists—or their Iranian rivals or foreign agents—had set up weapons there. I had trained at length—firing at similar targets—to become our hip-pocket artillery.

Our hardest problem had been intelligence. Debriefings of former embassy personnel had given us vast knowledge of the compound itself, down to each room's curtains, which were reproduced in our models. Former military attachés had been especially helpful; an air-force major, whose tour as assistant air attaché had ended just days before the embassy's seizure, worked with us for months. We knew the furniture, how the doors opened, the combinations of many vault doors. But we didn't know precisely where each hostage was or the movements of the guards. At first, the lack of day-to-day intelligence seemed an insufferable problem. We got more information from minute study of news films and reports than from the CIA, which provided very little useful intelligence. We had repeatedly asked the agency to send agents into Iran, but this infiltration had produced so few hard facts that the army finally sent in disguised soldiers for firsthand reports. We still lacked specific information about the hostages' exact location.

Then we hit a possible bonanza. Just hours before we embarked from Egypt on the Iran mission, Beckwith joyously passed on to me some seemingly miraculous intelligence. The day before, the terrorists had freed the embassy's Pakistani cook, who had also been a prisoner. On his plane out of Iran, he happened to sit next to a CIA agent—who took him for questioning the moment the plane landed. The cook reported that most, perhaps all, of the hostages were in the chancery building, and he provided precise details about the deployment of the guards—who, he said, were not ordinarily in the hostages' rooms.

This might have been a last-minute spectacular by the CIA for maximum effect—the agency was rarely totally aboveboard, even with its fellow agencies. It might even have been a clever plant of misinformation by the terrorists. But if it

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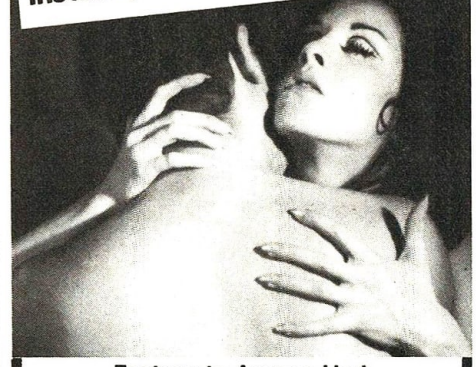

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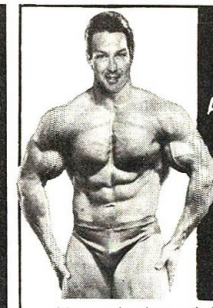

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was accurate, it would make our job considerably easier—even though the security at the chancery had been strengthened before the Iranian seizure to keep embassy personnel secure. But, hardened by American crews we had debriefed, we knew the obstacles. If our intelligence was inaccurate, however, we would have to storm more buildings and our job would take longer. In either case, we knew we would overcome any resistance in the compound.

Each man had a radio. At my signal, all would spring as one, aiming to hit all targets simultaneously. But we had also drilled exhaustively for every man to hit his objective alone—if someone was spotted before all were ready.

Break into the buildings. Eliminate the threat to the hostages. Release all fifty of them, for if one was left behind, his chances of surviving the terrorists' anger would not be good. When we had the fifty, retire quickly. Assemble for a final count in a patio outside the ambassador's residence.

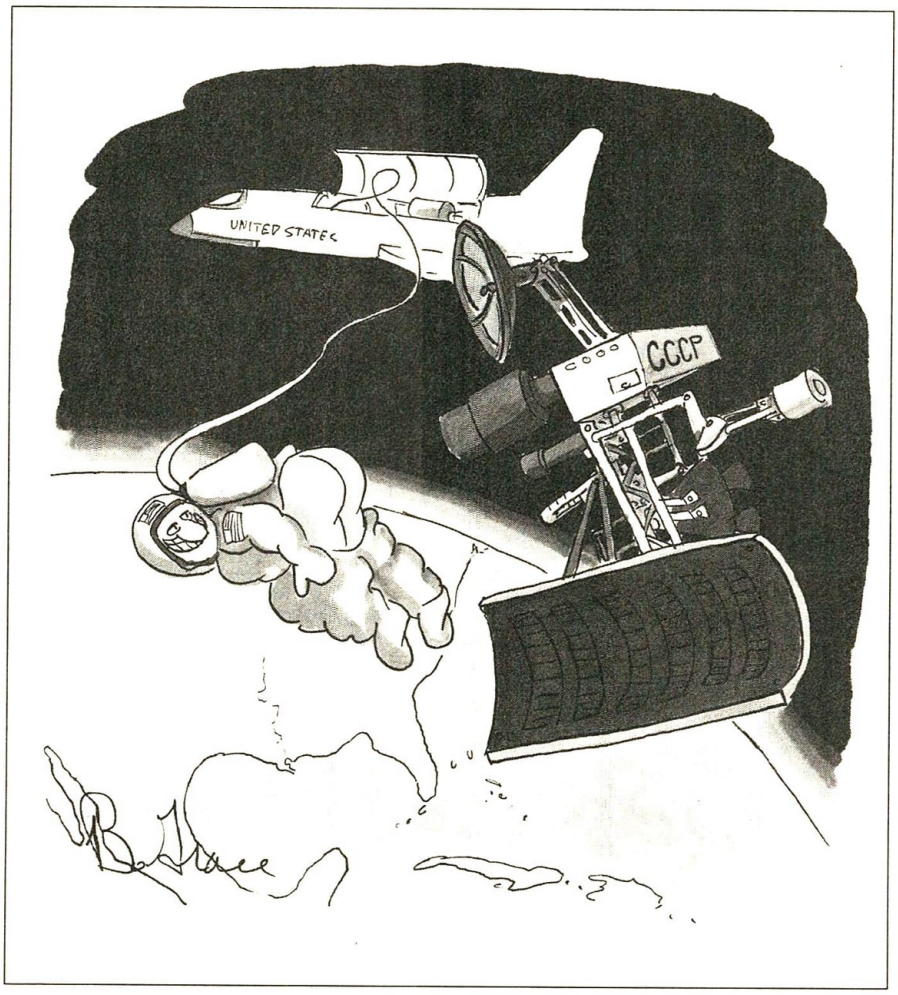
Meanwhile, a separate team would have liberated the remaining three hostages from the Foreign Ministry. Yet another team would have taken the soccer stadium almost directly across Roosevelt Avenue. And tactical aircraft capable of staggeringly rapid fire would have destroyed on the ground any Iranian fighters at Mehrabad International Airport, on the outskirts of Tehran. We had a winner.

The schedule required us to be in the Sea Stallions and on our way to Desert Two by 8:30 P.M. Darkness was the controlling factor; only two months from the summer solstice, we needed every minute of its shrinking hours. We had to be hidden away at Desert Two before dawn with a safety margin.

The hours after arrival had passed quickly. Now minutes seemed like hours, and every one very precious. People thought they heard rotor blades over the din of the C-130 turboprops. False alarm. Another one.

The helicopters again. Their choice had also been governed by unchangeable requirements. Above all, they had to be able to ferry heavy loads over long distances and to operate from aircraft carriers. A Navy RH-53, which had folding rotors, was chosen. It usually did minesweeping and antisubmarine work, flying hours over the sea.

Although the mechanical complexity of most helicopters made them prone to breakdown, the crews worried us more than the crafts. The original navy pilots were so unsuitable that they were reinforced by marines—but not from the corps known to the public: they were fliers first and fighters second. Although fine for ocean patrols, they had little combat experience and few of the special qualities needed for special-operations missions.



Unlike the C-130 pilots who had volunteered to fly hairy missions and liked them, the helicopter pilots never seemed to be the right stuff for Rice Bowl.

Many of my men who had worked on behind-the-lines helicopter raids in Vietnam were quietly contemptuous of our pilots during training. No one I knew had full confidence in them. During the rehearsals, the other participants felt much more nervous about their flying—and commitment—than about any other aspect of the procedures.

Just after the embassy was seized by the Iranians, a more suitable squadron had been assigned to a mission of higher priority in another part of the world. Vietnam veterans with a record of daring rescue sorties would have been ideal for recruitment, but the need for secrecy prevented the net for the best men from being spread throughout the military establishment. One navy pilot who resigned from the mission said he hadn't come into the service for this kind of thing. None of them had had the preparation for it.

Desert One's drop-dead time was 9:00 P.M. If we weren't away by then, the mission would have to be aborted.

Knowing this, the men began to grumble. "What did you expect?" "I could have told you before we flew out here." "I could have told you three months ago."

We had no idea that one had gone down and another, lost in a dust storm, had returned to the *Nimitz*. Or that some of the others had set down to wait for tolerable visibility.

The weak link.

Another false alarm.

Then, we actually heard a rotor blade. It cut the air like individual machetes as it came in, the sweet sound making Delta buoyant. "Forget what I said, man. Let's get on with it."

A pair of fine-looking Sea Stallions arrived and landed. Minutes later, a second pair took position behind their fuelbirds. It was 8:45, and we were supposed to have been in the air forty-five minutes earlier, but we had some flexibility. Everything seemed fine again.

I happened to be at the eastern end of the "airport," and as the senior officer present I welcomed the unnerved pilots. All seemed to have had more than they had bargained for. One in particular was clearly shaken, and tottered slightly, although he was glad to have his feet on the ground.

"You don't know what we've been through, major."

"Take a breather, the long flight's over," I said.

"We gotta cancel this thing."

"What do you mean? Are you okay?"

"I guess so."

"Your chopper?"

"Yeah, but you don't know what we've been through."

Not knowing that the C-130s had flown through ten or fifteen minutes of an unexpected dust storm, I assumed that what

the marine pilots had "been through" was a flight over enemy territory: nothing new to us. But the first time, I thought, could be enough to jolt them, and I tried to be reassuring.

One of the other two pilots was walking off his stiffness in the sand when I got to him.

"Welcome, guys. How're you doing? We're sure glad you finally made it."

"Yes, we're late. I had a little problem with the machine."

"Anything serious?"

"A little hydraulic problem."

"Will you be able to make it?"

"Don't look so worried. The primary system's down, but the backup's fine. No problem."

This boost allowed us to hope that our pessimism about the helicopter pilots was unfounded. But the wait for the other four—any two of them—dragged us down again. Loading the four choppers on the ground, my sergeant major made certain the explosive charges were handed to the Sea Stallion crew chiefs. For total demolition, all they had to do was pull a fuse, on their pilots' instructions: a five-second operation. We also led the Iranian passengers back onto the bus and moved it closer to the fuelbirds. But nothing took our minds off the minute-by-minute waiting.

Desperate to find a way to save the mission, Beckwith had a little conference with his executive officer and me. "Logan, is there any chance we can make it with less than six birds? With four?"

"Who can we leave behind, sir? What happens to the assault plan?"

Accepting this argument reluctantly, he turned to the question of time. Slipping a schedule beyond drop-dead time was not very prudent. On our recommendation, however, Beckwith decided to extend ours by half an hour, to 9:30.

Something approaching joy flew in with the fifth and sixth Sea Stallions. The magic half-dozen were at last on the ground, being refueled.

The pilot of one of the last two helicopters was "Skipper," the commander of the eight and a marine lieutenant colonel. He was a likable man but had little of the Delta fire in him. I again happened to be near the fuelbirds when he landed. There was no time to ask why he was late. I didn't care. We would tell our stories over drinks one day. Now it was on with the mission.

Toward this end, I ran up to Skipper with a little speech. "Your machines are up, your pilots are up. One has a hydraulic problem, but he's ready to go. We'll load you. Maybe you can get topped off and we can get out of here. We're behind schedule."

Even before he answered, the lack of urgency in his movements reinforced the tension in the air. He properly said that he himself would check his group. It wasn't this commanding officer's instinct that disturbed me but his slowness.

"It's been a rough going, Logan. We'll just go and see what kind of shape the others are in."

We *were* ready to go. When Skipper ambled off to confirm the readiness of the others, I saw Beckwith and told him about my exchange with Skipper. Returning to my men, I prepared them to load the last helos. Beckwith now joined Skipper, and the two conferred for several minutes. As my squadron made final preparations, our commander wheeled toward us.

"It's *go*!" he shouted to me. "We're redesignating the helos. That's number five—get your men on."

Maybe he was even more gleeful than I. Like kids, we slapped each other on the back.

"We're late but okay. We're going to make it!"

I hurried to tell my men to embark, then ran back for the eight guarding the forty-four passengers. An armed doctor who was part of the support team happened to be just outside the bus. There was no time to wait for the Rangers to take over from us guarding the passengers.

"So long, Doc. They're all yours."

As I rushed back to the Sea Stallion after my quick exchange with the doctor, one of my captains met me on the run.

"It's abort."

"What?"

"Abort. Final word."

"Bull. What's the matter with you?"

Not bothering to answer my silly question, he said he'd been ordered to get the men off the helicopters and into the fuelbirds, ready to fly out.

"*Bull!*" I repeated. But I didn't really disbelieve him, I just wanted to. My chest felt as if I had just discovered the loss of something very valuable. I already knew the reason for the decision, but had to hear it for myself.

"Okay, brief the men. Maybe it is abort, so get ready—but don't get them off the helos. Don't execute anything until I get back."

On the way to find Colonel Beckwith, I tried to pretend I couldn't understand what could be wrong *now*—to convince myself that there was some misunderstanding by my captain, a communications mistake. But I felt dread. And the look on Beckwith's face, when I found him, deepened it. He was totally deflated, like a tire with its air—his energy—gone.

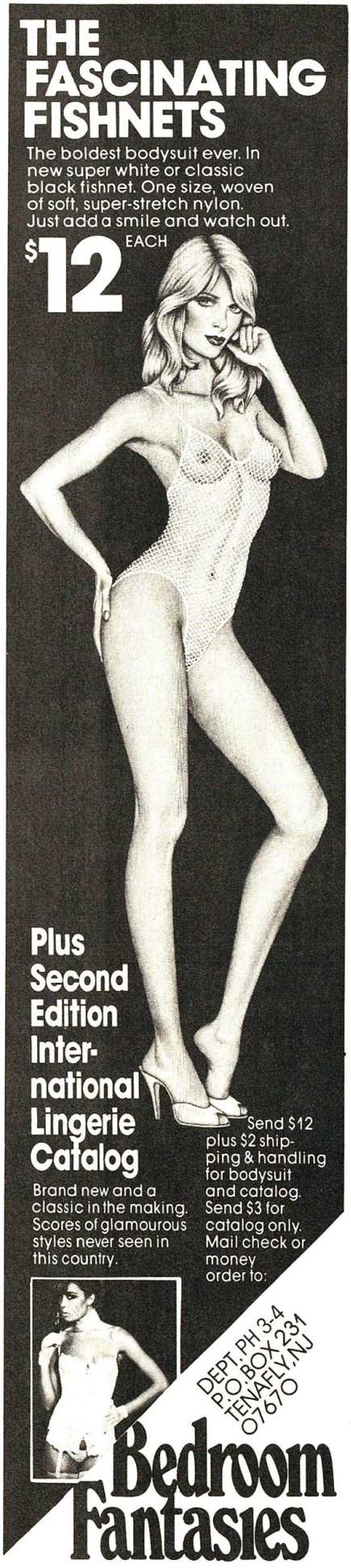
"Why the hell is it abort? What happened?"

"We've only got five helos."

"We've got six." I felt my sense of frustration welling despite all my training.

"Skipper says the hydraulic backup won't do it. Only five are mission capable." He pointed: "Get your people on that fuelbird, we're pulling out."

We had reviewed the need for six helicopters so often and so recently that there was no point in further talk. I knew that nothing *objective* had changed since the pilot of the chopper with the hydraulic problem had assured me that he could fly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the mission. No new mechanical investigation had been made. What had changed was the subjective judgment of his commanding officer. But if the CO says his pilot won't fly, he won't fly.

Disappointed to the point of actual hurt, I wasn't, however, in despair. I had been around aircraft all my adult life. I knew that they broke down—and that temporarily returning from Desert One might be better than getting stranded on that number-six chopper somewhere in the desert.

It *would* be better if we could get out cleanly and come back in a few days. When I confirmed the abort to my men and they left the Sea Stallions, one picked up some stones and put them in his pocket: mementos of having gotten that far.

"I can't believe it. Why can't we *go*?"

I had never felt such collective disappointment in my career.

In my depression, it didn't occur to me to ask how the sixth helicopter could make it back to the carrier but not to Desert Two, which was much closer. Maybe there would be less strain on it because it would be flying unloaded.

When we boarded the fuelbird, its cargo space was dark, full of sweating, sand-caked soldiers and carpeted with a 3,000-gallon bladder that still contained some aviation fuel. My sergeant major and I stumbled over it, looking for an unaccounted-for man. Most of the soldiers were "tired, disgusted, and pissed," as one put it—but they were accustomed to start-and-stop missions. And like me, they felt that the bad luck surely wouldn't follow us on our second try.

A clean abort wasn't a tragedy, I repeated to myself. Anyway, it was out of our hands. "This one's over, now let's get out of here. Maybe we'll be back tomorrow."

Our C-130 would be first to take off—as soon as the two helicopters it had been refueling repositioned themselves to avoid its prop wash. Screaming in warm-up, the turboprop engines made the airframe vibrate.

Then two dull thuds shook the plane. I thought the nosewheel had hit a depression. Suddenly, like fireworks, a spray of sparks lit up the entrance to the cockpit and the bulkhead, where most of the avionics were stored. The electrical fire, combined with one fed by aviation fuel, was turning the front of the plane into a murderous oven.

I grabbed my weapon. We were obviously under attack. In one blink, it was clear we had no forward exit. Savage flames there were driving soldiers toward the rear.

We had to answer the strike. The plane's crew chief began opening the door at my back before I could even ask him to. From its half-open position, it shot up on springs, but we were immediately using all our strength to slam it shut again before it reached the top of its ride, because the entire port side of the plane was a fireball, trying to reach in and consume us. Fierce heat scorched our faces. The cargo space reeked of burning wires, melted metal, and aviation fuel.

Opposite us, on the starboard side, the one remaining door was already open, and my men were leaping four or five feet down to the ground. And the rabid blaze that seemed certain to explode the fuel bladder before the next breath prompted unthinking, panicked reactions. My men shouted, staggered, stumbled onto the hot bladder. They fell over and clawed one another in their urge to escape. Someone had to assert control. It came not from me but from Don Linkey, whose bull-like roar sounded over everything. "Don't panic! Don't panic!" The sergeant major's voice was authority. In responding to it, the men returned to being his subordinates in Delta.

Linkey's presence of mind was responsible for the lives that would be saved—together with the men's training, without which not half of them would have been able to exit in the few seconds available.

I grabbed my weapon. We were obviously under attack. It was clear we had no forward exit. Savage flames were driving soldiers toward the rear . . . the front of the plane was a murderous oven.

"Go, go, go!" Out they fell, as if in a parachute jump.

Flames were racing toward the rear faster than the men could advance to their exiting turn—men moving with remarkable agility, yet in seeming slow motion compared with the urgency of the situation. I realized that some would not make it. The last ones were going to perish, and there was no way to prevent it.

I had figured to be the last off—but changed my mind. If I was going to remain alive, I would have to move now. Maybe my duty was to take command of the resistance to whoever or whatever was attacking us outside, but survival was my overriding instinct. I entered the stream moving toward the door. I pulled myself up after being knocked down, then was flat on the floor again.

At last, I was out and on the ground, this time knocked flat by the men jumping down after me. Down a second time, I finally got free of the jumble and ran off, trying to be alert for clues about the enemy. Then I looked back. The fire and smoke were boiling as if from a bombed oil tank. There were even flames under the plane, licking at the open door. Men were still jumping off as our ordnance—bullets, explosives, grenades, and missiles—began exploding. Hell must look like that.

I realized there was no enemy. The rotor blades of one of the two repositioning Sea Stallions had caused the two thuds and the disaster. It had crashed into the top of the plane. Its skeleton was sitting there like a locust devouring a prey, starting with the eye that used to be the plane's cockpit.

The helicopter pilot had probably become disoriented in the dust cloud his take off created. I remembered that kicking up a minimum of sand was one of the skills most of the pilots could not master during training.

Before I had made much progress back toward the inferno, I saw that no more people were jumping from it. An explosion larger than the previous ones had ruptured the fuselage, blowing a body out the door. Alive but horribly burned, the man tried in vain to drag himself away. Two of my soldiers ran back into the hell to save him.

He was the radio operator, and Larry Orth, the smallest Delta soldier, had dragged him to the door. Badly burned himself, Orth collapsed and fell out of the door. Yet once on the ground, he returned to the flames as one of the two rescuers.

A stoic senior sergeant named James Andrews joined Linkey and me in trying to collect the men and get them onto the other planes. The C-130 nearest the fire was appropriately taxiing away from the danger, but I wondered whether it would leave us there. Caught in the middle of a hostile country with many weapons being incinerated and without an escape or evasion kit or water gave us a naked feeling—even without the huge bonfire to announce our disaster and our presence. Stopping at last, the plane accepted a few of my men and hurriedly took off.

The other C-130s were now dangerously overloaded, but by beating furiously on the doors most of my remaining men got places. The planes took off. I had forgotten that one more C-130 remained: the one farthest from the fire, which Colonel Beckwith had boarded sometime after I last saw him. To save weight in order to take on the stragglers, soldiers were jettisoning the motorcycles and even the mattresses. But what I took for the departure of all the fixed-wing aircraft no longer worried me, and I began searching for survivors. My few remaining men and I would stay to make certain that no wounded or other stragglers were left behind, to clean up what we could of the devastated area, and then to evacuate in one of the helicopters. The five surviving helicopters were waiting, their rotors still turning. I leaned against one of them to rest for a moment, still dazed by the inferno but reassured by the Sea Stallions' healthy-sounding engines. By waiting to make certain that everyone had been picked up, the pilots were demonstrating a professionalism I hadn't expected.

I looked at my watch. Just under five

hours had passed since our first plane had landed. I remembered how quickly Col. Jim Kyle had taken charge after the accident. He stood out in the desert, calmly directing aircraft traffic and reassuring survivors who were less than fully coherent.

Now a jeep sped past, carrying the Delta officer in command of the Ranger unit.

"What the hell are you doing?" he asked.

"Making sure everybody's out. Then I'm going to take this helo when it flies back."

"You idiot. Look up there."

I stepped back to peer into the cockpit. It was empty. The helicopters had been evacuated with their engines still running.

The unit cargo space of the last C-130 was no darker than my mood. Falling from a lesser height might have hurt less. However, Rice Bowl was the summit of my career and my life and had consumed my men and me for almost six months. Our two and one-half years of training had culminated in disaster. This ignominious retreat made me want to give up the world. I could not bring myself to think about my squadron's performance, as I should have. Colonel Beckwith was apparently in the cockpit, but I didn't want to talk to him, much less to the helicopter pilots riding with us in the back. I forced myself to have a look at those in my command who had been slightly burned, then shrank back into despair for the remainder of the flight to the Arabian Sea island.

On the island, we learned that three of the crashed helicopter's crew had died, together with the five airmen in the fuelbird's crew. Flying back on the other fuelbird, my men nursed the wounded personnel, including the helicopter copilot, and managed to keep them alive.

"I told him to pull up," he kept telling my men about what he had said to the pilot. "I told him we weren't going to make it."

As we had the day before, we stayed on the island only a few hours, changing to a Medevac plane that returned us to Egypt. After observing our depression, a member of the Medevac crew gave us all a taste of "medicinal" bourbon. We were grateful for his understanding.

Back in the MIG hangars in Egypt, our new mission seemed to be to stay out of sight for several days, during which many officers and enlisted men tried to forget by drinking too much beer. When Colonel Beckwith assembled us for a talk, his face was flushed. I wondered whether he was in better control of his emotions than we were. No one had been under greater stress or was more hurt by the abort and the accident. Although he offered praise very rarely, he now gave us the encouragement, if not the cheering, we had all along expected from him. It was all behind us, he said. "Let's go on to new assignments." I wondered what was planned for us now that a return to Iran was out of the question.

Almost as an aside, Colonel Beckwith

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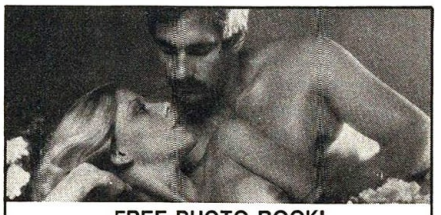

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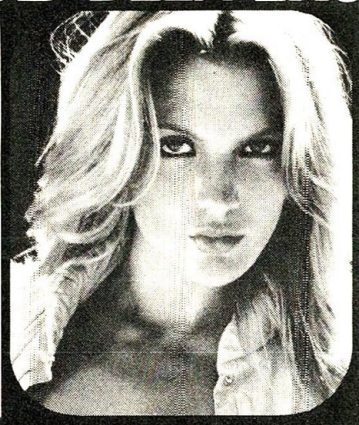

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switched to admonishment by saying that we had not acted as he would have wanted. It was disgraceful, he said, to have left our weapons on the plane. We had had the time to get them; it had been our duty to do so.

Something warned me that one of his raking-down sessions was about to begin. When the helicopter crashed, he was apparently in the cockpit of one of the other Hercules, where radios still linked him to President Carter. Although that was surely his place, subordinates who had just experienced a serious accident had a right to expect a quick demonstration of concern from their commander. Many were bitter about his failure to provide it. His reminder that a soldier's unforced abandonment of his weapon is a grave lapse was properly military but in this case his information was incorrect. He hadn't bothered to check it with me, the senior officer present, or my sergeant major. He had probably misinterpreted a secondhand remark from a staff assistant to mean that one of my troops had climbed back into the plane for his machine gun, and now he berated those who hadn't done likewise. James Andrews tried to explain that this was not possible. Colonel Beckwith lost control, ordering him to "shut up."

"You're all a bunch of cowards! You should have retrieved your weapons!"

Although I had been selected for promotion to lieutenant colonel, I left the army in early 1982; everything after Rice Bowl was emotionally downhill. Colonel Beckwith was assigned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where his new job was the production of training manuals.

From the beginning, Delta was more inspiring, as well as more important, than its founders. Their participation in the operation deserves to be understood—in the context of the whole.

Tests and probability analyses have established that the helicopter with the hydraulic problem, the helicopter that would have completed our needed six, could have flown the mission many times over. Of course, the judgment of the commander on the ground must be relied upon; but inclination and motivation help make that judgment. A mission-capable helicopter was pronounced to be not mission capable.

This was not a question of bad luck but one of bad personnel selection, for the crucial failure was not mechanical but mental. A mechanical problem need not be a mechanical failure. It now seems clear that a different choice of pilots, men having different temperaments and training, who may have leapt into the refueled helicopters and quickly delivered us to our destination, might have saved the mission.

Their backgrounds and preparation could hardly have differed more from those of the Delta group. However wonderfully skilled though they were in the work they knew, they were wrong—just as we had feared throughout our exercises—for *this* work. We and the air-force contingent were determined, dedicated, motivated to a rare pitch—a contrast to the helicopter pilots, who were not a crack outfit and lacked the flair and morale of such a unit. They were not a unit at all. They had never developed maximum commitment to the mission, not only because they were weak in combat experience but also because they were not in the service to function under the stress of special operations, and were not trained for such operations. They represented a different kind of fighting man, one coping with different kinds of tasks.

If nothing else, this was demonstrated by their leaving of classified material in their abandoned helicopters. In addition to call signs, radio frequencies, and secret maps, it concerned information about our truck routes from Desert Two to Tehran, which the pilots had no need to know. But if they had a need to know it, they should have committed it to memory, as we had; since they hadn't bothered to do this and had carried the material in, they should have made certain not to leave it behind. Today our network in Tehran, woefully inadequate to begin with, may have been gravely—and unnecessarily—compromised.

The failure of Rice Bowl prompted one of the most important changes in Delta: It no longer involves people on a hey-you basis ("Hey, you, come fly this plane for us!"). It now has its own air wing. An additional investment has been made to train its own brand of pilot for its assault operations. After sober study of our past mistakes and of our own work throughout, we tried to incorporate improvements in subsequent exercises.

In this sense, Rice Bowl was a lesson, and there is some consolation in having benefited from it. It was, however, a terribly expensive way of learning. But was it the failure pictured by the media? Were we, in fact, the popular image of the Keystone Kops stumbling around in the desert? Time was critical. The planning detail was immense. The logistics could have been overwhelming. Yet everything was ready for our assault, and potential enemies knew nothing about it.

It is no longer very difficult to put men on planes and fly them great distances, even when, as in our case, they have to be gathered from around the world. But to accomplish this in total secrecy in an age of advanced electronic surveillance, to train a sizable commando-type force under the eyes of Soviet satellites that compete with ours in sophistication, to launch helicopters from aircraft carriers that are followed relentlessly—to mention but three aspects of the mission—is not failure but a kind of success.

The complexity was staggering. On the day of departure, forty-one aircraft with

800 personnel were on the move, at great distances from their bases; and the scope of the support, supply, and communication elements that made those movements possible were many times this. The in-air refueling alone was a substantial enterprise, involving seven K-135 tankers with their large support crews. Yet, from the start of training at many military and nonmilitary sites in the States—which also involved large numbers—operational secrecy was maintained.

It is enough to say that the Soviet Union would have been delighted to expose us. Yet, we penetrated deep into a hostile country—and evacuated—without detection. We flew in, flew out—and might have been back to try again. Desert One was just over 300 miles from the Soviet border. Until President Carter announced the attempt to the world, no one knew of it. Our preserving secrecy in the face of the American press and domestic government agencies was harder than keeping foreign agents off the many trails. Not even my wife knew. She first heard the news on a broadcast hours after we had departed Iran. Putting two and two together, she guessed what I had been doing during the past twenty-three weeks of training and where I had been. In this case, I was extremely proud of having deceived her.

As for Delta itself, it did not fail—if only because it wasn't tested. The hostages were released nine months and many blows to our national self-confidence after our "screw up." Largely on the strength of subsequent information from them, I became even more certain that our mission at the embassy would have succeeded. The guards were as poorly armed and prepared as we had determined them to be. Their prisoners were precisely where we anticipated they would be from the Pakistani cook's pinpointing.

While we could not have expected to avoid all casualties among the hostages—as well as some, of course, among ourselves—they would have been rescued. There was nothing for which we hadn't or weren't prepared.

A commander's praise of his men is often—and rightly—suspect as dutiful rhetoric. But who deserves praise if not the soldiers of that splendid unit? These were superb men to begin with. They were imaginatively as well as exhaustively trained, and in physical condition, determination, integrity, and initiative they were unequaled. They were men able to cope with extreme stress and were peerless in teamwork.

For Rice Bowl, they were also meticulously rehearsed, and, in their nonemotional way, they yearned to do what they knew they were capable of doing. Those who applauded the Israeli feat at Entebbe would have cheered themselves hoarse had Delta been delivered to the embassy's east wall on Roosevelt Street. Perhaps the country can take some heart from that.

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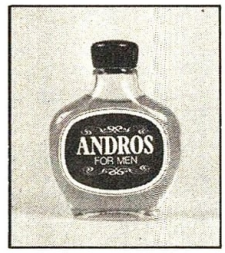

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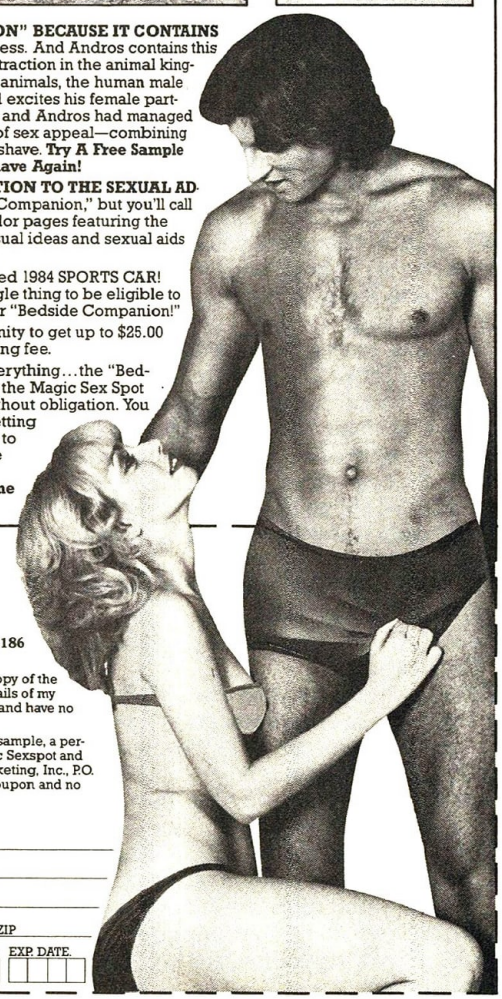

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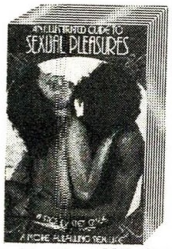

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

Penthouse: All of which you saw as an expression of his love? Yet at the same time your father would also treat you as a pariah, a disgrace.

Giancana: I was a problem. I couldn't settle down. Father and I got into many brutal battles. On one occasion, I threatened him with a butcher knife and he actually grabbed a lamp and hit me on the head. I think if I had pushed him to the brink I could have ended up dead.

Penthouse: By his hand or would he have had someone else do it?

Giancana: He would have done it himself. He became that violent with me, uncontrollably violent, where several men had to restrain him.

Penthouse: You've been in mental hospitals and through psychotherapy. Obviously you've thought about it: Were you the problem or did Sam make you one?

Giancana: Uh. . . I'm not sure. This is the first time I've admitted it but . . . well, yeah, I think my father made me into a problem. Sam was disappointed that I wasn't a son. I was the oldest of the three daughters. I was supposed to be prim and proper and give the family a good name. It was a double standard.

Penthouse: So you'd mouth off to him?

Giancana: He didn't pay attention to me. He sent me away to school from the age of five. I can remember telling him how awful he was, that he didn't love me. He'd always tell me how dumb I was—the family dunce—so sure, as a result I'd be very outspoken.

Penthouse: Was there any open affection between the two of you?

Giancana: The only touching I've ever done with my father, and this was as a young child, was grabbing his leg when he was sending me away to school. I'd cling to him, and he'd try kicking me off. One time I went out to the yard where there was a big tree, and I clung to the tree screaming and ranting and raving about going back to school. I figured if people in the neighborhood heard, they'd come to rescue me.

Penthouse: Did he ever slap you around?

Giancana: Yes, on many occasions. And even when I was 23. That was for staying out late. Also, once in Miami at the Saxony Hotel—I was about 16 and Xavier Cugat and his wife, Abbe Lane, were there. She had a leopard-skin bikini, and I wanted the same one. My father was supposed to be out of town. I squeezed myself into the thing and went down to the pool. My father's friends were there, and I was just lying down on a chaise longue. All of a sudden I opened my eyes and my father was on the edge of the veranda yelling at the top of his lungs something like, "No daughter of mine's going to wear that bathing suit!" He was screaming, really violent, mind you. Everyone just stopped their conversations. The same thing happened when I'd wear a low-cut evening gown. We'd fight about it. I'd insist on leaving the dress on, and then *whack!*

Penthouse: And your mother, would she intercede—attempt to shield you?

Giancana: Yeah, if I went out on a date, she'd say, "Well, she'll be home early."

Penthouse: But was there ever an instance when she'd turn to your father and just tell him to back off? Or was that unthinkable, forbidden by the rules of the Mafia household?

Giancana: No, I don't remember that ever happening. She had a different way of handling him. My mother was a soft, wonderful woman who wouldn't hurt anyone. My father was the opposite of what she was and what she stood for. But beyond this, they had their relationship.

Penthouse: You speak of her in almost saintly terms.

Giancana: Does the word "love" have any meaning to you? She loved him. I could never understand it. Why did she love such a mean man?

Penthouse: Did she have any friends outside the mob?

Giancana: Yes. People from church, from the neighborhood.

Penthouse: And how did they respond to Mrs. Sam Giancana?

Giancana: They took my mother for what she was, not for whom she married. She had a certain charisma that you could only understand if you'd met her. She put up with a lot. I would say she should be canonized as a saint—she was so kind, so terribly giving.

Penthouse: Yet for all your admiration there's the suggestion that temperamentally you still identify with Sam.

Giancana: Yes. I liked what he made of himself. The energy, the clout.

Penthouse: Could you have fallen in love with or married a man like your father?

Giancana: Yes, seriously. The old man had power. He had wealth. He had status in his own way. He possessed all of the things that I really long for in a man.

Penthouse: And you don't feel he was conflicted, that possibly he loathed himself? That despite all his power, at some deeper level there was utter self-contempt?

Giancana: Self-contempt, no. Strain, yes. There were times when I saw the anguish on his face when he had to go out at night and do things that at the time I wasn't aware of.

Penthouse: And morality, conscience?

Giancana: Well, at times Sam would say, "I wish I could give up." Especially after my mother died. He'd sit in his chair, not moving at all, and I remember him saying, "God, I wish it would end." I mean he was absolutely in despair.

Penthouse: Yet the friction between the two of you continued. Or another way of putting it—after abusing you, would Sam ever show remorse?

Giancana: Not that I'm acutely aware of, except when I got very sick and ended up in a hospital. I found out this was a good thing to use, after I'd been there once. The first time it was on and off for about a year. I was drinking and overdid it on the downers. The second time, in 1963, was from postpartum depression.

Penthouse: Was the first time a suicide attempt?

Giancana: It was definitely a bid for attention. Why not? Hell, have center stage for a while.

Penthouse: If circumstances had been different, could you have worked for Sam?

Giancana: Yes. But the Mafia is not an equal-opportunity employer—especially of their daughters. For instance, I would have loved to have had a bordello in Nevada—and I think I could have done a hell of a job for the old man. You know, open up one, then two, then three, then four . . . having our own little ranch. But no! Good girls don't do those things!

Penthouse: What was your father's response when you proposed this?

Giancana: He was terribly angry that I should even mention it—that I should even know anything about anything like that. You know, to him I was a good girl, I was looking, acting as I should. Morally upstanding, verbally the same way . . . whether I was or wasn't. You know, I've also lived two lives. I don't have my father's money, but I still like to scoot around with different names like he did, with people not knowing who I really am.

Penthouse: According to your book, you also had an affair of long duration with one of your father's priests. Was that another bid for attention?

Giancana: Yes. Father Joe—as I'm calling him to protect his privacy—was welcome at our house—he was one of our family priests. Whenever anything was really bothering my father, not murder or things like that, but family problems, like me, one of the priests he would always call was Father Joe, who took the vows of obedience and celibacy but not of poverty.

Penthouse: So you mean he'd accept "gifts"?

Giancana: He would get cash from Sam, maybe a piece of jewelry. He liked eating out and living well.

Penthouse: He was your first and you were, what, 15?

Giancana: Yes. He was about 45. He explained things to me. He was a learned man, very considerate.

Penthouse: Wonderful, but have you ever asked yourself why you chose to have your first sexual experience with your father's priest?

Giancana: Yes, because I was attracted to him. I figured if I was going to learn something, I might as well learn it from him. I knew it would stay in the rectory.

Penthouse: Did Sam ever find out?

Giancana: No.

Penthouse: What was your father's relationship to the so-called Jewish Mafia?

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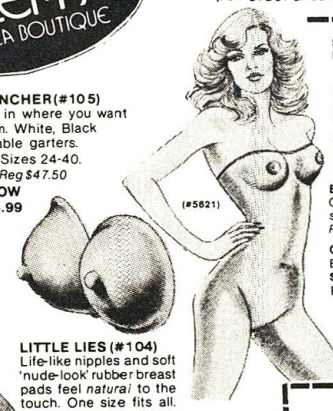

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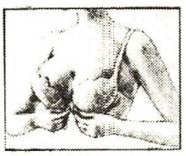

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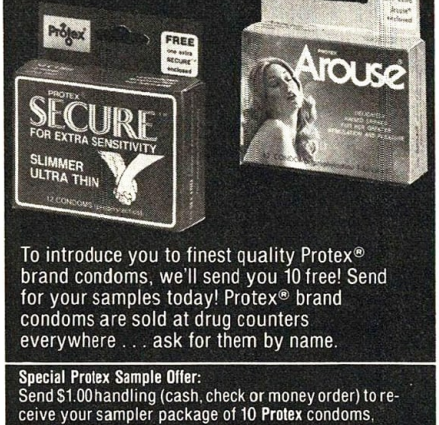

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IN THE MARCH FORUM

SWINGING WITH THE VERY BEST

Swingers, like most Americans, love a good convention. But what really happens when sexologists and erotophiles formally meet to discuss common concerns? What, finally, do swingers do in the convention position? To find the answers, Joanna DiVicci trekked out to Los Angeles recently for the annual meeting of Lifestyles and the North American Swing Club Association, two of America's largest swinging groups.

CONDO NUDO

Paradise Lakes near Tampa, Florida, is the country's first nude condo—a time-sharing resort catering to swingers and families who share common preferences for clothing-optional attire. Signs sprinkled around poolside and clubhouse warn against overt sexuality at the risk of expulsion. But one starry night Frank Fortunato found some patrons enjoying good vibes when the children's curfew went into effect, and the adults got together.

REAL WOMEN DON'T NEED G-SPOTS

In May 1980, Bryce Britton lay down on Beverly Whipple's bed with her skirt up around her waist. She had emptied her bladder, cleansed her vaginal area with an antiseptic, and removed her underwear. As she lay on her back, the coauthor of the best-selling book *The G-Spot* probed, looking for this new erotic zone. It was never found. The discovery of the Gräfenberg spot seemed to end the era of the clitoral cult and discounted the Freudian model of vaginal orgasm. Yet many sexually healthy and even multiply orgasmic women have never experienced G-spot gratification. After exploring the politics of the G-spot, Britton concluded that for many women it is still only a sexual supplement.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

Giancana [laughs]: He really wasn't too keen on Jews. I remember he went to a few Jewish mob guys here in Chicago for a favor and they turned him down flat. They really shunned him. And from that day on. . .

Penthouse: Was this fairly early on?

Giancana: Yes. You didn't have to refuse Dad but once.

Penthouse: Never forget, never forgive?

Giancana: True.

Penthouse: So he hated Jews?

Giancana: Yes. He hated them very, very much.

Penthouse: Did he also despise blacks?

Giancana: Yes. He was a racist.

Penthouse: What would he have thought about a Mafia boss like New York's Joey Gallo, who hired black soldiers?

Giancana: He would have been enraged.

Penthouse: There were a lot of funerals for people who had at one time or another been guests in your parents' household. How many?

Giancana: I went to all the funerals, and oh my God, the list goes on and on. I can't even remember some of the names.

Penthouse: As a youngster, did you have any idea who the people were, what they did for a living?

Giancana: I knew their names, but I had no idea who they were. The way they dressed, so impeccably, you'd swear they were going to a board meeting. Remember, when I was a kid we weren't allowed to look at newspapers. Any newspapers in the house were screened and censored by Sam.

Penthouse: Later on, though, your father received a great deal of press coverage when he was squiring Phyllis McGuire, which was after your mother's death.

Giancana: His involvement with other women actually began earlier, I'd say in 1954, just before my mother died. I wanted to dye my hair blond and had an argument with my mother about it; she made a comment under her breath, "I found out he's got a blond girlfriend," and I was shocked. I didn't think he'd do anything like that because he seemed so devoted to my mother. To this very day, I'm shocked. Again, the double standard.

Penthouse: More than you're shocked by his killing people?

Giancana: Yes.

Penthouse: Because it violated your notion of family?

Giancana: Yes. The killing I could see, but violating a Commandment, especially when my mother was so loyal. . . .

Penthouse: And the Commandment against killing?

Giancana: I know, I know. But the killing didn't bother me as much as knowing he had a girlfriend. That really threw me off. Look, he didn't do anything for me even when I'd get a beating from my ex-husband. His attitude was, "She deserves it."

Penthouse: Isn't this a contradiction of the myth? Think of *The Godfather,* Michael Corleone killing his sister Connie's husband because he beat her.

Giancana: That wasn't Sam. It happened.

Penthouse: Have you ever heard of it happening with someone else?

Giancana: No, not at all. The other guys would have ended up with cement boots or beating the pavement—no job, nothing. With Sam though, he betrayed me.

Penthouse: Did he ever see *The Godfather* or have any opinion about the way organized crime was depicted in the film?

Giancana: I don't know . . . but remember, I hadn't seen my father since 1974.

Penthouse: Did you see *The Godfather*?

Giancana: Yeah, twice on television. I was so bored at the beginning that I dozed. It wasn't very accurate. It didn't show the Chicago families the way they really lived, I mean the ruthlessness, the disloyalty. It made mob guys too glamorous, while in fact my father kept a very low profile, at least until the end.

Penthouse: You've said your father was very affected by your mother's death. In what way did he change?

Giancana: He actually broke apart. His thinking deteriorated, as well as his will to live. He wouldn't receive guests at the house.

Penthouse: And his girlfriends?

Giancana: After about three years he started to go public. It made me a little crazy because it was like he was betraying me again. He had never wanted me to go into show business or modeling and here he was running around with all these show-biz types.

Penthouse: How did he meet Phyllis McGuire?

Giancana: I understand that he met her at a gambling table in Vegas. He had interests in Vegas, and he'd be out there quite often.

Penthouse: How long did the relationship last?

Giancana: From 1960 until he died, in 1975. Aside from my mother, I would say McGuire was the love of his life. It was a deep-seated relationship, although I hate to admit it. For many years, Phyllis and I didn't get along because she was in show business and I had wanted to be.

Penthouse: Was McGuire more likely than your mother to stand up to Sam? How would he respond?

Giancana: Sometimes at dinner Phyllis would defend me and, oh boy, would he tear into her for doing that. She'd say, "Well, she knows what she's talking about." And he'd say, "She's just a dummy, she doesn't know what she's saying." There would be a verbal battle until finally she would say, "Let's quit, let's stop." And he listened to her. He might not have always acted upon what she was saying, but he listened.

Penthouse: You mentioned a very interesting story in your book concerning a meeting you had with Bebe Rebozo, Nixon's friend and confidant. Could you go into more detail?

Giancana: I met him at Maxim's in Florida. I was in my twenties and I was with a doctor, whom I was dating, and a friend of his.

Vice-president Nixon, his wife and two kids, and a couple of Secret Service people were at the next table. Mr. Rebozo was there as well and he said something to the doctor like "Gee, she's really beautiful and attractive." He looked familiar to me, but I couldn't figure out how I knew him. We were kibitzing back and forth, from table to table, and then Bebe gave me his card. I was introduced to him as Toni Jordan, which I was using as my modeling name.

Penthouse: Did you meet him again in Chicago?

Giancana: Yes. I called him while he was still in Florida, and then he sent me a letter telling me that he was going to be in Chicago at a convention, and he invited the doctor and me for dinner. The doctor couldn't make it, so I went alone. We had cocktails at his hotel, and then he took me up to his suite. I didn't spend the night.

Penthouse: Did he know your real name?

Giancana: No.

Penthouse: Have you ever told him your true identity?

Giancana: No.

Penthouse: Did you ever use your real name when you were attracted to someone?

Giancana: Yeah, and a couple of men said no thanks, forget about dinner. It's sad that they changed their minds once they found out who I really was. My name was a terrible burden.

Penthouse: Sam was called up before the McClellan Committee, which was investigating organized crime in 1959, and this was supposedly the first time he encountered Bobby Kennedy. Do you remember him talking about Kennedy?

Giancana: I remember him saying that he absolutely had no use for the Kennedys. He *really* hated Bobby Kennedy and he made a distinction between the two brothers. Bobby Kennedy was "the rat of the family" while Jack was different.

Penthouse: What did your father think about politicians in general?

Giancana: To be honest with you, he hated them. I remember him saying, "They're all rats." He'd say things like "they're lower than a snake's belly" all the time. He considered them low-life individuals who would probably sell their mothers' souls if they had the opportunity.

Penthouse: Did he have higher esteem for mob guys than politicians?

Giancana: Yes, definitely. He never once, in all the years I knew him, condemned or criticized organized-crime people in that way. He never called them "rodents, snakes, etc."

Penthouse: Did he feel that way about Mayor Daley?

Giancana: Not at all. He always had very, very nice things to say about the mayor.

Penthouse: Like what?

Giancana: That he was a good guy, that he was running the city properly as mayor, that he was very strong in his convictions—that kind of thing. He really admired Daley.

Penthouse: Did you ever meet Daley?

Giancana: No.

Penthouse: So you would say that the business your father had with him was transacted through intermediaries?

Giancana: Yes.

Penthouse: What was your father's attitude toward the police?

Giancana: It was schizophrenic. He knew that some cops were decent and he loved them. When one of these would be picked up for something, he'd say, "Well, I wonder what they're gonna find out. That guy's not gonna talk." But those that would trespass on his property and ride around the house, those he really hated . . . cops were either good or they were the scum of the earth.

Penthouse: Did he differentiate between local cops and federal cops?

Giancana: Oh yes. The federal ones were horrendous. He'd say, "At least the local guys you can deal with, the federal guys would sell their mothers."

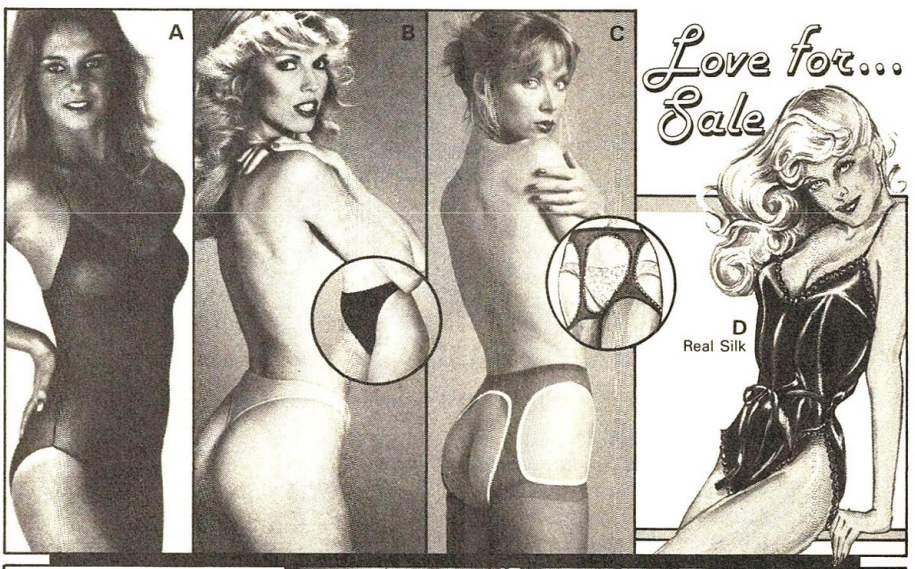
Penthouse: You mean he could buy off the local cops, but not the feds?

Giancana: I don't know if I'd say "buy off." He would treat these guys kindly, with respect. You know, he'd say, "You got a job to do, do it." And the guys here did not do that much harm to my father. It was the federal ones who really crucified him.

Penthouse: He was also under continuous surveillance by federal agents starting . . .?

Giancana: It started as far back as when I was in high school. Cars were parked outside our house with one or two men sitting in them. Sam would be down in the basement, which was like a second apartment, hiding.

Penthouse: Sneaking in and out of the house?



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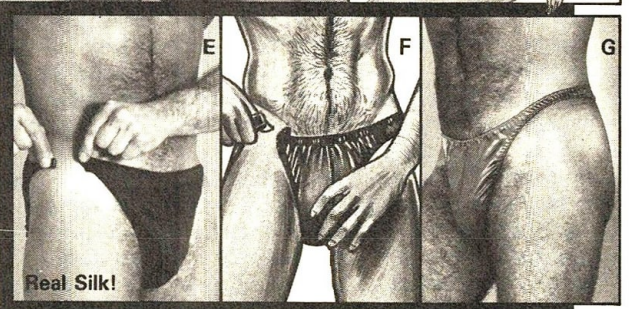

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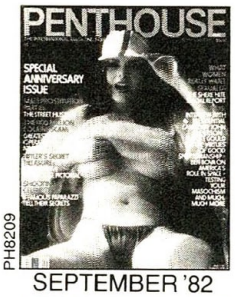
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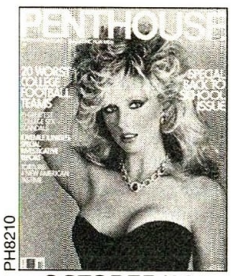
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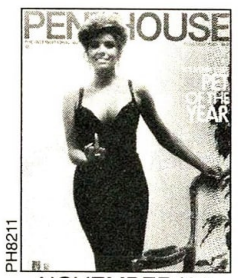
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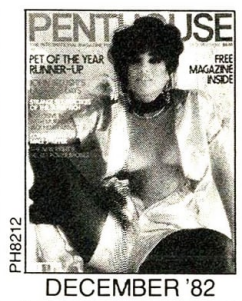
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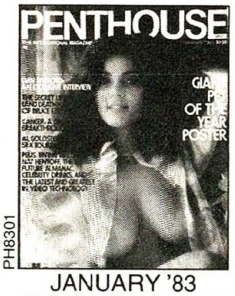
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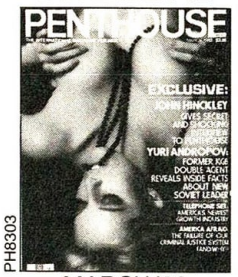
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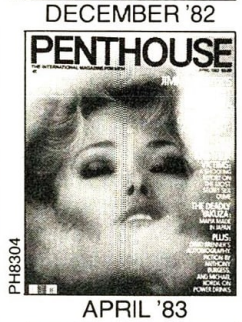
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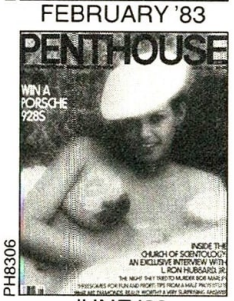
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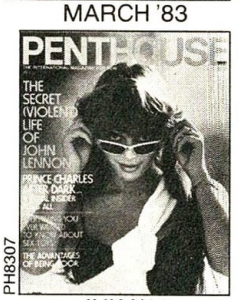
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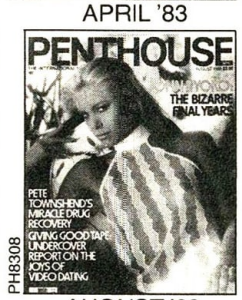
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Giancana: Yeah, and I think he sort of enjoyed it. To this day I don't know how he did it, but he'd sneak out of the house dressed in dark clothes, then speed off in one of his fast cars. At one point even I was subpoenaed. The doorbell rang and I thought the man standing there was someone to do work around the house. He handed me a piece of paper, and to be honest I was very shaken. I said to myself, "God, now it's time to get even with Father. I'm going on television and I'll be able to tell the committee everything I know."

Penthouse: You were going to open up?

Giancana: Yes, so I went down to the basement and showed Sam the subpoena. He was also very shaken. "Well, you're not going," he said, and I said I was. So we had an argument and then he made sure that my psychiatrist examined me, and at the hearing a letter was presented that said I was emotionally unable to stand up to questioning because I'd been through a depression.

Penthouse: Isn't it one of the Mafia's unwritten rules that you should keep a low profile? Sam, though, had already started flaunting his relationship with Phyllis McGuire.

Giancana: I don't know why he did that. Maybe he just felt he was going to start living his life the way he wanted to, that's the only possible reason I can give. I mean, he was getting tired. I had a gut feeling that at times he really wanted to get out and go into some good legitimate business.

Penthouse: Once you're in, though, you don't get out.

Giancana: That's right. Especially when you're in that deep and that high up in rank. The only way you get out is either natural death or assassination.

Penthouse: So why do you think he started running around so conspicuously?

Giancana: To be honest, he always thought his life was going to be very short.

Penthouse: Fatalistic to the extent that he was going to get hit?

Giancana: Yes, as he got older and more tired. You could see the strain on his face. He was a fugitive, always running from one place to another. To get away from a subpoena, he would run somewhere—Vegas, Mexico, Miami, wherever—using an alias. If they caught up with him, he'd find a way of getting out. And that's another reason he probably hooked up with Phyllis. He stayed at her house in Las Vegas quite a bit. She could have covered up for him a lot, but I don't think she did.

Penthouse: Didn't your father feel that organized crime was just another American business—no better, no worse?

Giancana: Well, he once said, "There are thieves and burglars in all walks of life."

Penthouse: Meaning, "We're no different"?

Giancana: That's right.

Penthouse: Did you get a sense that he took pride in what he did?

Giancana: Yes, he took great pride in what he was doing. These guys were never hypocrites. They all agreed it's what they were doing and why they were doing it. Why should they be hypocrites?

Penthouse: But again, how would they square the fact that every now and again it was necessary to kill someone?

Giancana: I don't know. Probably asking someone to murder was like a game: "Hey, you're strong, you're tough, we can depend on you, you're reliable." They'd pat you on the back—you're a macho kind of person.

Penthouse: You mean it would be more important to show your loyalty and guts to your friends than to deal with being a murderer?

Giancana: True.

Penthouse: So the real moral issue was one of loyalty?

Giancana: Right. I mean, these people, strange as it may sound, were a very moral group of people.

Penthouse: This kind of loyalty to a closed criminal society—is that what Joe Bonanno means by "tradition"?

Giancana [laughing]: That's a crock of shit. My father never used the word "tradition." He probably laughed at Bonanno using that word. What tradition?

Penthouse: Sam loved the whole showbiz aspect, being seen with movie stars like Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra. Let's

talk about the so-called Night of Stars. This was a benefit organized by your mother, a Chicago extravaganza to raise money for underprivileged Italian children.

Giancana: Right. The point was to get the kids out of the city and into the country in the summer. They had a camp at Lake Geneva. It was her idea to put on a charity benefit to raise funds for this camp, and the celebrities would be volunteering their time. Sam helped get people together.

Penthouse: People like who?

Giancana: I remember there was Frank Sinatra, Jimmy Durante, Tony Bennett, and Johnny Desmond at one.

Penthouse: I'm quoting now from your book: "Arm-twisting wasn't necessary. The power of my father and the organization in the movie, the record, and the gambling industries—that was enough of a drawing card. It was like a command performance." Was it possible for any of these stars or their agents to say, "Well, no, we can't make it."

Giancana [smiling]: In those years, if they had refused, I pity those poor people.

Penthouse: Meaning what? That professionally they were dead?

Giancana: I'd say so. Among other things, the boys would have had the record industry in Chicago put a blackout on their records.

Penthouse: The disc jockeys?

Giancana: All you needed was a phone call in those days. Let's not be naive. They also controlled the jukeboxes as well as most of the DJs. With something like the Night of Stars, everybody *had* to turn out: ward people, committee people, aldermen, judges, businessmen. Everyone.

Penthouse: And Sam's demeanor? Was he walking around like a big shot?

Giancana: He sat with his family. But after the performance he had a few of us backstage, where I met Ol' Blue Eyes.

Penthouse: Sinatra?

Giancana: Yes, but I also met Sinatra several times years later in Florida at the Fontainebleau. Father had a strange way of doing things, and I'll tell you, especially with me, Toni, his daughter. We'd go up to Sinatra's suite and everything was very nice, like, "Hello, how are you?" Sinatra would embrace us, we'd have photographs taken, then all of a sudden they'd be talking, we'd have gotten our kiss on the cheek—that kind of thing—and then my father would say, "Well, Frank has to go to dinner" or "Mr. Sinatra's having his dinner brought up." In other words, if we spent five minutes with any of these entertainers—and I mean *any* of them—that was a long, long time.

Penthouse: Was your father Frank Sinatra's godfather?

Giancana: No, but I would say he was a friend. My father liked Sinatra. He called him "that skinny little runt." But he said that endearingly, with a little love and affection in his voice.

Penthouse: It's been suggested that Sinatra has had contacts over the years with a number of mob people. There was a

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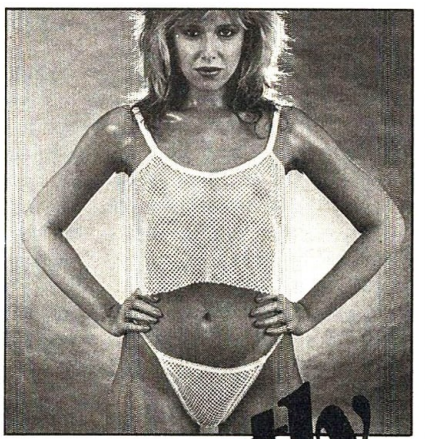

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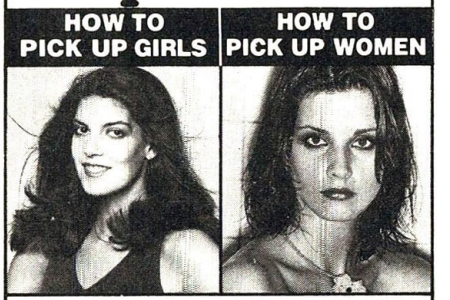

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much-publicized photograph of him at the Westchester Premiere Theatre surrounded by the likes of Carlo Gambino, Jimmy "the Weasel" Fratianno, and "Paulie" Castellano, the reputed boss of the New York City Gambino family, as well as a member of other alleged mobster families. Why has Sinatra been seen with these guys, your father included?

Giancana: Because they controlled a lot of the theater industry. Why else? Sinatra at a certain point was having a very difficult time with his career. I don't remember the exact year, but the Chicago outfit really boosted him. They started playing his records, things like that.

Penthouse: Was it anything like the story of Johnny Fontane in *The Godfather*?

Giancana: I don't know if it was that brutal: I mean that was overly done. I can't see them doing anything that drastic. But in fact, you know, we got a copy of that picture, *From Here to Eternity*.

Penthouse: You did?

Giancana: Yes. We got a 16-millimeter copy. I was in my teens. Either Sinatra sent it or my father requested it. Sam thought *From Here to Eternity* was magnificent. I'd hate to tell you how many times he kept replaying it. Anytime we'd have a group of people over, he'd show that damn movie. He just loved it.

Penthouse: And naturally he'd be telling his guests about the performances of Burt Lancaster and Montgomery Clift.

Giancana [laughing]: No! Sinatra, the little guy: "marvelous role," "fantastic job." He was just so elated over this movie. Yes, I think my father was involved in Sinatra's career. Sure! I'm one of the very few who would admit it. Most people don't talk. But of course I'm talking now. Going public.

Penthouse: There's the mob's influence in the film business—its control of nightclubs, the record and jukebox industries—and the benefits to someone like Sinatra are obvious. But what's in it for the mob, for Sam?

Giancana: Money and prestige. Nightclubs are an easy way to launder money, plus there's the tie-in with the hospitality industry: linens, food, that kind of thing. Everything ties in. And remember, you get a top-name entertainer like Sinatra, whether in Vegas or at a club like the Villa Venice, which the boys had in Chicago, and he'll fill the place.

Penthouse: Didn't Sinatra testify in 1981 before the Nevada Gaming Commission that he never knew Sam Giancana, only that they'd met in passing?

Giancana: Yes, and I felt hurt. I guess wealth and fame have gone to his head.

Penthouse: Are you saying that Sinatra doesn't have to be scared of the mob?

Giancana: That's right.

Penthouse: Because nowadays no one would dare mess with him?

Giancana: That's right. If anybody did, it would be national news, and I don't think they'd be dumb enough to do that. The connections aren't as great as they were years ago, politically or with the press, I mean. *I'd* sure as hell hate to mess with him. But I don't think he's gonna bother making any moves about anything I've said or written in my book. And that will hurt me no end. Because as I've said, I want recognition from him, to say, "Yeah, hey, I knew your father. We had great times together!" I just don't want my father treated like an outcast. But as I go public . . . well . . . I'd like an explanation, I'd like to meet with Sinatra and ask about things that I know as a matter of fact, things I have felt, sensed, and witnessed. I'd like to challenge Sinatra to comment. I'd like a public apology, "I'm sorry. Yes, I did know your father."

Penthouse: For you, though, more and more it seems you're confused by your feelings for your father—both love and hate. Isn't it possible that you're still living in Sam's shadow? Still looking for the love he denied you?

Giancana: No. He's dead. What good would it do?

Penthouse: He's dead, sure, but his memory lingers. You're getting teary now, why?

Giancana: Because I'm remembering some of the good times. And if you want to average it out, I've had 25 percent good times with my father and 75 percent bad times. I'm trying desperately to remember the good ones. Maybe I'm still hoping that somewhere, someday we'll come together.

Penthouse: That down the road there's somehow going to be a meeting between the two of you? From what you've said, what could possibly happen?

Giancana: Maybe we'd learn to accept each other as we are, as two human beings.

Penthouse: You're 48 years old, and he's still the dominant presence in your life. When are you going to be prepared to say, "Sam, I don't want you around me anymore?"

Giancana: I . . . I don't think I'm going to be ready for that for a while. I mean, here's a man who was loved and respected by a lot of people, also hated by some, and the truth of the matter is that he treated me like a piece of shit. Still, I can't just dismiss him.

Penthouse: Did you ever consciously plan to kill him?

Giancana: When I was going through my depression. I was going to use a gun, a rifle, when he was sleeping. I did plan it. I really wanted him totally out of my life. But again, it's not that simple.

Penthouse: If Sam were sitting here now, listening to us as we've been talking—talking about him as a victim and also as a victimizer—what would he do?

Giancana: I'd hate to be around. He'd probably ask you to get the hell out.

Penthouse: And if, as we've been doing, his inconsistencies were pointed out—his double standard, his rage, and his irresponsibility as a father . . .

Giancana: Guaranteed, you would be followed. And depending on how enraged he was, you could end up dead.

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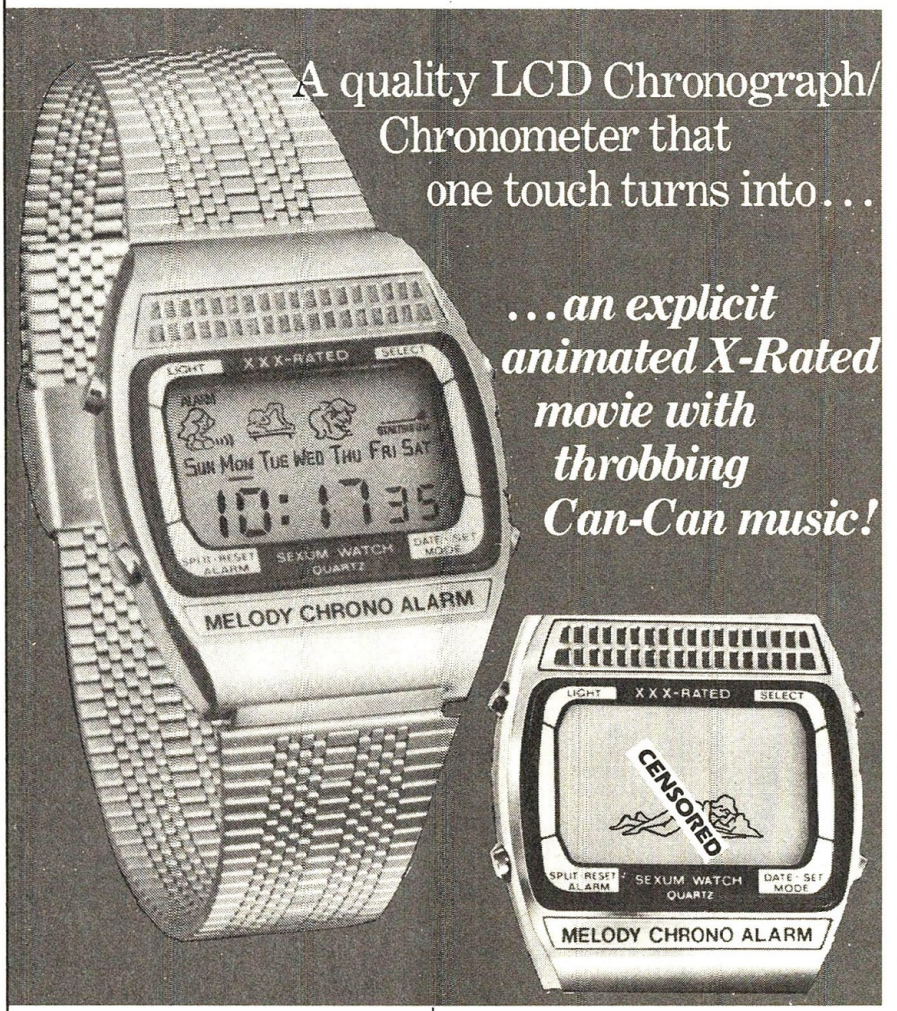

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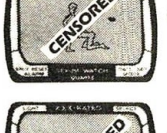

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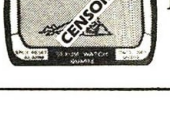

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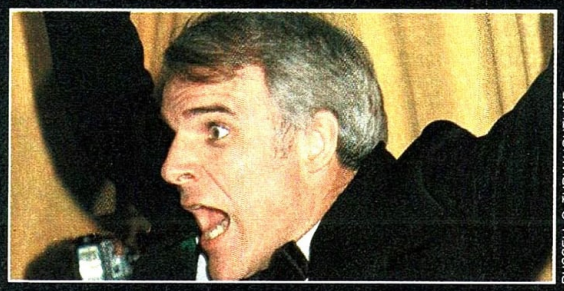

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INTERVIEW WITH STEVE MARTIN

As America's most prolific comedian, this not-so-wild-and-crazy guy has starred in several movie comedies and TV specials, won two Grammy Awards, toured the world as a stand-up comic, and written a best-selling book of humor, *Cruel Shoes*. This year alone will see the release of two Steve Martin comedies, *The Lonely Guy* and *All of Me*. Interviewed by *Penthouse* contributing editor Emily Prager, Martin revealed deep-seated sentiments on his youth ("I killed women"), maturity ("You just can't act like a fucking idiot anymore"), and doing nude scenes in movies ("I'll show my breasts").

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THE COLOR OF LIGHT

William Goldman, who wrote the scripts for *All the President's Men* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* as well as the novels *Marathon Man* and *Tinsel,* takes us to the campus of Oberlin College in an exclusive excerpt from his latest novel, to be published by Warner Books. With the help of his very weird but very brilliant friend Stanley Kitchel, young Chub Fuller learns that there's more to becoming a writer than doing exercises in English class. A hilarious and touching story by one of America's top best-selling authors.

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THE HYPERSEXUALS

In less liberated times, these people were called nymphomaniacs and satyrs. But today, the hypersexual distinguishes himself and herself from ordinary people by having more sex than most of us could manage, or realistically imagine. Psychotherapist Patrick Owens profiles a number of hypersexuals and examines how they live, in and out of bed, and how they fulfill their voracious appetites through quick—and constant—pickups, swing clubs, orgy weddings, and, when two hypersexuals meet and fall in love, marvelous monogamy.

JOE BANGAY/OUTLINE

ROLE MODELS

Andy Summers is best known, of course, as the lead guitarist of the Police. But offstage he has a second life as one of the world's most unusual avant-garde photographers. In an exclusive *Penthouse* article, Andy writes about his theory of taking pictures—specifically his juxtaposition of black-and-white images, the influence of surrealism and psychology on his art, and his new book of photographs, *Throb,* published by William Morrow. In addition, you won't want to miss our preview of the newest summer suits, featuring NBC anchorman Bryant Gumbel. Gumbel's daily appearances on the *Today* show have made him one of today's top television superstars, whose style is always in fashion.

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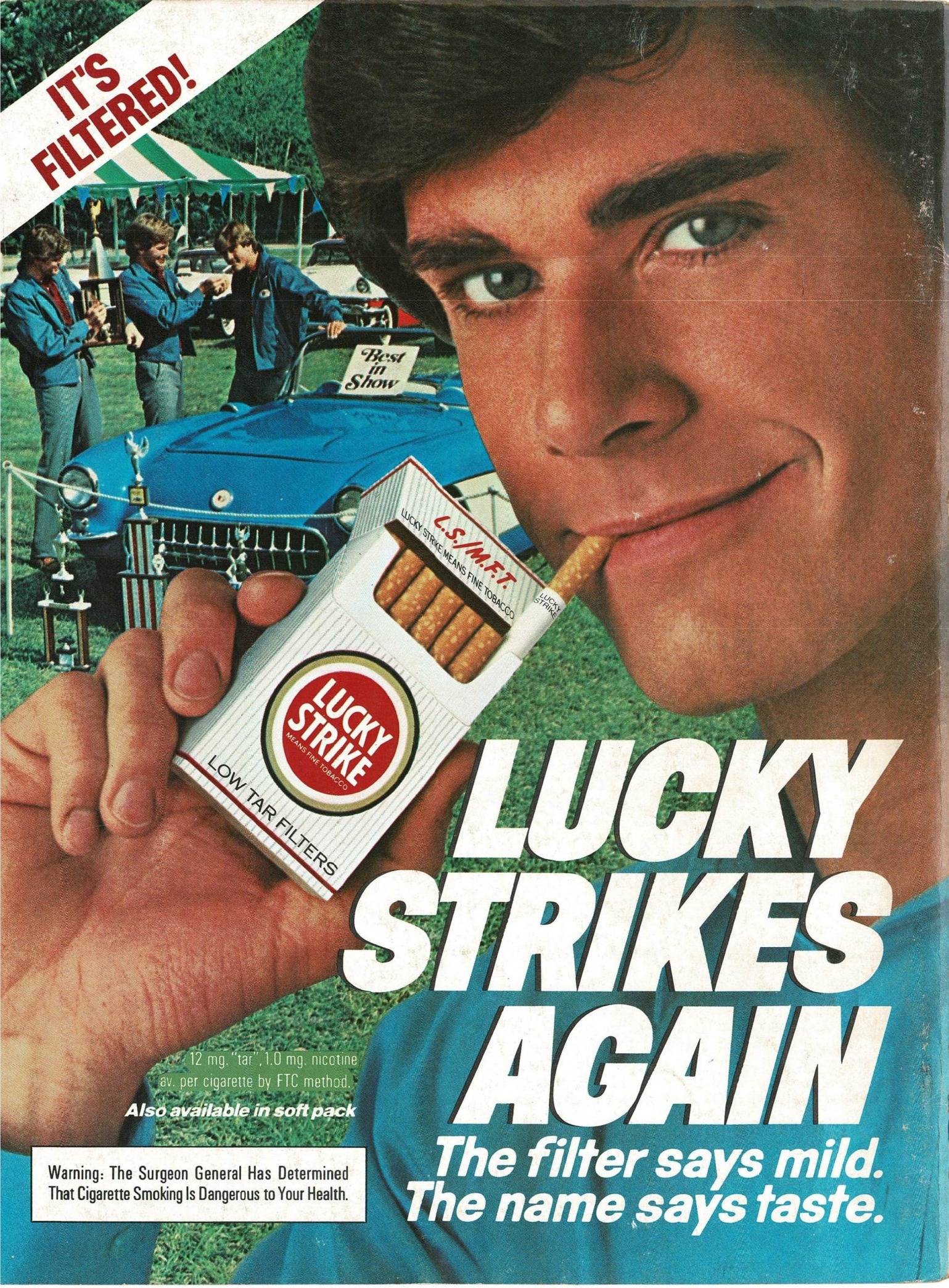
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